Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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February 18, 1928

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Clarence Budington Kelland

"Free, White and Female"

"Flickering Fists"
The story of Hollywood's fighters
by
Rob Wagner

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FEB. 18, 1928

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When a King forgot

KING ALFRED the Great, compelled to flee from his enemies, took refuge in the hut of a peasant. There he was set to watch the cakes as they baked on the hot stones; but lost in dreams of restoring his shattered kingdom, he allowed the cakes to burn, and was roundly scolded for his carelessness.

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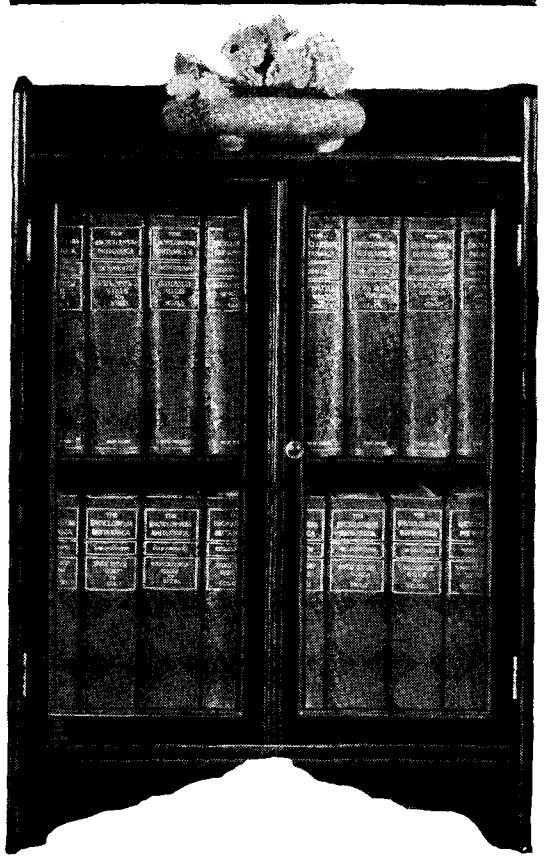
—*Andrew W. Mellon*

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is by common consent the first work of its kind in the world. It has contributed in manifold and permanent ways to the culture of all English-speaking nations, as well as to other civilized lands. —*S. Parkes Cadman*



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Free White and Female

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"You may call on me," she said, "if you can find me"

A new and thrilling novel wherein an old family feud takes a surprising turn

"THERE ain't been," said Mr. Bundy, "but four girls born on this land since it come into the family."

He paused and looked cornerwise across the table to the blackened sideboard of oak, with its pairs of wooden pegs and its crude embellishments from the hand of the first American Bundy. Across its top panel ran a legend in low relief which said, "Timoleon Bundy—1698."

"There's been plenty *he* Bundys born here since he finished up that furniture, but we never run much to girls . . . a number of people can be begot and die in two hundred and thirty years."

"We started off well," said Damon. "Two sets of men twins."

"And then her," said the old gentleman. "I often wonder what come over me." He ruminated upon the aberration which had caused him to sire a woman child. "First off came Damon and Pythias, and then in two years Theron and Gelon. It began to look like consid'able of a generation to me. Still an' all, four boys ain't so bad . . . . I recall plain the day *she* was born. I wasn't exactly displeased, you understand, but kind of flabbergasted —not having contemplated that particular sex. So I says to your mother, 'You name her. I ain't got any ideas to fit the case.'"

"We haven't seen her since Christmas," said Gelon, speaking for himself and Theron.

"None of us have," said Pythias. "But she was an eyeful then."

"Four years!" said Mr. Bundy. "Seems like we almost lost track of her in that time."

"She's got good legs," said Damon, "and stands straight and keeps her chin in the air."

"Smart's a whip," said Theron.

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"Women hadn't ought to be too smart," said Mr. Bundy. "It's hard on their husbands."

"I don't know if you men realize it, but she's a ring-dinging beauty," said Pythias. "Our front stoop's going to be all cluttered up with goggling boys."

"She's twenty," said Gelon.

"And all educated up," said Mr. Bundy. "I don't know as we did right to let her go to that college."

"Had to back her play, didn't we?" Pythias asked.

"Trouble is," said the old gentleman, "us Bundys haven't many precedents to fall back on in bringing up girls."

"She's one of the family," said Theron, "just as much as if she was entitled to wear pants."

"To be sure," acceded Mr. Bundy, "but you have to give different medicines for different diseases."

"I saw Roswell Blade in town," said Damon, changing the subject.

"Must have gotten that Paris divorce," observed Mr. Bundy. He frowned and grunted. "Never was any cohesion in that family. If if wasn't heirs quarreling over the estate, it was husbands and wives separating."

"When I was a kid," said Theron, "I socked young Mortimer Blade. His brother was there, too, and never lifted a hand."

"I never knew that," said Gelon. "What did you sock him for?"

"Because," said Theron, "his great-grandfather did what he did to our great-grandfather's sister."

"They never were much with fists," said Mr. Bundy. "Always settled their grudges with money some way."

"One thing I'll say for us Bundys," said Pythias: "nobody ever started anything with one of us under the delusion the rest would lay off."

"WHAT became of Mortimer's brother?" asked Theron.

"Quarreled with his dad and disappeared, I heard," said Gelon.

"No stability," said Mr. Bundy.

"They're able-bodied haters, anyhow," Damon said. "None of them have liked any of us for a couple of hundred years."

"Except Roswell's great-grandfather and my great-grandaunt," said Mr. Bundy shortly.

"Oh, that!" said Pythias.

Mr. Bundy cleared his throat. "These days," he said, "a gentleman has to have about so much money to live as he ought." He paused. "What I'm getting at is you boys'll be marrying one of these days."

"Theron and Gelon are courting now. Don't know if it's for Theron's benefit or Gelon's," said Damon. "They always flock in a pair."

"No more than you and Pythias," said Gelon.

"I was saying something," said Mr. Bundy.

"Bundys, come to order," said Theron, pounding on the table. "Family council."

"Informal," said Mr. Bundy. "Now, I was the only child my father had, so I got the Bundy property, lock, stock and barrel."

"To be sure."

"But there are four of you boys, not to mention Martha."

"We'll get it, won't we? In a block, I mean," Gelon said. "Never been any family divisions, have there?"

"No. The properties have always passed on as a whole, and every heir had an undivided share." Mr. Bundy frowned. "But with things what they are we haven't enough. Plenty for me and to keep you going while you're single. Ought to be just five times as much."

"Then let's make some," said Theron. "Let's quintuple the old family fortune."

"I was thinking of something of the sort," said Mr. Bundy. "But I've been raised conservative."

"This," said Mr. Bundy, "undoubtedly leads up to an ultimatum"

"And you've raised us," said Pythias.

"Something's got to be done," Mr. Bundy said. "You boys get busy and think up a scheme. I foresee Martha's going to be expensive."

"Never heard of a Bundy speculating," said Damon.

"We could sell some of our land here," Pythias suggested with a preternaturally grave face. "I understand it's gone up tremendously in value since New York started moving this way."

"Taxes eating us up," agreed Damon, regarding his twin with serious eyes.

Gelon entered into the spirit of the thing. "We could get rid of that strip along the turnpike. Make a subdivision and sell lots."

"Sure," said Theron, "and every family that built a house would increase the value of what we got left. I bet we could get two-three thousand dollars an acre for that stuff."

Mr. Bundy sat back in his chair and wiped his mouth leisurely with a fine linen napkin. "I'm glad I raised you boys," he said placidly, "so I know you from A to Izzard. A body that wasn't acquainted with you might not know you were trying to get a rise out of your dad . . . a real-estate shark dropped in here one day a spell back and offered me a slew of money for that very piece."

"How far did you chase him?" asked Pythias with real curiosity.

"Only as far's the black walnut tree," said the old gentleman. "He got too good a start."

"I bet Theron and I wangle out a scheme," said Gelon.

"It won't be as good as Pythias' and mine," said Damon.

"What we want is one plan we can all get behind," said Mr. Bundy. "Can't have Bundys scattering like shot out of a blunderbuss."

"All for one and one for all," quoted Gelon. "I read that in a book. Theron and I read books. That's why we're so much more sought after than our brothers. We're cultivated."

"MARTHA is the cultivated one," said Mr. Bundy, a trifle uneasily. "Thank God when we saw her Christmas she didn't have her hair bobbed."

"She acted," said Pythias, "like she wasn't saying right out all she thought."

"And you couldn't 'most always sometimes tell what she meant from what she said," added Damon.

"Best-looking skirt in that diploma mill, though," Gelon said warmly.

"I wish I had more experience with women," said Mr. Bundy. "But your ma wouldn't tolerate it. I never did see much in any woman but your ma."

"The trouble with making money quickly," said Damon, "is you got to risk money."

"The Blade family have been riskers," said Theron, "and they're richer than we are."

"They might not have been," said Mr. Bundy dryly, "if their first ancestor had emigrated to America with a couple of scruples. They weigh down a man so when he's speculating. Especially if he gets backed in a corner."

"There's days," said Damon, "that would be terrible dull here if we didn't have Blades to hate."

"They say," said Mr. Bundy, "that Great-grandfather Timoleon's bullet hit as exact in the middle of Blade's forehead as if he'd measured it with calipers."

"What'd he do to his sister?" asked Gelon.

"She was his sister, wasn't she? What would he do? Took her home, of course, and did the best he could for her till she died. Bundys don't go back on Bundys—even if a foot does slip."

"Who's going to drive to the train?" asked Damon.

"I am," said Mr. Bundy firmly, "and

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Martha will sit on the front seat with me. You boys got no idea at all about driving a car. And don't all holler out from the back seat every time I turn a corner either."

"I think one of us ought to walk," said Theron. "It'll insure the family against becoming extinct against a telegraph pole."

"Listen," said Mr. Bundy. "She's been away from us for four years, and no knowing what she's picked up. So don't you boys go jawing her. Just sort of grin and bear it till we get our bearings."

"He's read one of these modern novels about flaming youth," said Gelon, "and it's got him against the ropes. He's afraid Martha'll turn out to be a flamer."

"ALL I want," said Mr. Bundy gravely, "is that she should be a lady like your ma was."

"No matter how dark the night may be," said Damon, "she's still our sister."

"I'll go back the car out," said Mr. Bundy.

"And garage doors that expensive!" exclaimed Theron.

"I haven't even scraped a door in weeks," Mr. Bundy said.

"We ought to hire a chauffeur," said Gelon.

"Couldn't be done. We talk too much," Pythias said.

"Get a deaf mute."

"Couldn't hear the other fellow honking," said Pythias. "If he doesn't back into the door frame, he'll hit the porte-cochère." This evidently referred to his father and was so accepted.

"Dad's had this money-making thing in his mind for quite a while," said Theron. "I've seen it stewing."

"Oh, go get in the car," said Damon, "and shut up. Don't get him arguing with the back seat."

"At that," said Gelon, "I bet you he could give any two of us a whirl, even at his age."

"Dad's considerable of a citizen," agreed Pythias.

"I've always wondered if he knew we were grown up or just pretended it to amuse us," Theron speculated.

"Here he comes in a shower of gravel. Didn't carry away anything but his pet Japanese quince bush this time. . . . Hey, Dad, this is the port of call."

"I see you," said Mr. Bundy placidly, "only the brakes didn't work so good. You four jam in behind, and don't tell me every time you see a car a mile off. My eyesight's wonderful."

"We ought to have more than one car for this tribe," said Gelon.

"Go'n earn it," countered his father.

"There's Mort Blade riding a bangtail," said Gelon. "I'll say he's got as many arms and legs as most folks."

"He fits those riding pants," said Mr. Bundy, casting an appraising eye. "Weighs in at about a hundred and seventy-five, I'd say."

"For my taste," observed Theron, "I could stand his eyes wider apart."

"But his tout ensemble is very scenic," said Damon.

"I wonder if he's cultivated a right-hand punch," Theron said. "All he had was a left-hand jab when he was a kid."

"Darned if he didn't speak to us," said Mr. Bundy, returning the greeting gravely. "Next I suppose he'll be coming to call."

"When he gets his eyes on Martha," said Gelon. "Do you calculate to stop outside the station, Dad, or drive into the waiting-room?"

"I just grazed the platform," said Mr. Bundy defensively. "Anyhow, I got you here on time."

"There go the gates," said Gelon, "She's coming."

"Seems like there ought to be an arch with 'Welcome Home' on it," observed Damon.

"Hey, Dad, you won't see her any quicker by stepping off on the track ahead of the train," said one of the younger twins. "He was never that eager to meet any of us."

"None of you ever had my curiosity stinging so sharp," said Mr. Bundy, raising his voice as the train slowed down noisily.

There was an instant's silence as the five men stood with no pretense of concealing their eagerness . . . a young woman, dressed from tip to toe in white poised upon the platform of the middle car—and smiled.

"She hasn't had it bobbed," said Theron.

"Shut up!" growled Mr. Bundy. "Ain't she lovely."

"He's trying to hog the credit for it," said Gelon.

Then the train stopped, and the poised young woman resolved into action, not waiting for the porter to place the step, and hurled herself upon her father. Immediately she became submerged in Bundys and so invisible to the public eye.

"I'VE been home two weeks," said Martha Bundy.

"No question about it," said her brother Theron.

"During which period," said she, "I've conformed."

"To what?" asked Pythias.

"Bundyism," said Martha. "I'm Bundied and Bundied and Bundied all over the place."

"Which," asked Gelon, "leads up to what?"

"That I'm fed up," she said pleasantly.

"We haven't meddled with you," said Mr. Bundy anxiously.

"No more than you could help, my dears," she said.

"Put your complaints in writing and hand them to the house committee," said Gelon.

"You never would get the idea. You've been brought up wrong."

"She's going to talk about freedom and self-expression," said Damon.

"Something like it," answered Martha. "I'm sick and tired of being one movable part of a machine. I'm not something that fits in like a spare part. What I am, gentlemen, is a little individual machine of my own. Briefly, this family stuff has gotten my goat."

"I felt it coming," said Theron.

"We all did," agreed his father.

"There isn't an individual among you. You're all cut off the same piece. You think alike and talk alike and emote alike. If the five of you were to sit in the dark and talk, a stranger would think it was a monologue."

"We're Bundys," explained Mr. Bundy.

"If one of you goes to whittle a stick," she said a bit desperately, "the other four go along to cheer for him. And he whittles it just as any other one of you would whittle. It's a Bundy whittling. Not one of you has any more individuality than a pea in a pod.

"Now me, I'm not like anybody else in the world. I'm myself. I'm a distinct entity, if you can conceive of such a thing, and I want to play my own game."

"Team play's what wins," said Gelon.

"I want to think myself into trouble and then think myself out again. I want to find out what it's all about and not be told out of wealth of family experience. I want to tour the possibly interesting world without being one of a parade of Bundys. I want things to happen to me. All by myself, independently, untrammeled, unchaperoned, unbrothered and unfathered! Why, every time coffee is served you five men go into a family council to make up your minds how many lumps you'll take in it. I want to try two lumps or ten lumps as the humor strikes me."

"This," said Mr. Bundy, "undoubtedly leads up to an ultimatum."

"It does," said Martha. "But before I get to it I want to state reasons and things. I'm full of grievances, and the boss grievance of all is too much family. Family is going out of style."

"Kitchenettes and motor cars and night clubs and twin beds and complexes have raised hob with the institution of matrimony, which is the basis of family life," said Mr. Bundy didactically. "It's like a fad of wearing a ring in your nose. My position in the matter is that you can't have family without having a family."

"The general idea," said Martha, "is that I don't want a family. I don't know what I want, (*Continued on page 50*)

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"It does," said Martha, "I'm full of grievances, and the boss grievance of all is too much family"

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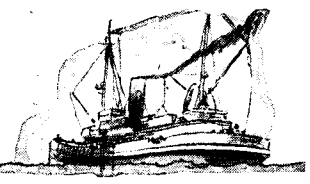
Safe—with Davy Jones



SIX doomed men in the S-4 were tapping for help in Provincetown Harbor. A few days later four of the navy's best submarine experts were pounding a table in Washington. At that table sat Walter Davenport, sent by Collier's to find out why our submarines must be floating coffins.

SINCE 1915 the American submarine has been the victim of five major disasters, to say nothing of minor ones involving loss of life, none of which was caused by an act of war:

1. March, 1915, the F-4 sank in 300 feet of water near Honolulu. The cause was never disclosed. Rescue vessels working in calm waters brought her to the surface once, but their loop slipped, cables proved to be too weak, and she was abandoned. The entire crew perished.

2. September, 1920, the S-5 submerged, with one of her air intake valves open, off the Delaware Capes. She foundered in 105 feet of water. Her crew were able to pump enough water out of her to make her stand on her nose, which put her stern above the surface. The steamship General Goethals then rescued the crew after thirty-seven hours of horror.

3. In October, 1923, the O-5 was smashed by the steamer Abangarez in Limon Bay, Panama. Only a few of the crew were aboard the submarine but three of them died in the submerged ship.

4. September, 1925, the S-51 sank after a surface collision with the steamship City of Rome. Thirty-four of her crew perished.

5. The S-4. . . .

AFTER much talk, predicated upon the S-4 horror, but about submarines in general and safety devices in particular, the naval constructor who until now had been least voluble slapped the table and hunched his shoulders impatiently.

"I've got to go," he said coldly. "It all comes down to this: the country can have its choice. Either it can have submarines designed, equipped and prepared for war emergency or it can have submarines so encumbered with safety appliances that they will be little more than diving ships. It's a choice among torpedoes and maneuverability and dewdads; it's a question which is to get the protection: the civilian population which pays taxes to have our shores policed or the relatively few men who man the submersibles."

"But can't the American submarine match the foreign submarine in fighting power and still have all the safety devices and accessories that the Germans, the British and the Italians have?" I asked.

"What, for example?"

"Grappling rings, telephone signal buoys, food and air tubes to each compartment, salvage ships equipped with derricks."

"Who says the Germans, the British and the Italians have these things?" he demanded.

"Various congressmen, engineers and—"

Convicting the Dead

HE AROSE from the table in a huge room in the Navy Department, saying that he was late for an appointment. As he was putting on his overcoat he said:

"Congressmen, engineers, the newspapers! My friend, the United States Navy ignores all information as to what other navies are doing unless it comes through official channels."

Then, exhibiting the true sailor's flair for the dramatic, he placed a finger gently upon a photograph of a man who had been one of his closest friends—Lieutenant Commander Roy Keller Jones of the S-4—and left the conference, saying:

"I suppose they'd have my blood if I were to make that statement publicly now, but Jones thought that way too. Jones said just that after the S-51, although all the safety devices in God's creation wouldn't have saved a man of the S-51 crew."

He departed smiling, though it was a hard smile in which his eyes did not participate, and that left four of us—a navy designer whose fame is international; an S-boat commander called from his submarine to help the Navy Department heads in their hour of distress; a marine engineer whose specialty is the new V-boats which will dwarf the S-boats; and myself, the only civilian present.

And all of these navy men nodded slow, positive corroboration of every word the constructor had uttered. From them in three hours of questions and answers, many of which were repetition and painstaking simplification of technicalities, I had got this:

That against its will and judgment, but forced by the hot hand of public opinion, the navy is going to equip a few of our submarines with devices which would have given the men of the S-4 at least a fighting chance for life.

That no matter where responsibility for the ramming of the S-4 by the flying rum chaser Paulding is laid, the Navy Department will cling to the conviction that Commander Jones, or whoever was at the periscope, was to blame.

That nothing short of legislation or navy regulation born of threatened legislation will bring the powerful senior officers of the American navy to adopt any safety apparatus which would compel the sacrifice of a single ton of fighting weight.

That all the recommendations and decisions of boards of inquiry, boards of experts and congressional committees will not alter the navy's own conviction that if our submarines cannot fare forth among surface shipping unchaperoned without coming to grief, then there is something wrong with our submarine commanders.

That the navy will never admit that there is anything wrong with our submarines, our submarine commanders or the current system, because the department will point with pride to their own records, which show that since the war our submarines have successfully cruised 1,000,000 hours, 80,000 submerged. If the public does not wish to accept this as conclusive proof that the navy is capable of handling all submarine situations without interference—well, the public is ignorantly unreasonable. Only one of the submarine experts whom I talked to in the Navy Department dissented from this viewpoint, and he said:

"The navy doesn't understand the public, and the public doesn't understand the navy, and it looks as though neither cared. The navy will be the loser."

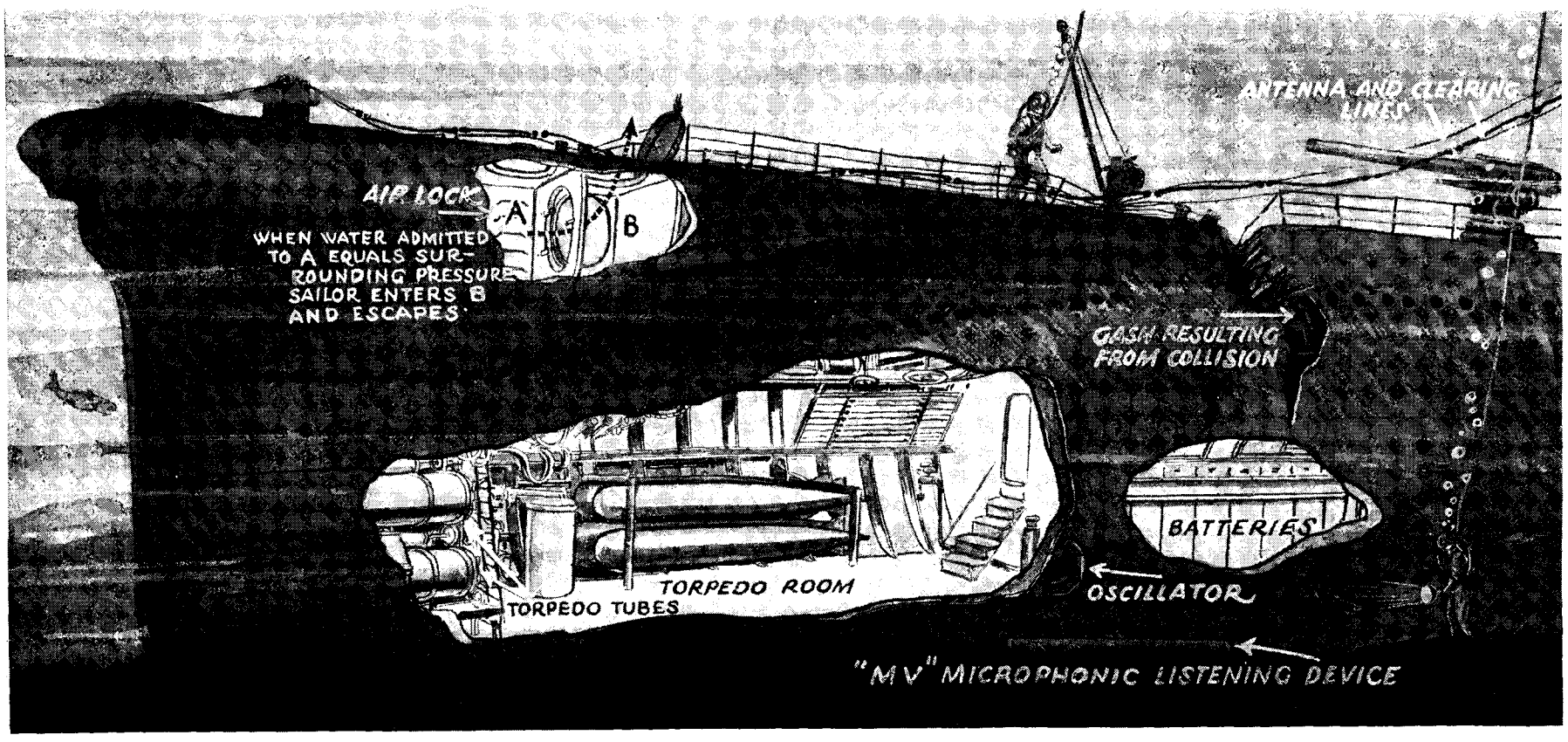
A Safety Device—Perhaps

HOWEVER, the discussion of the S-4 was incidental; the principal talk was of safety appliances, devices, appurtenances and accessories. I shall set them down here as the navy men discussed them.

The S-4, like other submarines of her class, was equipped with an escape chamber in the conning tower. The Paulding's keel ripped the half-inch shell of the submarine so wide that access to the conning tower was impossible to Lieutenant Graham Newell Fitch and his five men; so that was of no value.

The S-4 was equipped with air-salvage lines through which air could have been supplied from above had not the Paulding wrecked the system. This air-salvage system depended solely upon one flange or intake from which the pipes to the various compartments were to be supplied. But in smashing a part of the single-intake system the Paulding wrecked the entire system—a possibility which the navy claims not to have appreciated.

Therefore such safety provisions must be cast aside as useless in any accident which extends to the single-intake system and prevents access to the conning tower—and virtually all of our sub-



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By WALTER DAVENPORT

marine accidents have done just that.

Instead of these inadequate agencies of succoring the crew of a crippled submerged submarine the navy now offers air locks for each compartment of the ship and air-salvage junctions or flanges on each separate compartment. Had the S-4 been so equipped, food and air could have been passed at once to the six men in the after compartment even if they had not wanted to brave the dangers of the air lock.

The air lock may be called a cousin of the conning-tower escape chamber, although it is more scientific in principle. It looks rather like a barrel with a dome instead of a flat head. It stands flat upon the deck and it is absolutely water-tight.

The submarine is resting on the bottom of the bay, for example. The first sailor to enter the air lock does so through a water-tight door in its base. Once inside he closes that door and stands on it. He then opens a valve in the side of the air lock, letting in the sea water. At his right hand, in the wall of the air lock, is a door covering a manhole large enough to permit him to escape.

The sea water rises in the domed air lock until it has reached the occupant's shoulders, and there, owing to the pressure of the air in the dome, the water stops. Your sailor then opens the manhole, which automatically closes after he has passed through, and ducks out into the open sea. All this, of course, on the hypothesis that the injured ship is resting on an even keel or approximately so.

Now, all this sounds simple, but the navy officials go on to explain grimly that the chances are great that your sailor will drown before reaching the surface. Only that sailor whose physical endurance is well above the average and whose mental equipment is such as to insure him against panic has much chance if, say, he emerges from the air lock at a point 150 feet below the surface.

They arrive at this unlovely fact in this manner: the man will not leave the air lock in the best of condition because of the tremendous pressure his head was subjected to inside the air lock. He will plunge into the sea under heavy pressure. He will not have filled his lungs to their capacity because of the pressure and the consequent difficulty in breathing.

He will not rise at a rate of much more than two feet a second. Only the extraordinary man will, under such conditions, be able to hold his breath more than a minute and a half. You may figure it out yourself. Indeed, the experts of the Navy Department have so little faith in air locks that they say that only one or two of the men of the S-4 would have had much chance to reach the surface alive even though the S-4 lay only 120 feet below the surface.

"Nevertheless," said the submarine commander, "drowning is better than slow suffocation—if the air-supply lines go wrong."

After the sailor has left the air lock the water therein is drained out into the ship's hull and another man enters to take his chance.

"Couldn't each man entering the air lock wear a helmet which would protect him against the pressure and also provide him with oxygen for his perilous upward trip?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "if we had such a helmet."

"Why, then," I asked, "do you select the air lock as a safety device when you have so little faith in it?"

The answer was strictly military. This air lock can be utilized for military or war purposes—purposes which will supplement the submarine's fighting qualities—as well as a means of possible escape in time of calamity. In other words, the naval constructors refuse to encumber the submarine with "safety" equipment which has no other use to the ship and the weight of which would mean the sacrifice of fighting tonnage.

"What about grappling rings or hooks on the submarine, then?" I asked. "The German U-3 foundered in the Kiel Canal in 1911, and her nose was dragged to the surface by means of chains slipped through her rings. Twenty-seven of her crew were saved in that way."

Again the answer was prompt, mathematical, military. The U-3 was a 450-ton ship; the S-boats of the American navy are 850-ton craft, and the new V-boats vary from 1,700 tons to 3,000 tons. And the United States Navy Department has no "official information" that Germany or any other country has the equipment to raise with the agency of grappling rings a submersible of greater tonnage than the U-3.

But that isn't the chief objection to grappling rings. Slowly and with great emphasis the navy men told me that only over their prostrate forms would the department accede to rings, because of their weight.

Rings too Heavy—Also Useless

IT IS estimated that to hoist a submarine the size of the S-4 out of the silt of Cape Cod Bay it would have been necessary to have at least six—perhaps eight—rings or hooks on each side of the ship. Not only the dead weight of the ship would have had to be taken into account but the retaining suction of the mud in which the ship was resting would have had to be overcome—to say nothing of the pressure and the weight of the sea water within the opened hull.

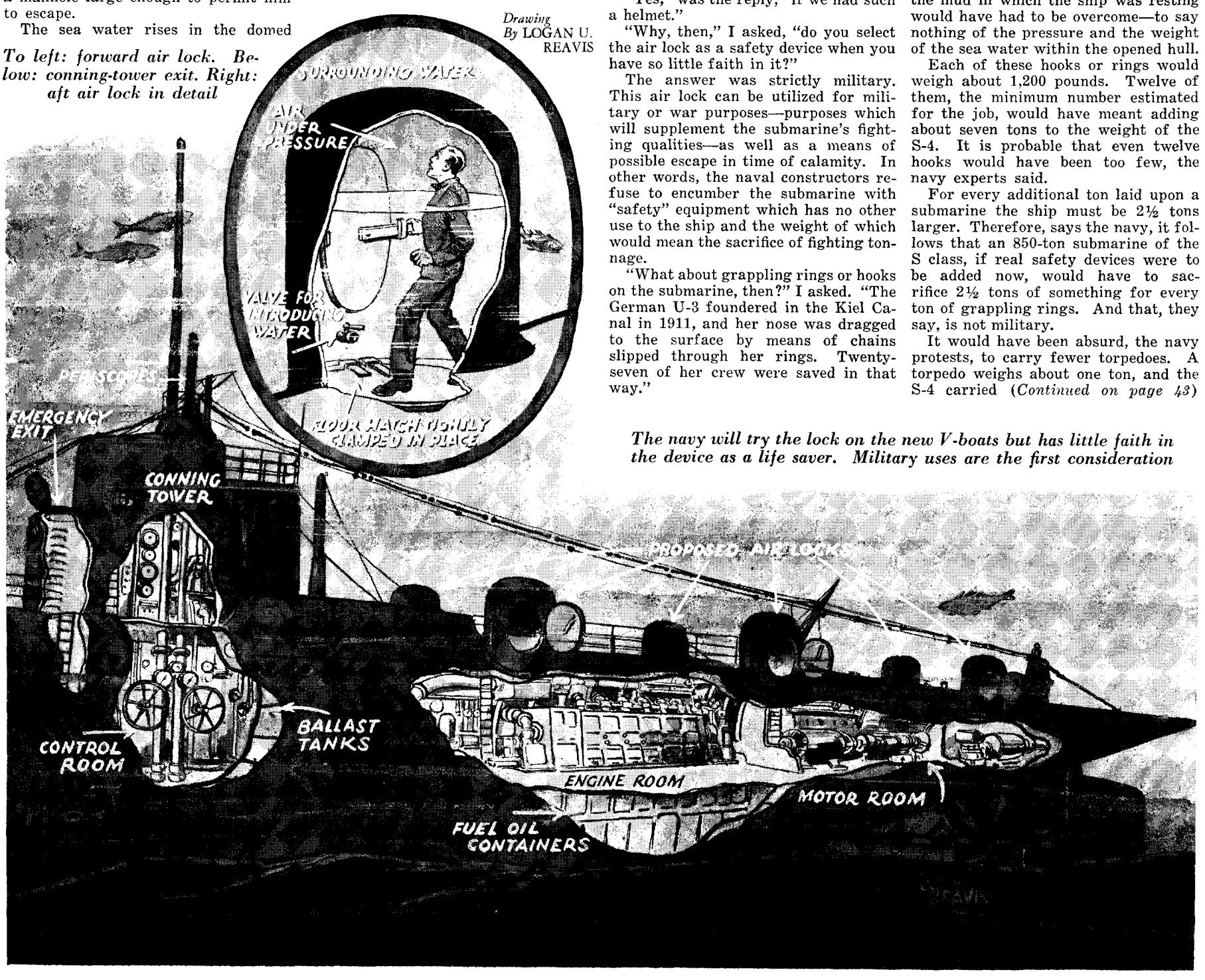
Each of these hooks or rings would weigh about 1,200 pounds. Twelve of them, the minimum number estimated for the job, would have meant adding about seven tons to the weight of the S-4. It is probable that even twelve hooks would have been too few, the navy experts said.

For every additional ton laid upon a submarine the ship must be 2½ tons larger. Therefore, says the navy, it follows that an 850-ton submarine of the S class, if real safety devices were to be added now, would have to sacrifice 2½ tons of something for every ton of grappling rings. And that, they say, is not military.

It would have been absurd, the navy protests, to carry fewer torpedoes. A torpedo weighs about one ton, and the S-4 carried (*Continued on page 43*)

To left: forward air lock. Below: conning-tower exit. Right: aft air lock in detail

Drawing By LOGAN U. REAVIS



The navy will try the lock on the new V-boats but has little faith in the device as a life saver. Military uses are the first consideration

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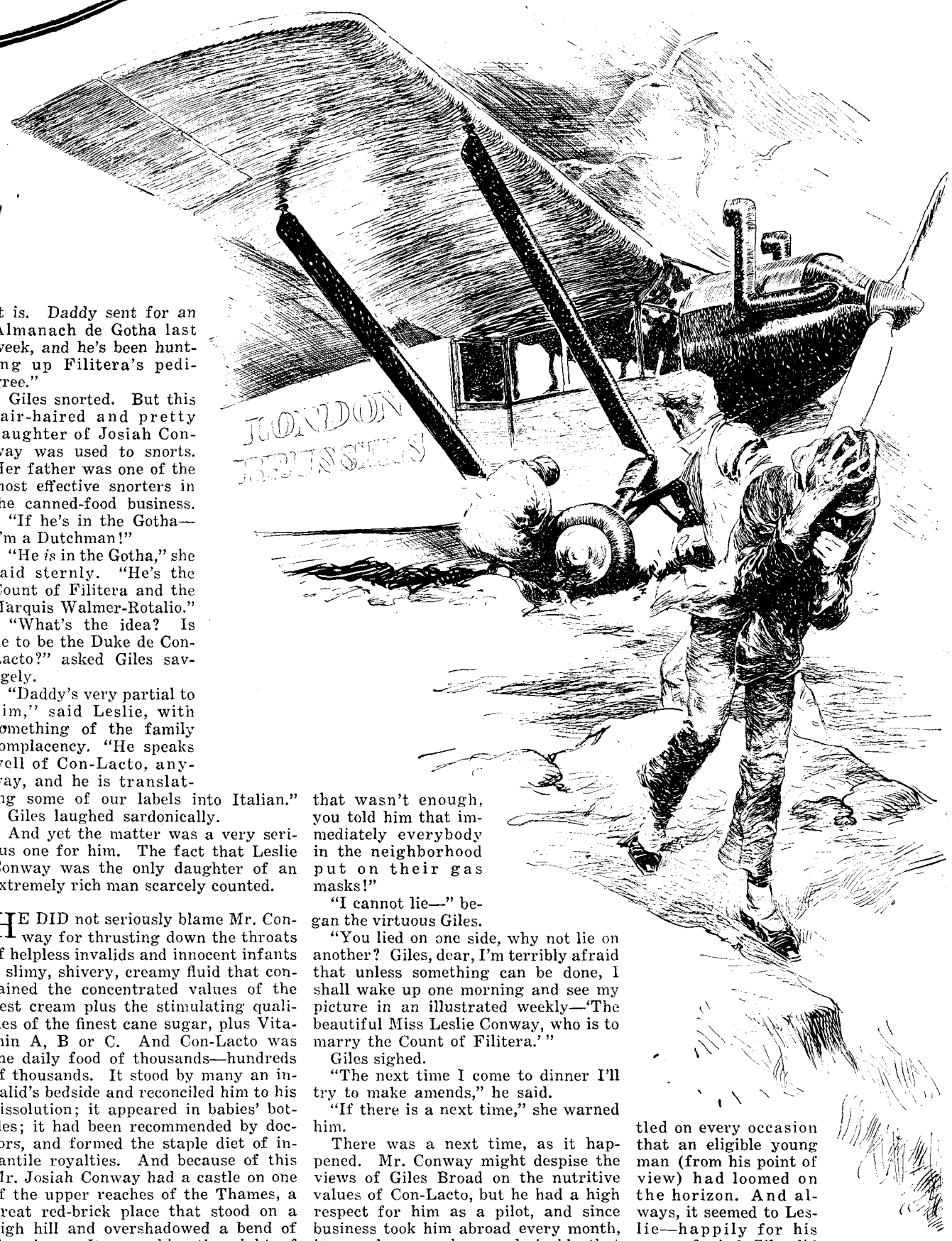
A Man Must Eat

By EDGAR WALLACE



BETWEEN the Kentish coast and the town of Ashford is a large, square green field bordered about with a white fence, and in the center of the field, picked out in stones which are limewashed every month, are the words:

CON-LACTO
IS STRENGTH

Giles Broad had often zoomed Z. H. L. M-Q into the clouds that he might avoid that offensive sight. However, on clear days Con-Lacto was plainly visible for fifteen miles at 10,000 feet, and Giles had got into the habit of flying low so that he might pass this evidence of Mr. Conway's shame and complacency so rapidly that the words could not be read.

At least he did until one day when he dropped so near that he narrowly escaped touching the spire of Linthorpe Church.

Not that his passengers knew anything about their danger. They were usually so busy being sick, or praying for Croydon, that death seemed a pleasant alternative route to comfort and stability.

Four days a week Giles piloted the London-Brussels air packet of the Cloudway Route. It was a dull life compared with those thrilling days of war, when you might not cross the Belgian coast line without inviting permanent disablement.

Sometimes he would make a wide detour, and cross the old battlefields, barging into the salient in his endeavor to pick out such of the places as had immediate interest for him: the old farm where Willaker crashed; that patch of undamaged wood which sheltered the most vicious of the German "Archies"; the little town where he brought down Müller, the German ace, after an epic fight which lasted twenty minutes.

Müller was not killed; he sometimes met that stout and smiling German, and they forgathered in a low Brussels estaminet and drank confusion to all soldiers who walked on their feet. Müller pilots a bus which plies daily between Amsterdam and Cologne, taking in Brussels en route.

GILES drew so many pounds per month for his services. He often wondered whether Mr. Josiah Conway had planted that infernal advertisement in his path out of sheer malice and spite. Certainly it was not to convince this skeptical air pilot of the value of Con-Lacto. Giles was beyond conviction. He had expressed his views with such force that he had expected to be forbidden the house.

"And you're really marvelously lucky that you're not," said Leslie Conway reproachfully. "Why on earth didn't you keep off the subject of Con-Lacto, darling? It is fearfully difficult for me as it is. Daddy sent for an Almanach de Gotha last week, and he's been hunting up Filitera's pedigree."

Giles snorted. But this fair-haired and pretty daughter of Josiah Conway was used to snorts. Her father was one of the most effective snorters in the canned-food business.

"If he's in the Gotha—I'm a Dutchman!"

"He *is* in the Gotha," she said sternly. "He's the Count of Filitera and the Marquis Walmer-Rotalio."

"What's the idea? Is he to be the Duke de Con-Lacto?" asked Giles savagely.

"Daddy's very partial to him," said Leslie, with something of the family complacency. "He speaks well of Con-Lacto, anyway, and he is translating some of our labels into Italian."

Giles laughed sardonically.

And yet the matter was a very serious one for him. The fact that Leslie Conway was the only daughter of an extremely rich man scarcely counted.

HE DID not seriously blame Mr. Conway for thrusting down the throats of helpless invalids and innocent infants a slimy, shivery, creamy fluid that contained the concentrated values of the best cream plus the stimulating qualities of the finest cane sugar, plus Vitamin A, B or C. And Con-Lacto was the daily food of thousands—hundreds of thousands. It stood by many an invalid's bedside and reconciled him to his dissolution; it appeared in babies' bottles; it had been recommended by doctors, and formed the staple diet of infantile royalties. And because of this Mr. Josiah Conway had a castle on one of the upper reaches of the Thames, a great red-brick place that stood on a high hill and overshadowed a bend of the river. It gave him the right of warning trespassers that they would be shot at sight; it filled his massive marble garage with cars of a delicate breed, and enabled him to fish in Scottish rivers and shoot on Yorkshire moors and sleep beneath the roof of a flat in Carlton House Terrace.

"I merely stated—" began Giles.

"Giles, my darling, you talk too much. I suppose you really talk all the time you're flying, but the noise of the engine is so loud that you're hardly aware of the fact. What harm would it have done you to have told Daddy that Con-Lacto once saved your life? Instead of which you said that the only time you'd ever used it was to drop a tin on to the head of a German staff officer, and as if that wasn't enough, you told him that immediately everybody in the neighborhood put on their gas masks!"

"I cannot lie—" began the virtuous Giles.

"You lied on one side, why not lie on another? Giles, dear, I'm terribly afraid that unless something can be done, I shall wake up one morning and see my picture in an illustrated weekly—'The beautiful Miss Leslie Conway, who is to marry the Count of Filitera.'"

Giles sighed.

"The next time I come to dinner I'll try to make amends," he said.

"If there is a next time," she warned him.

There was a next time, as it happened. Mr. Conway might despise the views of Giles Broad on the nutritive values of Con-Lacto, but he had a high respect for him as a pilot, and since business took him abroad every month, it was, he argued, very desirable that he should travel with the greatest assurance and safety.

"BUT you quite understand, Leslie, my dear, that there is to be no nonsense with this fellow? Naturally, I do not wish wholly to determine your future to meet my own views of what is right and best for you. There must be a certain independence of selection. Just as in our business we choose only the milk—"

"Daddy, let us keep to our subject," she interrupted gently. "Whatever Giles is, he isn't a cow."

Mr. Conway agreed. He wanted to see her happy and settled. But, then, he had wanted to see her happy and settled on every occasion that an eligible young man (from his point of view) had loomed on the horizon. And always, it seemed to Leslie—happily for his peace of mind, Giles did not know this—there was an extraordinarily good reason why her own selective qualities should be brought into play.

"He is foolish," said Mr. Conway, "and a little uncouth. Such a business as ours could not have been built up except on a scientific basis. Eliminate science from Con-Lacto, and what have we? Nil, nothing! When this young man sneers at Con-Lacto he sneers at science. At—er—Faraday and Lister and Newton. . . . Such a man must have an unbalanced mind; such a man is no fit mate for my daughter." *Et cetera, et cetera.*

Leslie never really worried about her father's plain statements of the fact. The

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Giles talked too much but only once did he say the right thing

et ceteras were, however, trying. If Mr. Conway had been a sensible creature, he would have kept off his favorite subject that night at dinner; but the narrow-headed and swarthy young man who sat on his daughter's right hand, and who spoke in such excellent English that you might never have dreamt his Levantine origin, was mainly responsible for the introduction of the topic.

Giles listened and was bored. He was not only bored, but he showed that he was bored, which was extremely tactless. He was sitting so far away from Leslie, and so near to her father, that occasionally his interest wandered.

" . . . Now I never travel without a case of The Food," Mr. Conway was saying, addressing his possible relative of the near future. "So far from being ashamed, I am proud of the universal benefit which I confer upon mankind. Why, you ask me—" (The count had not asked him.) "First—" he ticked off on his thumb, "Vitamin A," and on his forefinger, "Vitamin B," and then rapidly, in succession, the best cane sugar, the product of happy cows, packed under ideal conditions. . . .

"Mr. Broad, you will perhaps agree to this: An airman's health is his chief asset. Now suppose, instead of scoffing, you were to make the experiment. A spoonful dropped into a cup of tea. . . ."

"I don't drink tea," said the very trying young man.

"Or coffee. . . ."

"Keeps me awake when I'm flying," said Giles recklessly. "I take my little nap from Dover to Dunkirk—" and, as Mr. Conway's eyes opened in horror, the girl intervened hastily:

"Don't take any notice of Giles. Of course he doesn't sleep on duty."

Mr. Conway shrugged his shoulders and muttered something about "flippancy."

When they were alone Leslie took her lover by the ear and led him to a quiet corner in a very old-fashioned and earth-smelling conservatory which was Mr. Conway's idea of a winter garden.

"You deserve to be smacked," she said seriously. "I was simply on pins and needles right through dinner for fear you'd tell that ridiculous story about having blown up a dump with two tins of the wretched stuff! Can't you be good, for my sake?"

Giles shook his head in despair.

"The trouble with me is," he said, mournfully, "I can't be a hypocrite. Every time I see an advertisement of Con-Lacto—'Me for Strength'—I want to shy something at it. If it was beer, it wouldn't be so bad! I could respect a brewer."

A few days later he stood in the airdrome discussing matrimony with Fred.

Fred was his mechanic, tall and thin and gloomy, with a long, teak-colored face and pale-blue eyes.

" . . . You can reckon yourself lucky, Mr. Broad, that you're single. I don't know how I come to get married. A good woman, but wantin' me to live her life. She believes in cotton next to the skin—I never have anything but wool. She likes tomatoes—they make me ill . . . there they are every day on the table—tomatoes! She says I ought to be properly fed. Food's poison to me. Every trip she brings me enough meat sandwiches to sink a ship. I always drop 'em out over the Channel. She means well. Oh, Gawd!"

A stout and charming woman was hurrying across the airdrome, and on her arm was a basket.

"My snack!" groaned Fred; "heavy enough to break her arm."

Giles strolled away discreetly: he wondered if Leslie would come every day with his dinner pail.

THEN he saw the big car run in from the road and recognized his passengers. Mr. Conway he expected, but the attentive young man who walked by Leslie's side was an eyesore.

"Who's your boy friend?" asked Giles, and, when she told him: "Good Lord! Is he going up?" He grinned fiendishly. "I'll tell you the spot where we'll do one of the neatest little crashes—"

"Don't be absurd. He's terribly scared. If he weren't so fond of me, he wouldn't make the trip."

Giles watched with a sardonic smile the careful disposal of a square black case.

"Is that the Fairy Food?" he demanded. "I can't get away from that high explosive!"

Mr. Conway was looking at the sky with an anxious frown. Low clouds were scurrying up from the southwest; it had grown colder since the morning.

"It looks a bit rough, my dear—er—Giles," he said.

Giles cocked an eye aloft and shook his head.

"Absolutely nothing. We'll do Brussels in record time."

The count was already looking yellow.

"I suppose there's no danger, Mr.—er—?"

"None at all," said Giles curtly. He looked at his watch. "Are you the only two passengers, I wonder?"

Mr. Conway looked around.

"There only seem to be us three."

"Three?" said Giles sharply. "Leslie isn't traveling?"

"Of course I'm traveling."

He hadn't carried her for two years. Usually she was in the habit of coming to the airdrome to say good-by to her father, and the knowledge that she would now be behind him was not very comforting. He hurried over to the office and met his immediate chief halfway.

"They're your only passengers, Giles. The weather report has scared the other people away."

Giles looked up at the sky again.

"Do you think it will be

(*Continued on page 30*)

Illustrated by
FRANK GODWIN

The force of the wind was so terrific that they could scarcely keep their feet

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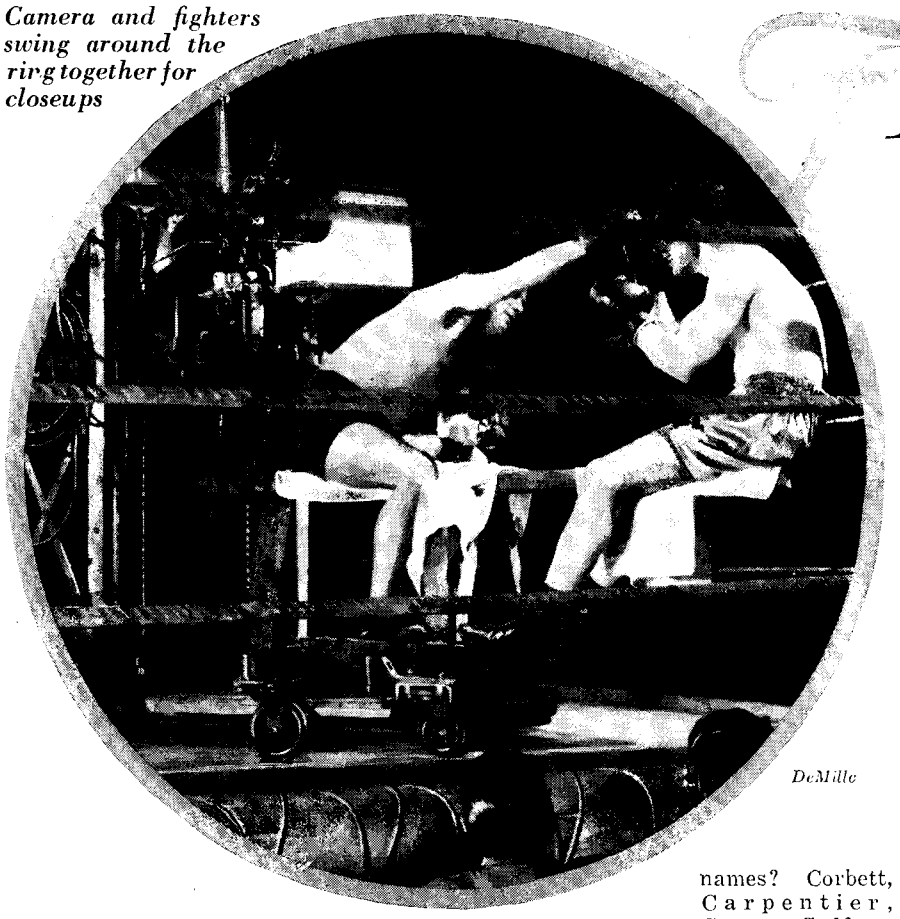
Flickering Fists



Camera and fighters swing around the ring together for closeups

DeMille

Hollywood is the world center for ungentle gentlemen. "All fighters now figger on endin' up their days in Movieland"

A GROUP of our Nicest People were sitting on the porch of the country club and deploring, as all nice people do, the "violence" of the movies.

"By the way," I said, "did any of you see the films of the Dempsey-Tunney fight?"

Every one of them had! That is, all but Mrs. Sterne-Sensor—she had listened in over the radio at the woman's club. The original fight was nothing compared to the brawl I uncorked among those charming pacifists regarding that glorious seventh round.

For a peace-loving nation we are the fight-maddest people on earth. Furthermore, we like our fights good and rough.

Nor is our love of the rough stuff confined to the prize ring.

Here's a Battling Cast for You

FIVE thousand people go to a baseball game while fifty thousand attend football. And those gentle automobile races!—everybody parked at death curve hoping for the worst! Can you imagine tennis pulling a $2,000,000 gate? Not until the players begin to bash one another over the heads with their rackets.

No, don't tell us of the movies that Americans object to violence. We know they simply can't wait to see the hero and the heavy mix it in a good bluggy brawl.

Thus it is that the fight becomes the important sequence in most of our film dramas; it is the Big Punch. In order that we may make the fight plenty rough, we have rounded up the greatest aggregation of pugilists, wrestlers, strong men and dare-devils who ever beat up their fellow men. Hollywood today is the fight center of the world.

How are these for man-mauling names? Corbett, Carpentier, George Godfrey, Al Kaufman, Kid McCoy, Leach Cross, Tom Kennedy, Joe Rivers, Frank Hageney, Jim Jeffries, Ed Kennedy, Phil Salvadore, Kid Broad, Bob Perry, Phil Bloom, Jack Renault, Vic McLaglen, Jimmie Kilgannon, Frankie Burns, Kid Wagner (no relation of the writer, unfortunately), Bennie Leonard, Dick Gilbert, Frankie Dolan, Joe and Jack Herrick, Gunboat Smith, Dempsey and Tunney. This is but a partial list of the ungentle gentlemen who have been lured from the realities of the squared circle to the make-believe of the flickering triangle to provide fights for our peace-loving film fans.

There's a battling cast for you! But how about their pictures? Take the case of a world's champion. Obviously he must be played as the hero, and right here the trouble begins, for a film hero must have some other qualification than ability to punch his neighbor's nose. If he hasn't physical beauty—which few fighters possess after years of battering—he must at least have screen charm. This, however, is a rare and elusive quality, and howsoever charming a champion may be in real life, he is rarely that in the films. Gene Tunney, for instance, is a most delightful playmate around the house, but on the screen he registers what is known as a "dead pan." Jack Dempsey, on the other hand, screens better than most fighters, as his charm gets over and he registers a most winsome smile. Victor McLaglen is about the only other fighter who has been able to screen enough charm to be played as a hero.

Another great handicap for the hero-champion is the dramatic necessity of planting him as a weakling who must battle his way up against superior forces to ultimate victory. Knowing that the hero can at any moment knock the block off the heavy renders the villain's opposition ridiculously unconvincing. Even the physical excellence of an actor is often a great dramatic handicap. Doug Fairbanks' athletic prowess makes it necessary for him to fight a whole regiment of villains in order to call forth cheers from the crowd. Thus the success of a world's champion on the screen must depend almost entirely on the fellow's personal popularity and a natural curiosity on the part of the public to see the great man in action.

Rough work in The Rough Riders: Charles Farrell hands Fred Kohler (right) a sock and a "K. O." that flail the fans

Paramount

The Pug is Only Human

IF WE must play the champions as heroes, we can at least cast the lesser fistic gods in the only rôles they shine in: that is, as heavies, for the villain is better off without personal charm or physical beauty. In fact, the tougher and meaner he looks the better he fits the part. With a horrifically sinister "pan" and the reputation of a terrible fighter, he presents an opposition worthy of the handsome film god's supermanhood.

In motion pictures we have light heavies, heavies and dirty heavies, and the ex-pug of the cauliflower ears and broken nose is usually cast as a dirty heavy. In these rôles weight is a great asset, for if he is a big fellow like Tom Kennedy or Frank Hageney he will be given a character part opposite the hero, whereas if he is small he must be content as a roughneck, a rat or a gangster. In either case it is necessary that he forfeit all personal glamour for mere pay, but as most of these fellows are in the twilight of their fight days the pay outweighs any possible vanity.

It is one of the ironies of this upside-down Movieland that men who have tasted victory all their lives find themselves taking humiliating beatings from weaker men so that a dimpled hero may win the battle. Frank Hageney, for instance, came into pictures bearing the glorious title of heavyweight champion of Australia, a land of fighters, and this is his deplorable record on the screen: he has been beaten for the "world's championship" by — Dempsey twice, Tunney three times, Monte Blue twice, Bill Fairbanks three times, and once each by George O'Brien, Bill Russell and Fred Thompson. Fourteen ignominious defeats and not one victory! It takes a lot of pay to compensate for such effacement.

Enter here a perfectly human weakness: a repressed desire to let go just one punch—"accidentally on purpose"—that will let Ronald know who is *really* the master. And, humanly enough, such blows have been released on several occasions. A battered young lightweight working opposite Jack Pickford was warned to play an obviously defeatist rôle, a rôle, considering Jack's size, that was most humiliating to the ex-pug's ego. The script called for his delivery of just one good blow, and of course that blow was to be pulled. But the urge was too overwhelmingly strong, and how that battler cherished his one lonely sock! When his time came he nearly ruined the sequence by pasting the juvenile favorite into Goofyland.

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By ROB WAGNER

The best example of released fistic repressions occurred when Donald Crisp, as a tough bare-fist fighter in Broken Blossoms, put on a bout with Kid McCoy. Donald is a big, husky brute and a pretty good fighter himself, and so his screen victory over Kid McCoy did not at all outrage credulity. But it outraged the Kid's ego! Though he was paid handsomely to lose, he simply couldn't resist the temptation of letting the studio spectators see that he could win if he chose.

Actors Lead as Screen Maulers

ALL the time Donald was fighting for the camera with long, spectacular blows, the famous Kid was pounding him with cruel, unphotographic short hooks to the ribs, which he soon had black and blue.

"Say, Kid," said Donald as they were sparring for an opening, "this is a screen fight. Lay off those hard jolts. They don't register, and they hurt like hell."

"Sorry, Donald," replied McCoy genially, "but that's the way I fight, and it's awful hard to pull the blows—I'll try, however."

But he didn't. He was fighting for his gallery and getting a wonderful kick out of Crisp's distress. Finally, after a terrific punch in the pit of the stomach, Donald noticed his opponent wink at one of his cronies on the sidelines. At that moment another quite human factor entered the contest. Bang! Right on the button! And Kid McCoy heard the dicky birds singing in the treetops.

Albert Payson Terhune, in an article telling the penalties of being six feet four, says that every little man in the world cherishes a secret desire to "hand the big stiff just one good poke." This is also a penalty of possessing a world's championship. When Jack Dempsey was filming a serial called Daredevil Jack there was an ex-pug playing in the picture who was filled with a desire to hand the world's champion a few good wallops that he could later boast of to his friends. He got his chance in a "gang fight" where he could punch anonymously. Jack excused the first one, thinking it was accidental. He overlooked the second, believing the fellow was excited. But when the third blow rocked him, he let loose a haymaker that sent the poor fish crashing to utter eclipse among the Kleig lights.

On the other hand, there are certain stars who, when pitted against a real fighter, will take advantage of their stardom and their heroic rôles to deliver unnecessarily punishing blows. One star in particular has such an unpopular reputation in this regard that every fighter in pictures is laying for him. Having learned of their fistic purposes, the fellow now refuses to fight with anybody but "catchers"—that being a technical name given for any "punch-goofy" egg who will catch blows on the chin for a wage.

Measuring the exact K. O. position to suit the camera

Paramount

Speaking of wages—they range from the sublime to the ridiculous. A fourth-rate "pork and beaner" will subject his person to a terrible mauling for a $15 ticket; the third-raters will get from $25 to $50 a day; while the big fellows, just under championship honors, will earn as much as $100 a day on a four- or five-day ticket. A few of the big fellows are in stock, where their salaries are two or three hundred a week, but for the most part the fighters free-lance, with sometimes weeks between jobs.

The earnings of the champions vary with their immediate popularity. They receive anywhere from a salary of $2,000 a week to $50,000 for one picture. Sometimes a studio will bet on a coming champion with marked success. Pathé made a picture with Gene Tunney before he was champion that more than doubled in value after his victory over Jack Dempsey.

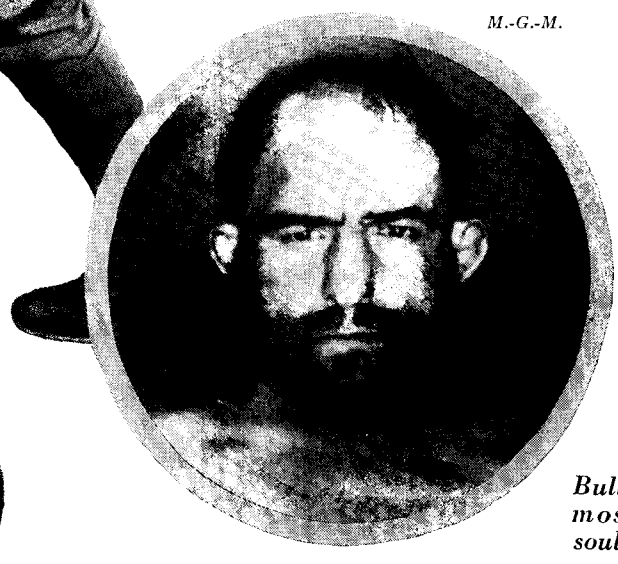
As a rule the ex-pug has but three assets: his reputation, which is worth little except in the key cities where the fight fans may know him; his appalling face, and a hardy constitution permitting him to take his bumps. Outside of occasionally doubling for the stars in long shots, his fighting ability is not particularly valuable in motion pictures, for the surprising reason that professional technique is cinematically very bad. That is why the film of a championship battle is so pictorially and dramatically dull compared to a good screen fight, the punishing punches almost invariably appearing tame and causing us to wonder why the victim takes the count.

Furthermore, the fighter is rarely a good actor, and, feeling he is master of his stuff, resents taking direction—first because he regards the director as incompetent, and second because he does not wish his fans to see him using what he regards as phony technique. I recall one case of a colored fellow who refused to take direction in a certain scene, and his refusal, though it cost him his job, was a credit to his race. Cast as a dirty heavy, he objected to kicking his opponent, a white man, when he was down. The director pleaded with him by telling him the action was essential to the drama. "No," he replied, "my people are disliked enough already. I'll not add to the prejudice against them."

Thus we come to the surprising announcement that the greatest fights in motion pictures are staged not by professional fighters but by actors! When we want a real rough and dastardly brawl we call upon Tom Santschi, Mitchell Lewis, Noah Beery, Victor McLaglen, Bill Russell, Eddie Gribbon, Tom Kennedy, Hobart Bosworth, Charlie Ray, Ralph Graves and Milton Sills—to name only a few.

It is true Tom Kennedy, Bill Russell, Eddie Gribbon and Vic McLaglen were formerly professional fighters, but it is not because of this fact that they put on good screen fights, but because they are about the only fighters who have become first-class actors and who can carry a rôle throughout a picture.

M.-G.-M.



Bull Montana, "the most sentimental soul that ever lived"

Strangely enough, the most historic fight of the films was fought twelve years ago in the first edition of The Spoilers, the participants being two of the huskiest actors in motion pictures—Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum.

Greatest Film Fight Known

COLIN CAMPBELL, who was directing, said: "Boys, won't you go in and take a good beating for the sake of the picture?"

"Sure," they both replied. "Let's do the thing right!"

They certainly did it right—and left!—though the little gallery that watched never realized they were witnessing a fight that was to become a classic.

The set was an office interior, and the two huge men started in on a slam-bang, rough-and-tumble fight that wrecked every bit of furniture in the place. The stove and bookcase were faked—it was the first use of breakaway props—but nevertheless the physical damage to everything, including the fighters, was positively terrifying in its realism. It was before the days of pulled punches and overspeeded, trick-camera work.

Santschi, as the villain, had to get the worst of it, and he did, to the extent of a (*Continued on page 36*)

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Keystone

Ty Cobb, cockiest and greatest

The Big Head

Must an athlete be conceited to win? Bob Zuppke starts the argument, and some other great coaches join in

By GRANTLAND RICE

ROBERT C. ZUPPKE, coach of the champion Illinois football team, had just offered this remark: "You can say what you want to, but the fact remains that a certain amount of conceit is needed to make a winning athlete, no matter what the game."

In less than two seconds the argument started. Some of those in the group gathered around the table agreed with Zuppke. Some did not. In this group, among others, were Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; Louis Stoddard, chairman of Yale's football committee and the United States Polo Association; Bill Roper of Princeton; Knute Rockne of Notre Dame; Dr. Jack Wilce of Ohio State; Dr. C. W. Spears, head football coach of Minnesota; Captain "Biff" Jones of the Army team; Major Frank Cavanaugh of Fordham, and Rex Fincke, one of Harvard's former football stars.

There was more disagreement than agreement, but Zuppke held his ground.

"I don't intend to suggest," he continued, "that a fellow has to go around bragging about his greatness or talking about himself. But I believe the winning athlete feels within himself that he is a better man than the other fellow and can whip him. That is why I think the alibi has its place in sport. It helps to protect the human conceit needed to maintain confidence.

"I'd rather have a fellow give excuses than admit he wasn't good enough to win. For if he hasn't any excuse, even to himself, and admits he wasn't good enough to pull through, he won't get far as a winning competitor. He may be kidding himself, but if he has an excuse it helps to keep his self-esteem going, and his confidence in himself isn't broken. He must keep at least part of his conceit working."

The idea advanced by Zuppke is in common practice among ball players. When Bill Hoozis strikes out and walks back to the bench somebody asks "What's he got?" (referring to the opposing pitcher).

"Nothing," says Bill. "He can't pitch a lick."

It's seldom that anyone can get a batsman who has just fanned to admit that good pitching turned him back. "The lucky stiff!" is the usual rejoinder.

This argument that an alibi has its useful place in sport was first advanced by Christy Mathewson many years ago. Matty knew the psychology of the ball player. He knew the importance of self-confidence, whether in the form of conceit or something else. He knew that Ty Cobb, supposed to be one of the cockiest of all ball players on the field, was also the greatest of his day. I recall one season where Cobb was confident of beating out Tris Speaker, although Speaker was then 20 points ahead with only two or three games to go.

In spite of this there was a strong disagreement with the Zuppke theory.

"I don't believe any conceit is needed," remarked Doc Spears of Minnesota. "I'd rather call it self-confidence. I think the ideal type of athlete is able to see, now and then, that the other fellow is better than he is. He may know the odds are against him, but that doesn't prevent him from giving everything he has. He will figure that if he keeps hustling and hangs on something may come along to pull him through.

"In addition to this he will make an effort to find out just what makes the other fellow better, to study his own weakness and then try to strengthen himself. I don't believe in steaming up a team before a game or between halves through any emotional appeal. I'd rather show my men what the job is—and let them go to it.

"A fellow can have a lot of confidence in himself, if he knows his job. But I don't believe that such confidence is conceit. I'll admit I have known some conceited athletes who were hard to beat. But conceit has also led to the wrecking of many others who might have been stars. They thought they were too good to train."

Dr. John Wilce of Ohio State lined up with Spears' idea that self-confidence is necessary but conceit is more often a big handicap. "One can admit a mistake. The main thing is to know that you have done your part."

"Of course," said Zuppke, "there are two types of conceit. One can be offensive and the other inoffensive. One can do good and the other do harm. The conceited boy who hasn't anything to back up his conceit is soon punctured."

"The human animal is a funny animal," Frank Cavanaugh said in continuing the discussion. "You have to knock the conceit out of one and put some conceit or self-confidence into another.

"For example, on one of my old teams I had a football player I could never get worked up until we hit Yale. He wasn't half as confident and chesty against teams that were weaker. It is an individual problem."

J. J. McDermott, twice open golf champion of the United States, would announce on the first tee that he was going to win, and he would generally come through.

Be Sure You're Good

I RECALL one case where a great admirer of Jerry Travers, then amateur golf champion, offered to bet McDermott $300 that Travers could beat him in a 36-hole match.

Mac replied, "I'll take that bet and I'll bet you another $300 that I beat him by as much as 5 up and 4 to play," and Travers' friend decided to call all bets off.

I still recall the big battle between McDermott and Harry Vardon at Shawnee in 1913. In that 72-hole test he beat Vardon by nearly a dozen strokes.

"No one," said one coach, "can say that any form of the inferiority complex is good in competition. Here if anywhere we have the survival of the fittest, and the fittest usually know they are good."

Bill Roper, one of the best of the psychologists, furnished a complete line on his method some years ago when he plastered the surrounding scenery at Princeton with this slogan: "A team that won't be beaten can't be beaten."

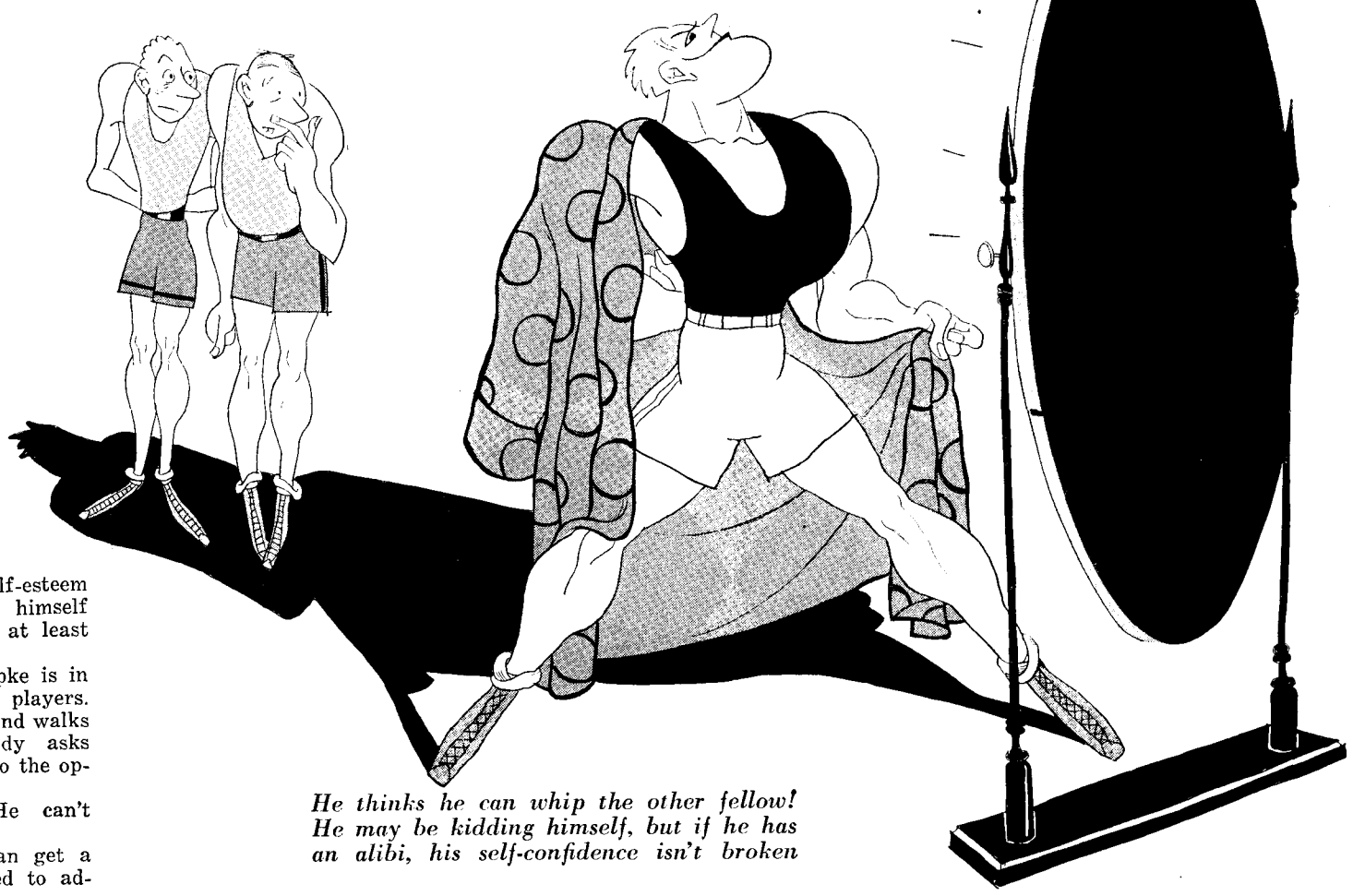
"I believe," said Roper, "the best type of athlete believes he and his team are going to win, but only through the best they have to give. I believe they should have the feeling that they can't be beaten when they give that.

"If they happen to know that the other team is better, on paper at least, they should feel that hard and desperate playing and sticking to the last second may bring about the breaks that will turn the day.

"Naturally no one is going to win all the time. But if a man or a team is whipped before the start the man or the team is dead sure to be whipped at the finish. There's always a chance for the fighter, even against heavy odds."

"I don't mind conceit in a player," remarked Rockne, "if he keeps it to himself. If he doesn't, the rest of the team will soon take care of his case.

"The type of conceit that is merely belief in yourself is necessary."



He thinks he can whip the other fellow! He may be kidding himself, but if he has an alibi, his self-confidence isn't broken

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En Route

Wisdom usually comes too late but to Monica it came in time to save her love

By HELEN HULL

Oh, that pleasant, friendly way of his!—Monica had always loved it

MONICA HUNT closed her eyelids to feel the wind against them, as the car rushed with an occasional bump along the coast road. It had been a mistake to drive up from Boston. She should have taken the train along with the cook and the maid. But refusing her husband's suggestion that they motor up as usual—he could take a long week-end over Decoration Day—had seemed to make too sharp an issue. If she could stand it a few more hours—

"Looks as if that storm would hit before we reach any hotel." Her husband's voice, loud with the deliberate cheeriness he maintained now, startled her, and his swing of the wheel to avoid a jagged hole left by frost in the macadam road lurched her against his shoulder. She withdrew so hastily that he noticed; she saw his quick frown.

"It does look threatening." Her own voice was toneless.

Behind the low, pine-fringed hills heavy clouds were rising, in swift masses that boiled up from the horizon. The car rattled over a small culvert, roared up a curving hill. Large drops splattered the windshield, dotted the film of dust on the hood.

"I'm starved, too. Like to reach food before the lightning hits me. Hope that hotel is open."

Silence then for a time. A glimpse from the crest of a hill showed the sea darkening under mounting clouds, although the eastern rim still kept the brilliancy of the morning. Monica shivered.

"Cold?" Philip peered at her; he was driving too rapidly for more than a quick glance. "Want the window up?" One hand left the wheel and started to wind up the coupé window.

"No. Don't close it." Monica wanted the rush of air, with its damp fragrance of salt and fir trees. If she were cold, no window could be closed to warm her.

SHE was lonely. There, so close that she had to sit carefully not to touch him, was his familiar shoulder in the rough brown suit he liked; the firm chin, the long mouth with full lower lip, the gray eyes with humorous crow's-feet at the corners, intent now on the uncertain country road. Looking at him cautiously lest he detect her, she could imagine that this year was last year, the year before, any year but this one, and together they were driving hilariously along the beloved road toward the house they had built at the edge of the sea. Then the ground crumbled under her feet, letting her down to welter in confusion and pain and loneliness. This wasn't her Philip. This was a stranger, a doctor who succumbed to the flattering advances of his charming patients—to one of them, at least. Perhaps—the mire was over her head as she struggled to escape—perhaps all their years together he had done the same thing and she didn't know it. How many times had he said, "Thank the Lord, Monica, you haven't a jealous disposition! When I see what some of the doctors I know go through with their wives!" Always she had answered, "But I know you love me." Until this spring. Echoes of their amazing quarrels rolled under the thunder. "You never were jealous before; why are you now!" Finally the night she had stopped at his office and found the girl there, in his arms.

"We must be within two or three miles of the next town." His voice summoned her abruptly from her thought. She trembled slightly; tiny knife-blades of ice were laid at each nerve center. "I don't like that wind. These pines uproot too easily."

"We better go on. A few minutes won't matter." More rain now, in slaps against the glass. She had consented to leave town, to open the house for the children, chiefly because there seemed nothing else to do. What she longed to do was, dog-like, to crawl into a corner where she could lick her wounds and perhaps die. That was childish. She had to face this situation, to gain enough tranquillity to think clearly, to reach some definite conclusion which would allow her to act. Perhaps in Maine—where she had spent so many summers, first as a child, and later as Philip's wife with her own children—some miracle would happen. Philip insisted she was exaggerating everything, that when she came to her senses she would see how foolishly she was behaving. The girl had been a patient of his; like lots of his patients, she thought she was fond of him. She was a nice little thing. That was all.

"But I saw you—"

"Oh, Monica, what if I did kiss her! A fatherly kiss. . . . It's you I love and you ought to know it."

Oh, if she could stop words from beating in her brain! That he thought it nothing showed how far apart they stood. . . . There lay the town ahead of them, square white houses strung along the road, the huge old trees in the yards turning up pale under surfaces of new leaves in the wind, as if they showed their teeth.

"THAT hotel's still boarded up!" The car skidded as Philip braked it in front of the inhospitable building. "What now?" As he drove on slowly there was an ominous hissing from the rear, another skid; a clap of thunder rattled at the heavy windows. Philip stopped, and hung himself half out the door into the downpour. He settled back heavily, running the window up against the rain. "Well, it's a flat." He was enraged, so like a small boy that Monica laughed. "Haven't even got a raincoat. Of all the fiendish luck!"

"There's a sign, lunchroom." Monica pointed down the street. "We could get a sandwich or a pie, if you can drive that far. Then the rain may let up."

As he drove cautiously the few rods to the low building, Monica thought: it's like thin pasteboard under our feet, all the old habits . . . the way he gets disgusted, the way I console him; if we skate along on that surface, nothing seems changed. Only my feet keep going through!

As he drew in at the curb, a sedan poked toward them until its nose grazed their fender. Country ways, thought Monica; park as you like. She let Philip lean across her to screw up the window, while she watched the occupants of the sedan climb out. First a

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tall bent old man, with stiff knees, got himself erect on the sidewalk, shouting loudly, "You wait till I open this umbrella!" and then an elderly woman stepped out gingerly, determined to keep her smart gray and white costume unspotted. Monica pushed open the door to call to her: "Is this a proper place to leave the car, and can we get luncheon here?"

"Certainly, certainly." The old man, his blue eyes sunken under heavy white eyebrows, his beak of a nose slightly pinker than the rest of his face, answered for his wife. "You're all right. Come right in."

He maneuvered his umbrella with one hand, not quite over his wife's hat, his cane with the other, and marched with jerks of his knees into the restaurant.

"We'll run for it. You first." Philip held the door ajar, and Monica ran. The car door banged shut, and Philip bolted after her.

THE room was small, with a counter across the rear, half a dozen painted tables, a battered upright piano. At a corner table sat a plump, discouraged man, a sample case propped against his chair, evidently a drummer. The old man was hooking his umbrella on an arm of the hatrack, hobbling back to draw out a chair for his wife. They were courteously oblivious of Monica and Philip, as Philip chose a table opposite the drummer, near a window. The storm seemed directly over the low roof; rain washed down the windows in drenching silver, flashes of lightning cut through the semi-darkness, and thunder pounded in long, retreating rolls. Monica speculated vaguely about the old couple. They had a tinge of familiarity; had she seen them as a child?

"We didn't get in any too soon." Philip studied the menu, a typed sheet with handwritten insertions. "Guess you can have most anything you like." From the rear room came the waitress; she was small, with a cretonne apron belted about slim hips, flying out from round knees; her face looked small under the mass of dark hair that lay in curls over ears and forehead, over the crown of her head, cropped in a V at the nape of her white neck. Amazing hair, thought Monica. Does she do that to it, or does it grow that way? The girl's hand trembled, spilling water as she placed glasses and silver on the table.

"Guess you don't like thunder," said Philip. Oh, that pleasant, friendly way of his! I've always loved it, thought Monica, hopelessly; the way he can make everybody like him!

"I'm not so crazy over it," said the girl. Her eyes were blue, with lashes long on the under lids, and her soft, reddened mouth bowed downward, appealingly. She went back to the kitchen, pattering on her foolish, high-heeled pumps.

"Pretty kid, isn't she?" said Philip. "Looks anemic. Codfish diet. I'll bet the fellows don't notice that."

Monica watched her return, this time to the other table; saw the provoking lift of full eyelids as she placed silver and tumbler for the old man. She saw, too, that after one long glance, the woman did not look at the girl, that she kept her face turned toward the street, looking at the rain. It was a dignified, old face, with arched lids over bright dark eyes, and firm mouth, with a proper wave in the white hair under the small brim of the gray hat. She hasn't been downed by life, thought Monica, and that old man hasn't been easy to live with. The girl stood beside Philip, waiting for the order, stubby fingers hooked over a pad and pencil. A greedy predatory hand, thought Monica. "Please order for me. I don't care—" The drummer stared at Philip, with sour envy in his protruding eyes.

It's queer, thought Monica, how everything in the world seems to make me feel like crying. That drummer, piteous, unsuccessful creature; I'm sorry for him. That old woman, so proud and unconquered; tears there, if I don't watch out. The old man, wanting the girl to flirt with him. Even the girl is piteous, poor little coquette, conscious of nothing but the lures she spreads. This is what Philip calls my nerves . . . as if pain stripped off all protective layers, leaving me too exposed. Pure sentimentality. But I can't bear it.

The proprietress of the lunchroom appeared behind the counter, her florid, wrinkled face heat-flushed. "Well, if it ain't Cap'n and Missis Hartwell!" She puffed delightedly toward the old couple, wiping her hand on her apron. "We heard you was coming to open your place this summer. Don't you look real good, both of you!"

"It's Mattie Burns! Why, Mattie!" The old lady leaned toward her husband. "You remember Mattie Burns, Father?" She spoke with slow distinctness. "Her father kept the blacksmith shop."

"I guess he did lots of work for you, Cap'n, in his day." The woman shouted at him. "It's like old times to see you back. We was saying we guessed you got tired of the West. Anybody's been raised here on this coast has to come back."

He played music that was careless young love, sensuous, wild

"That so." The Captain agreed testily. "What makes you think I wouldn't remember her father? My mind ain't failed me yet."

Mattie Burns laughed. "Just the same ole Cap'n, ain't you?" She exchanged with Mrs. Hartwell a friendly, comprehending woman-glance.

"I don't remember that girl you got. What's her name? She puts me in mind of somebody."

"She's younger than our day here." Mrs. Hartwell spoke sharply, and Monica thought the flush on Mattie Burns' round face deepened.

"What's her name? Who's her folks?"

"She hasn't got any folks. Her name's Lucy." Miss Burns craned her short neck warily toward the kitchen. "She's just learning to wait. She's willing but flighty." Lucy appeared, her small-boned arms strained to hold the tray on which plates of boiled fish and potatoes were ranged. "Hope you'll drop in real often. This is a bad shower, ain't it?" Mattie pursed her mouth and retired to the kitchen.

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

Hartwell. Monica remembered the old Hartwell place in the next village. A sea captain's house, with a square lookout on the roof. She had gone there with her mother, when she was a little girl. Conch shells and delicate fans of dried seaweed and coral; the cabinet in the parlor, of teakwood, with odor of sandalwood when someone would open the doors to show the treasures to a child. Stories about the Hartwells, a long line of adventurous seafaring men. This Mrs. Hartwell must have known her mother. Monica remembered the cemetery, with old white stones that marked no graves for any Hartwell men: Lost at sea rounding the Horn, lost at sea. . . . Why, even the last son had been drowned, just after he took out his master's papers. Queer how bits of recollection floated up. She would have to tell Philip later. (Later? Oh, what would she tell Philip? She thrust away the mad jump of her mind to the present, hunting for more of the past.) It must have been after the death of the son that the Hartwells had left Maine. Other stories, fragments of talk not meant for child's ears, about the wildness of the Hartwell men! What was that sentence that had puzzled her so long? "Poor Mrs. Hartwell had but one son to lose, after her other baby died. I guess the Cap'n don't know how many he's got scattered over the globe."

The thunder had lessened, as if the storm had ridden out to sea, but rain still fell. A small truck splashed to a standstill across the street, and the driver, a tall, bare-headed young fellow, dashed into the room.

"Coffee and sinkers for a drowning man, Lucy!" The boy had hunched forward, elbows on the counter. Monica couldn't see his face, but his voice, his posture, caressed the girl.

The drummer was eying them, wearily manipulating a toothpick, as if he reflected: just wait till you get kids to support, and maybe a sick wife. Philip looked up from his pie, speculative amusement in his clear eyes.

"Guess that's her boy," he said in an undertone.

The old Captain, too, stared over his coffee cup. Was he envious for his lost youth? Almost Monica caught the higgledy-piggledy maze in his head, a maze like this:

Durn it, she puts me in mind of somebody. That hair of hers. Can't remember 'em now, the girls I've had.

HIS cane clattered to the floor, and as his wife started for it, he snapped at her: "I can get it! Sit still!"

"Hey!" He beckoned with his stick, and the girl came, demurely, as if she hadn't just been making love in sight of all of them. "Where's the reckoning? Oh. . . ." She pointed to the slip beside his plate. As he drew a wallet slowly from his pocket, he stared at her, his white brows meeting. "What's your name? You live round here?"

"Lucy Peters, sir."

Monica saw the woman lift one hand to the table edge, where the old white fingers beat a silent tattoo.

"Peters, eh. Who was your mother? I used to know all the folks here, before we moved to California."

"She was Lucy Peters, too." The boy at the counter swung around on his stool, his forehead wrinkling at the inquiry. "That was my grandma's name, too. Lucy Peters. Maybe—" Was there insolence in the girl's darting look at Mrs. Hartwell?—"Maybe you knew her. They say I'm the spit 'n' image of her."

"Grandma!" The old man snorted. "Never knew anybody that name." He flung a bill on the table. Mrs. Hartwell let her hand fall to her lap. The girl, retreating to the cash register at the end of the counter, brushed the boy's knees as she passed him.

"Well, the storm's most over." Philip stretched to his feet, reaching for his hat. "Got to mend that tire." At the door he turned to the old man. "I beg your pardon, but I'm out of luck with a tire. Could you tell me where there's a garage?"

"Down the street. I'll go along with you. I want a man to look at my engine."

"You wait here, Monica? It's pretty damp still."

The two went out through the drizzle in which the storm was tailing off. The drummer moved morosely to an examination of papers from a billfold. Mrs. Hartwell sat motionless, her eyelids lowered, her face a mask of bleakness without the life of the dark eyes. The boy untwisted his long legs from the counter stool and with a stride reached the seat at the piano. Lucy, coming with a tray for the dishes, said softly, "Play that piece you played yesterday, the new one. You know. 'Kiss me, kiss me in the morning! Kiss me, kiss me at noon.' "

The boy shook his sleek head; his fingers tossed chords of the crazy melody into the room. He could play. Kiss me, kiss me in the morning. It was a kind of love-making, syncopated, harsh. Tears gathered under Monica's lids as the sounds twanged at her nerves. Even music on a rickety piano was unendurable, music that was careless young love, sensuous, wild. The proprietress stood at the kitchen door, her head nodding to the rhythm. Lucy moved about the tables, her cretonne apron rippling as if her muscles danced, a faint smile lifting the arc of her crimson mouth. (*Continued on page 42*)

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Aladdin on Broadway

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

SEATS FREE During Revision
Apply in person at box office after 10 A. M.
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Betting sages laid odds that this wouldn't pull at all

LIFE has provided Edgar B. Davis with a faith as magical as Aladdin's lamp. Always in the past, when he rubbed, success appeared out of the smoke curling up from failures and wrecked dreams. Then he came to the Great White Way of Bagdad-on-the-Subway—and is still rubbing. . . .

THIS is the story of the most costly and most stubborn failure in the history of the New York stage—the play called The Ladder.

After experimental engagements in Detroit, Stamford and New Haven its first curtain rose at the Mansfield Theatre in New York on the night of October 22, 1926, before an audience which, except for the growling watchdogs of the press, appeared to have been assembled by the process of handing out complimentary tickets and, in the case of ladies, orchids. The men got no orchids.

Those closely associated with plays' young hopes and fears were filled with pessimism. After one look at the first act, a wily old playwright, who had been brought in to do a little tinkering on the manuscript during rehearsals, gladly sold out his share of all future royalties for $6,000, and, while the remnants of the first-night audience were still experiencing the third act, he might have been seen rushing anxiously up and down town looking for someone to cash the check.

In the normal course of events the callous truckman from the warehouse might have been expected to back up to the stage alley that Saturday night, or at the latest the following Saturday night, and remove the costumes and castles to that bourne from which no scenery returns. Yet a few weeks later, for some invisible reason, and in the absence of even the slightest manifestation of any public passion to see the play, The Ladder was still running.

$750,000—and Then Some

IN THE ensuing weeks what little ardor to see it (as Ring Lardner said of his affection for Neysa McMein) soon ripened into apathy.

And The Ladder went on running. Dislodged from one theatre, it would promptly take over another. Broadway began to wonder. Actors' salaries, stage hands' wages, theatre rents, and advertising costs being what they are in New York today, the most naïve of observers must have known that such a forced run was being continued only at a weekly loss of thousands of dollars. Now, any theatrical manager may be willing, for any one of several good and familiar reasons, to keep a play alive through several losing months.

All the familiar devices of theatrical exploitation were tried without success. Indeed, there was just one scheme which this quixotic and stubborn management would not countenance, and that was a resort to the cut-rate ticket. Of late years there has grown up in New York a thriving trade in the agency which takes unsalable tickets and sells them at half price to that thrifty and multitudinous stratum of the public which would rather see two second-rate shows than one first-rate show for the same amount of money. Not a few plays, taking a hint from the bargain sales of the cheaper department stores, blandly print $3 on each of their tickets without the faintest expectation of getting more than half of that sum, excepting perhaps on such nights as New Year's Eve or the night after the Army-Navy game, when so many of my neighbors lose their minds and would rather pay any price than face the awful prospect of a quiet evening at home with their books. But early in The Ladder's now historic engagement all traffic with cut-rate agencies was forbidden.

It was some time in November of its second year on Broadway—when, according to a fairly shrewd and, if anything, conservative estimate, The Ladder had already lost its invisible patron more than $750,000—that the impresario of this costly venture hit upon a device which, for obvious reasons, might not appeal to the average theatrical manager. The advertisements announced with quiet dignity one morning that, until further notice, the price of admission of The Ladder would be nothing at all.

Then Broadway dropped all its other side shows and gathered round just to watch the goings-on of The Ladder. There were those among the prophets who laid small wagers that this new policy would not perceptibly affect the patronage and that, just as the New York playgoer would hock his grandfather's watch to attend a play he really wanted to see, he could not be paid to attend a play he did not want to see. You may perhaps recall that in the never-to-be-forgotten farce called The Show Shop the stage mother remarked with great melancholy that nowadays the mere tossing around of complimentary tickets would never give an auditorium the impression of having a quorum—you had to issue a taxicab with each pass.

These sages were the more surprised when there took form at the box office at the Lyric, where The Ladder was then playing, a queue of such length and such passion that the reserves had to be called out and one very angry old lady was pushed right through the glass door and had to be removed (without any tickets) in an ambulance.

Broadway Never Saw Its Like

ALL sorts and conditions of playgoers—old and young, shabby and elegant, native and foreign—appeared in this line, which sometimes stretched around the corner and far up the intersecting avenue. You would see people waiting firmly through three hours of a wintry morning. You would see a small boy work his way to the box office, get two seats, rush to the end of the line and take his turn again in the hope of reaching the box office in time to get another pair before the closing of the window would serve notice that the ticket rack was clean.

You would occasionally be puzzled by the sight of a limousine drawing up to the theatre, the dowager within waiting haughtily while her liveried chauffeur stood in line to get her tickets. And you would be puzzled too by the snatches of that conversation whereby the motley strangers in the eternal brotherhood of the bread line will always while away the time:

"I seen this show last night."

"Yeah?"

"Sure, and I seen it last week too."

"But I hear it ain't so hot."

"No," the addict would agree readily enough, "but what'ya expect for nothing?"

You would see two Italian laborers (covered with the soil of the nearest excavation in the endless upheaval of the New York streets) drop their picks and get into line. The box-office men would look at them scornfully and hand them two in the gallery, almost automatically reserving the better seats downstairs for the dressier folk in the line. For, even in the communism of The Ladder, them as has gits.

The elastic ticket speculators quickly adjusted themselves to the new order. They stationed their scouts in line to get their tickets for nothing and then sell them at 75 cents apiece to the fuming patrons on the queue who could not afford to wait any longer.

It took anywhere from forty to fifty minutes to empty the ticket rack at the Lyric. Then the window would come down with a snap and out in the lobby would go the huge S.R.O. (*Continued on page 32*)

Wide World

A passionate 50-minute queue deadheaded for The Ladder

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All in good Season

But surely there must be another way to stop. No wonder she's so hard on her clothes

The be-sweatered skater isn't too sure of her (her—Mr. Roberts?) skill on the blades but anyway the fence is secure

Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts

Why shouldn't she smile? There're eleven admiring swains standing by just aching to pull the sled up the hill again

Nobody but a low lout would sing "Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells" at this trying moment. And if he is and does and she socks him, who'll blame her?

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Some examples of what a few well-chosen hours on a train will do. Toot-toot—and you're whisked from summer to winter

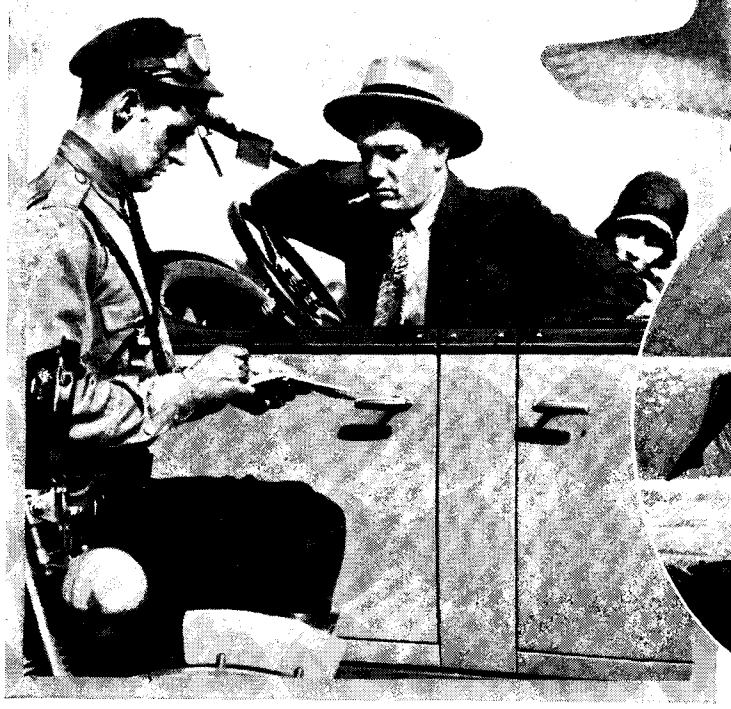
Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts

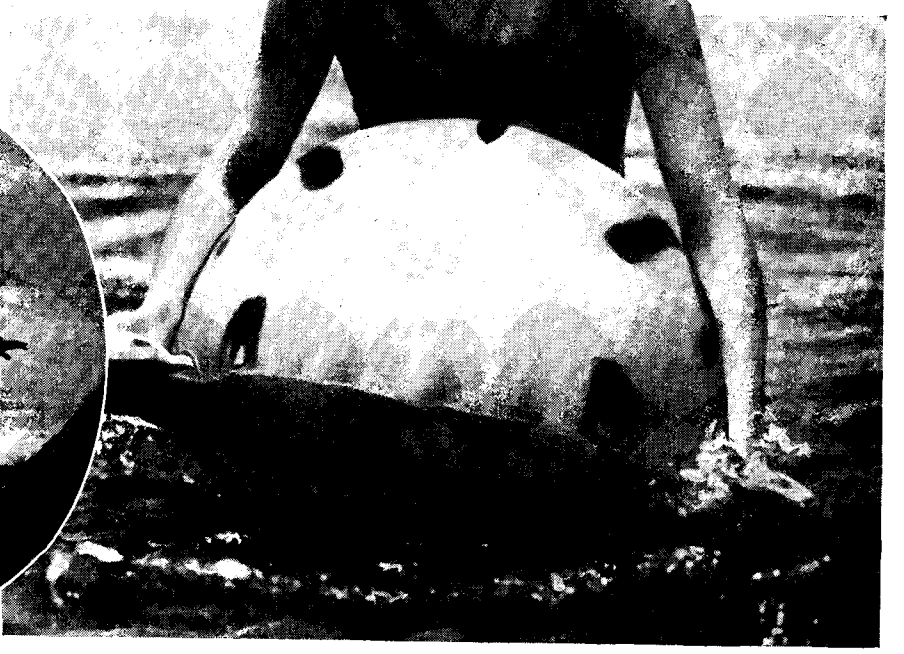
And while the other page is all frozen, the glaring Southern sunshine calls for a parasol

It is, as John Erskine's Adam remarked, a pretty good world if you sit still. It's when you go skiing or crabbing that you get into trouble

If you think the Northern motoring lady is stuck, just look at this lad. Even snowless highways have snags

If only they had enough hills in the ocean, coasting would be just as much fun below the Mason-Dixon line





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Tied with a Shoe Lace

The true story of a put-up job and how a clever inspector discovered it

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

The inspector who entered the shop came on serious business

By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE

EMMS, the cobbler, sat in his little shop in Stepney and gossiped with Cobb, the tobacconist, who kept the shop next door. Emms was soling a gentleman's boot, and his little hammer went tap-tap, punctuating their conversation with a sort of horrified emphasis.

"Three 'undred pounds reward," said Cobb, rolling the words on his tongue with gusto. "Three 'undred pounds! And all for a bit o' information leading to the arrest of a man w'at murdered an old woman for six pounds ten!"

"Ah!" nodded Emms.

"Tap-tap," went the hammer.

"In your place, Mr. Emms," said Cobb, crossing his pudgy knees with some difficulty and drawing deep at his pudgy pipe—"in your place, I'd 'ave a try at that reward. 'Blime if I wouldn't! Three 'undred pounds!"

Emms raised his watery blue eyes, full of consternation, to his friend's face.

"And 'ow would I do that, Mr. Cobb?"

"You was 'er agent, wasn't you?" demanded the tobacconist.

"Ah!" assented Emms, bending again over his work.

"Tap-tap," went the hammer.

"You rented 'er the very 'ouse she was murdered in."

"Don't say that, Mr. Cobb," cried Emms nervously.

"Struck down from be'ind with a 'ammer!" cried Mr. Cobb with unction. "I dare s'y you've seen 'er in the very room, Mr. Emms."

"Ah!" assented the cobbler, sitting very still, his eyes on the half-finished boot. The little hammer said nothing.

"Murdered by person or persons unknown," continued Cobb. "Now, you must 'ave seen a person there, going in and going out as you did. As soon as I 'eard o' the reward, I says to myself, 'Emms will be collecting that one fine day,' I says. 'E knows more aba't the old lady than anyone else."

"Blood money," murmured Emms, shaking. "Oh, I couldn't, indeed."

"It's more than new signs you'd be buying with three 'undred pounds," urged Cobb, watching through the door the fine new sign swinging in the wind.

"G. Emms," said the sign: "Shoes Mended." It was bright, gay yellow with black letters, and it creaked merrily with every swirl of the autumn wind. Emms' eyes rested on it with anxious pride. Then they shifted to the man who paused under the sign and turned to enter the shop.

The London bobby—even police inspectors from the Yard—had no terrors for Mr. Emms. Many were the boots he had patched and soled for the force. But the inspector who entered the shop at this point came on more serious business.

"Come along, Emms," he said briskly. "We want you for the murder of Mrs. Elmsley. I have to tell you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

Then he picked up the little hammer from the bench where Emms had laid it. The inspector looked at it first on one side and then on the other, as though expecting it to give up its fearful secret.

"We'll just take this along," he said.

Inspector Hawkes looked with some surprise at Emms when the cobbler was brought into his office. The inspector had expected something rather more impressive than this stoop-shouldered, pale-eyed, gentle little man. Emms didn't look like a man who would knock an old lady's head in with a hammer. But the inspector had long since learned that the murderer does not wear a visible mark of Cain to help bewildered police officials. He looked across at Mullins, the informer.

"This the man?" he asked, nodding at Emms.

"Yes, sir," said Mullins positively. "That's your man."

"You know," said Hawkes, "that Mrs. Elmsley was killed last Tuesday week, at about five o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said Emms.

"Had you seen her that day?"

"Yes, sir. I collected the rent from 'er."

"What time would that be?"

"Aba't 'alf past four, sir."

"Oh, come now, old 'un!" suggested Mullins, interfering for the first time. "Nearer five, weren't it?"

Emms turned frightened eyes on this new menace.

"I carn't rightly s'y, sir," he said timidly. "It might 'ave been."

"It was five o'clock," stated Mullins, "when I see you comin' down the steps. And you had a bundle under yer arm, which you did not so have when you went into the house ten minutes before."

EMMS' body jerked as though he felt a tentative tug of some shadowy noose. "I didn't see you, sir," he said, faltering.

"Ye did not," assented Mullins, with gusto. "I was doin' a bit of a plasterin' job in the house next door, and through the window did I see you, goin' in—and goin' out, with the old lady's spoons under yer arm, and black murder on yer soul."

Hawkes looked from one to the other: the black-browed plasterer with his wide, thick shoulders, and the trembling little cobbler. But now Emms drew himself up with a sort of helpless dignity.

"My sins," he said, "are many and long, but murder is not among 'em."

Hawkes intervened.

"What was in the bundle you carried from Mrs. Elmsley's house?"

The old man (*Continued on page 41*)

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Casserole Your Own

By EDITH H. NASON

It's basic recipes that count: you can do all sorts of tricks if you use substitutes wisely

The cook's joy over her first successful biscuits equals an artist's rapture

A FRIEND of mine who really dislikes cooking but who can't avoid it makes it more bearable by maintaining a library of 200 cookery books in any of which she can find some dishes with enough novelty to remove some of the drudgery from cooking.

She is one of the group known as "thinkers" as distinguished from "doers" and like most of her group, who for one reason or another must spend long hours with spoon and saucepan, can hardly be expected to find much pleasure in it.

My friend's device of referring to scores of recipes in search of novelties is a sound solution of her problem, but, as a matter of fact, any "thinkers" can introduce self-expression into cooking by a simpler means than this—and one that offers more varied possibilities.

Cookbooks probably do a great deal to help the novice turn out a good product. The reward of success is a compensation for the unhappy hours of preparation, but becomes less effective with repetition. Any capable person soon tires of following the directions of someone else, for in cookery as well as every other occupation the period of apprenticeship must be short if interest is to be maintained.

Many women go to exclusive dress shops and pay fabulous prices for garments in order to be dressed not only well but exclusively, for in so doing they have the satisfaction of individualism. A still greater satisfaction is felt by the designer for whom the gown has provided a medium of expression. The joy and pride of the cook when her first successful biscuits come out of the oven is no less than that of the artist at his own exhibition, but unfortunately the pride of the cook must soon fall when her neighbor shows off an identical product. It is no wonder that when some women find a rather different recipe they are loath to share it with their neighbors. Such women receive no happiness from cookery in itself, but, like the exclusively dressed woman, enjoy individualism and, like the artist, experience the greatest pleasure from the product as a means of self-expression.

Get the Main Idea

FOR these reasons there is no doubt that the drudgery in cookery can be lessened if room is made there for self-expression. If twenty young girls without any previous training in cookery can each develop independently three different and perfectly delicious recipes for muffins, making sixty dictinctly different muffins, it follows that the task is not very difficult and the happiness of each girl as she completes her product is in itself proof enough that self-expression helps greatly to put fun into cookery.

Consider the number of recipe books and the number of recipes in each book. Not only that; count the number of recipes for the same dish. In one of the well-known cookbooks there are seventy recipes for butter cake, eighty-two ways of preparing potatoes, forty-six recipes for salad dressing, sixty-two for cookies, seventy-two for puddings, and each recipe bears a different name. But as we study some of these combinations further we see that the difference between nine kinds of fried potatoes is in the shape of the potato fried. Some are cut to look like marbles, others like curls or baskets, while Rector potatoes are cut in elliptical shapes before being fried. Potatoes cooked in steam become pommes au vapeur.

Examine the cake recipes. Each one has practically the same ingredients. One recipe uses one more egg and makes the necessary changes for this added ingredient. A little cinnamon and cloves added to plain cake makes it spice cake. And so it goes. We are forced to conclude that all recipes are very much alike. Each masterpiece is but a simple variation of another.

In short, the cookbook does the thinking for the "doer," and ties the unwilling "thinker" to its apron strings.

A study of recipes shows us quite conclusively that there are certain foods which must have a definite proportion of flour, sugar, milk, etc., while there are others in which both the kind and amount of each ingredient can vary to suit the taste of the cook. The All-American hash is a good example of the latter type of dish; also, casserole dishes, stews, croquettes, fruit and other cocktails. Whatever is in the house can be used.

A graduate of one of the liberal-arts colleges called me one day to ask if it would be all right if she used three onions, although a recipe for beef stew called for four. You can imagine my answer. Recipes which give detailed descriptions are necessary, but of equal and more lasting value is the general method for making casseroles, etc.: the kinds and amounts of ingredients, a statement about the ingredients which can be added or subtracted and the ones which are of prime importance. All this makes the preparation of these dishes more interesting. They never need to be the same.

With batters, doughs, and so on, however, most of the ingredients are essential and the amount of each is extremely important. Surprising as it may seem in consideration of the vast number of cake and muffin recipes, there is an ideal amount of each ingredient for each kind of batter or dough. These, unlike casseroles and stews, are not hit or miss collections but definite combinations of ingredients in which a variation in amount of any one will necessitate a change in others.

Any one recipe which is satisfactory for any one kind of product may be called a basic recipe. Thus there is one basic recipe for pancakes, one for waffles, one for muffins, or biscuits, or pastry, etc. Each of these may be varied to suit the needs or desires of the cook by the cook herself when a few facts about substitution are known.

Let us take the BASIC RECIPES for butter cakes, custard and biscuits to see how simply substitutions may be made.

For the Basic Recipes see table on page 49.

Substitutions

THE following table shows just how much of each ingredient can be substituted for another (substitutes in equivalent amounts):

Substitutes for flour as thickening agent:

1 cupful pastry flour=⅞ cupful bread flour.
1 cupful pastry flour=1½ cupfuls dried bread crumbs.
1 cupful cooked cereal=1/3 cupful flour and 2/3 cupful liquid.

Substitutes for sugar:

1 cupful molasses=½ cupful sugar and ¼ cupful liquid.
1 cupful strained honey=¾ cupful sugar and ¼ cupful liquid.

Substitutes for baking powder:

1 teaspoonful baking powder=¼ teaspoonful soda with ½ cupful sour milk or cream.
½ teaspoonful baking powder=1 egg.

Other substitutes:

1 square chocolate=1 tablespoonful fat and 2 tablespoonfuls flour.
1 square chocolate=4 tablespoonfuls cocoa and ½ tablespoonful fat minus 1 tablespoonful flour.
4 tablespoonfuls cocoa=1 square chocolate, ½ tablespoonful fat and 1 tablespoonful flour.
1 whole egg=2 tablespoonfuls liquid, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ tablespoonful fat, and ½ teaspoonful baking powder.
2 egg whites=1 egg, ½ teaspoonful baking powder minus ½ tablespoonful fat.
2 egg whites=1 egg, ½ tablespoonful fat minus 1 tablespoonful liquid.
1 cupful heavy cream=¾ cupful milk and ¼ cupful fat.

In addition there are many foods which may be substituted without change in other ingredients, such as brown for white sugar, pastry for whole-wheat flour. Almost any liquid can be substituted for another with a change in flavor only; tomato juice for milk in sauces, evaporated milk for milk, etc., while such things as nuts, raisins, spices, and many other flavorings may be added without change in other ingredients of the recipe.

Now we are ready to make variations in recipes (see table, page 49). Take the basic cake recipe and see what can be done. It may be necessary at times to change the basic recipe to a one-egg cake—a more economical recipe when eggs are very (*Continued on page 49*)

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Portrait of a Lady

A Short Short Story

By GEORGE F. WORTS

Illustrated by SAM BROWN

Words came tumbling from his lips, but they were not the words he had planned to say

WHAT Palmer Fendleton had to say to the woman who had been for three years his wife would consume no more than five minutes. He would tell her simply that divorce had been, from the very beginning, inevitable; that their marriage had been a great mistake, and he would urge her to reclaim her maiden name. His speech was, in fact, ready to his tongue—the speech of a man who has suffered unfairly but is determined, at all costs, to be just. He seated himself in the drawing-room, which for the three years past he had forbidden himself to enter. Its subtle charm stole in upon his senses. He felt his anger yielding, and he reflected that he must also be just to himself.

As he glanced about he was struck anew by the realization that the drawing-room was a perfect expression of Polly—as Polly had been at the time of their romantically hasty marriage.

He could picture Polly's expression as he said the things he had so carefully rehearsed. The hard, stubborn line would deepen beside that mouth that had once been so soft and yielding.

A formless blur of white against a field of azure was tugging at the tail of his eye. He glanced quickly about the fireplace. It was the portrait he had painted of Polly before their marriage—a radiant girl in white who somehow by her very air sounded the keynote of this charming, luxurious room. It was one of the best things he had ever done. He had succeeded in capturing not only her loveliness but her grace and a certain indefinable charm.

Palmer Fendleton stood up to examine the portrait more closely. In the simple eagerness of young love he had called it Portrait of a Lady. In the portrait Polly's mouth was not thin; the hard, stubborn line did not exist. She had had her own way in those days.

Well, she would have her own way again! He would see to that. He would be calm! He would be just. He would say to her: "Marriage to you was nothing more than a wealthy girl's desire for a new thrill."

And before she could reply with that hardening line he would say:

"Your money has been at the root of all our trouble."

His sense of justness had made him insist that he take none of her money; had forbidden her to accept a dollar of her father's money. Money was power. Once you gave the wife of a poor man money, you gave her power—an unfair power over him. You took away from him the thing that was more precious than rubies—his self-esteem. He became nothing more than a kept man.

"You didn't deceive me for a moment, Polly," he would say. "Every minute you lived with me you were longing for the luxuries you were used to."

It was true. He had watched her pathetically making the effort to adjust herself; to do without the softening luxuries of her old life. Her attempts at living on his basis had been painful.

"In the end you cheated me. Your father gave you the money for that rug."

The rug in the rustic cottage dining-room had precipitated their last quarrel. He had had the rug appraised. An expert had valued it at more than a thousand dollars.

On that quarrel they had separated.

Palmer ran his fingers through his curly brown hair. His dark young eyes were glittering. His lower lip was gripped so tightly in his teeth that the blood was gone from it.

"I will be absolutely just!"

Considering the portrait, he saw that the fullness of Polly's round, slim neck had become thin. What had caused that? He dismissed the speculation and rehearsed his speech.

"When the thrill of the rich girl marrying the poor, struggling artist wore thin—what happened? You reverted to your old self! You never succeeded in adjusting yourself to me. You fought against it to the bitter end!"

Bitterness! That was what characterized her face now. She had become an embittered woman.

Even in repose the hands in the portrait were alive and poised. They were white, beautiful hands. She had been proud of those hands. Part of her bitterness was due to her realization that their beauty disappeared. How she had tried to save their beauty!

He would tell Polly:

"I have called simply to say that I will not contest the divorce. I think we should never see each other again. I suppose, after all, money is to blame. There is no cure."

The artist became conscious of a faint movement on the stairs which descended near the fireplace. Someone was standing on the stairs looking down at him. It was Polly.

He stepped back and glanced upward, his eyes traveling quickly over the portrait and to the girl who stood on the landing against a field of blue gloom.

Palmer stared up at her. There had been a slight change in her since he last saw her, a change for the better. She was more like her portrait.

He started to speak, but could say nothing. The speech, so carefully prepared, had deserted him.

The countless differences between the girl in the portrait and the girl as she was today struck him with cruel force. He who had created the one was the creator also of the other.

He had wanted to be so just! It was a crushing revelation that Polly, to be happy, to be herself, must be placed in her own setting. Those stubborn, hard lines would disappear! Her hands would become white and smooth again—the hands of a lady! That thin, set mouth would soften! The luster would return to that lovely golden-brown hair!

Polly came down the stairs and said:

"Father's lawyer won't be here for half an hour."

Palmer ran his hand jerkily through his hair. He knew that, as he had once caused these new lines in her face, he must now obliterate them.

Words came tumbling thickly from his lips, but they were not the words of the speech he had so earnestly rehearsed.

Polly's eyes, which had been dry and grave when she stood on the landing, were moistly sparkling. She was, for a moment, transfigured. As she moved impulsively toward him some genius of the spirit changed her into the likeness of her image above the fireplace.

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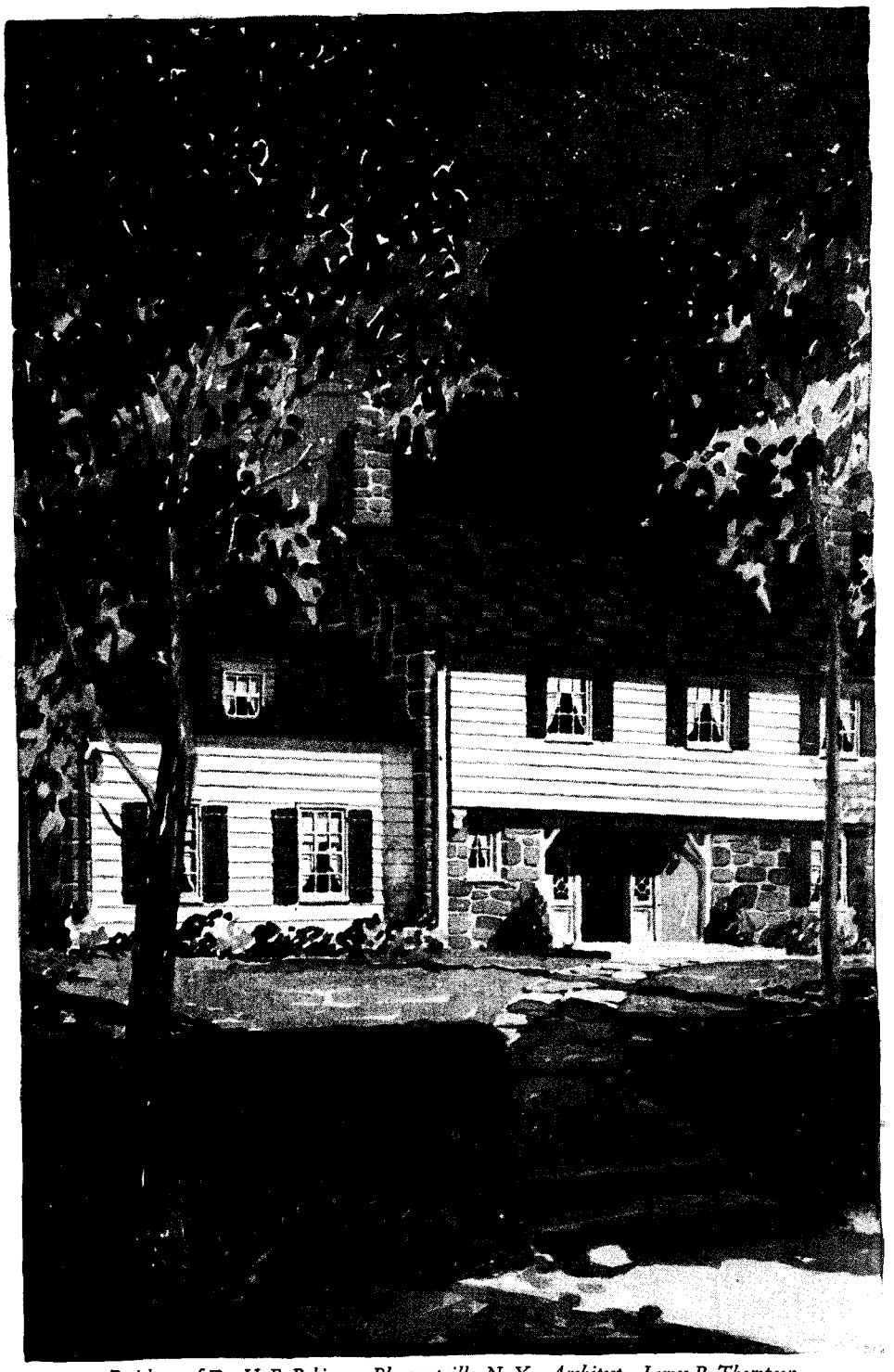

Residence of Dr. H. E. Robinson, Pleasantville, N. Y. Architect—James R. Thompson
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Be sure the shingles you get are Johns-Manville Asbestos. With every roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you are entitled to a Certificate vouching for its genuineness. Ask your roofer for this Certificate. Each one is registered at our home office. Thus, for your own protection, there will be a permanent record of who sold the shingles and who laid the roof. Any roofer, contractor, building supply or lumber dealer can furnish you Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. It will pay you through the coming years to insist on getting the best.

Johns-Manville—Master of Asbestos

Wherever men live or work, they live and work better and more comfortably, because of Johns-Manville Asbestos products. Factories, power plants, railroad cars, steamships, office and apartment buildings and homes use Johns-Manville Asbestos in construction and in operation.

Asbestos, one of the strangest of minerals, might still be only a freak in collectors' cabinets, but for Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of its use. From the asbestos mine to the finished asbestos product, Johns-Manville handles every phase of the task of making this mineral useful.

Johns-Manville makes asbestos fabrics, yarns, cements and other raw materials from which are fashioned insulations, floorings, tiles, shingles, brake linings, sound controlling material, and a thousand other articles. Modern civilization, modern comfortable living, literally depend largely on the asbestos products of Johns-Manville.

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The engineering skill of Johns-Manville has helped to overcome unpleasant noise. In offices, auditoriums or other places where there are echoes or where outside noises disturb, the Johns-Manville Acoustical Department can easily correct the trouble and do away with all echoing.

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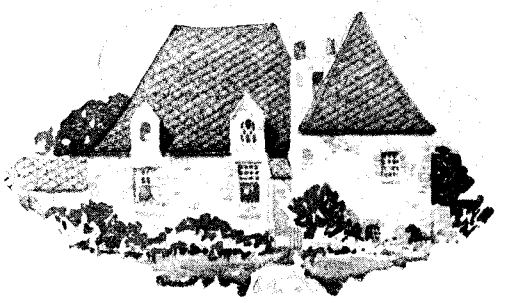
Johns-Manville Asbestos packings to fill every need of engines, pumps or compressors, make industrial operations in many fields more efficient.



For the small house Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in hexagonal shape offer the charm of this pleasant French cottage.

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FIRST STAR—"They tell me you'll endorse any cigarette for a consideration . . ."

SECOND STAR—"*Sure*, so long as the *consideration* isn't that I give up my Chesterfields!"

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The Valley Girl

Bett was on his feet staring at his lately despised assistant

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, is working for Wilgus Bett, in what he supposes is a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey. Jeff Christie is working in the same valley—it is his home—for a water company, according to Bett, though Jeff and his sister, Faith, claim that their scheme is also a land-development idea.

A terrific war goes on between the two camps with unauthorized, as far as Cole knows, sabotage being perpetrated by his men.

Finally three of Cole's men make an attempt, against an injunction, to set off some dynamite which will let loose the river, doing untold damage to Christie's work and helping Bett's. Faith tries to hold off the men with Roman candles. The leader is burned.

Gavin discovers what is happening, rushes to the spot and pulls the fuse from the dynamite. Gavin goes back to camp to report this new outrageous sabotage only to be told by Bett's secretary that Bett has left for New York, leaving instructions for him to find the zinc mine supposed to be in the hills. Gavin finds it but is caught in the entrance by a fallen bowlder, is rescued by Faith and her dog. Faith and Gavin realize that they love each other and confess it.

Then Faith takes Gavin home with her, wanting to explain to him the truth about Wilgus Bett and his enterprise.

The next thing we see is Gavin breaking into Bett's office.

WILGUS BETT turned at the unceremonious opening of his office door. Not thus did the impeccable Smeed enter the presence of his master. Some pest was relying on the blanket permission to come at all times into the office on any matter of importance. Well, thank the Lord, all that rot was over now. No further need to be breezily approachable to all his chuckle-headed staff. Indeed, there would be no further need for the services of that staff.

Still—and here Bett's brow darkened ever so little—he had bidden Smeed to keep the riffraff out this morning. For the first time in his several years of service the perfect secretary was forgetting to be flawless. A word of withering rebuke was indicated when next Smeed should appear.

All this in the space of Bett's leisurely twisting of his swivel chair to confront the intruder.

THEN he saw the sacrilegious trespasser was Gavin Cole. At the sight, Bett's wonted suavity came back to the momentarily ruffled brow. He had planned to be out and away by the time Cole should return from the wild-goose chase on Durkin Hill, and he had planned that the inevitable and richly anticipated last interview with Gavin should occur later in Bett's own New York office.

The giant was looking forward to that interview. Even so in boyhood he had looked forward to the first sunshiny day of spring in order that he might press live ants gently against the sticky gum of a pine tree and then turn the burning-glass of his watch on them. (There had been another game too along the same lines, but even merrier: with kittens instead of mere ants.)

Bett was anticipating keenly the moment when he should vivisect and eviscerate his dupe, Cole. Indeed, with his acute sense of humor, he had been licking his chops over that prospect since the hour when the jobless and prospectless booby was hired for this Reginskill job.

But Wilgus Bett's humor was epicurean as well as avid. He had not wanted to take the feather edge off the interview by holding it here and now. Moreover, the fool might break into print. Safe as the consummation of his own deal seemed, there was no use in running the faintest risk of impairing any angle of it by possible premature newspaper protest.

When the last petty detail should have been cleared up in the New York office a day hence it would be safe to let Gavin blab and complain verbally or in print to his heart's content. The louder Cole might squeal then, the louder would be the laugh on him.

Thus Bett spoke more sharply than was his custom as Gavin stamped so unceremoniously into the sanctum.

"Where is Smeed?" he demanded. "I told him I wasn't to be disturbed. I—"

"Smeed," replied Cole calmly, "is on his back in a corner of the anteroom. At least that's where he was when I saw him last. And he told me you weren't to be disturbed."

"Then why in h—" began Bett.

He paused to note his subordinate's actions.

Gavin had shut the door behind him. Then he had locked it and taken out the key. Now he crossed to the other door of the office and turned the key in its lock. Next he went over to the open window, tossed both keys out into the deserted alleyway below and closed the window.

Bett got to his feet, puzzled, angry.

"Sit down," Cole adjured him, adding: "Or keep on standing if you'd rather. I shut us in so we could have a quiet little chat. I have been finding out some things today, Mr. Bett—things you and I must talk over."

Bett's annoyance gave way to a half smile. So the blockhead had heard something of the campaign's climax? Well, anyone was at liberty to know it now. It would be in all of the morrow's papers. Since the interview could not be postponed to the time and place Bett's gourmet fancy had ordained, it might as well come now and as much relish as possible be extracted from it. After all, its main features could be dwelt on as satisfactorily here as in New York. Bett thrilled with pleasant foretaste.

THERE was a discreet but vehement rapping on the office main door. The secretary had recovered sufficiently in mind and in nerve to seek the meaning of the rasp of key in lock.

"It's all right, Smeed," called Bett jovially. "It's all right. Let us alone."

He settled himself back in his chair, with the mien of one who prepares to enjoy a jolly play. He picked up the cigar he had laid down and stuck it back between his teeth, puffing it to a brighter glow. (*Continued on page 45*)

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Hunted by the underworld and befriended anew by a society leader Allen Gorham wonders what it's all about

Illustrated by R.V. CULTER

"Get out of this country, and get out tonight." His voice was hard

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM, one of the New York Gorhams, comes back to New York after five years' absence. Ostracized because of a false accusation of cheating at cards, he has been living abroad making his living at cards.

His cousin, Fred, one of his chief accusers, is married to the girl Allen loves.

At a party given by the Candaces, new-rich friends, Allen sees Anita Gorham, Fred's wife, and learns from her that he is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace. Overhearing Kenneth Runyon boasting that he is after Vonny and her thirty millions, he decides to stay in New York. At tea with Anita she makes him feel that she is still in love with him.

On leaving her he goes to see a detective, Morgan by name, whom he had befriended in Paris, and asks him to find out something about Runyon. When he sees Morgan again Morgan advises him to take the next boat out of the country.

"THE higher mathematics were always over my head, Morgan," I said to him.

He relighted his cigar. That he had permitted it to go out meant more to me than if another man had begun to throw furniture about the room. Mack Morgan was not one to evince those outward signs which indicate inner turmoil. On that occasion in Paris when it had looked as though nothing could save him from a French prison, his nerves had been apparently undisturbed; his cigars had not needed more than one match apiece then.

"These mathematics ain't so very high," he remarked. "One taxi, one gangplank, one boat, one tender, and there you are in Cherbourg, only five hours from Paris."

"And five days away from New York," I said.

"Why, you're good at figures!" he exclaimed with mock admiration. "You've got the answer right off the bat!"

"Many people arrive at sound conclusions without a complete understanding of the premises," I said.

"A college education is a wonderful thing," he commented. "Now, if I had a swell education I'd know what all those words of yours meant."

I smiled at his mockery. "Let's put the cards on the table, Morgan."

"That's a good idea," he agreed. "What's your hand?"

I stared at him, frankly puzzled. "I haven't any hand," I said.

"And that's exactly the time when a wise player folds his cards, cashes in his chips, and quits the game."

"But I'm not in any game," I insisted.

He smiled at me, and I thought that his hard eyes were friendly.

"When I was a young punk," he said irrelevantly, "the other lads and I, on nice snowy days, used to bet pennies on the number of hats we could spoil with snowballs. Along would come a fine-looking gent with a nice hard derby on his dome, or maybe sporting a silk hat. Wham! A snowball would take his lid, and he'd start picking the slush out of his eyes. Would you say that old geezer wasn't in the game we lads used to play?"

"Who's throwing snowballs at me?" I demanded.

"They might be mud balls," he replied.

"But when you boys set out for mischief, the pennies you bet were incidental. The mischief itself was sufficient incentive."

"Meaning that nobody would take a crack at you just for fun?" he asked. "Maybe the lads have a little bet on the matter."

"Once again, Morgan," I said, "put it in simple language."

"DON'T tell me you're dumb, Al," he said. "You can take a hint as well as the next."

"I could," I agreed, "if I had some idea what the hint was about."

"And if I knew, big boy, I'd tell you," he said.

Again I stared at him. There was sincerity in his voice unless I was badly mistaken. And not being badly mistaken in my reading of voices and expressions was one of the reasons why I had managed to achieve a certain success in the profession which I had adopted.

"You mean to say that you come in here and hint that I'd better leave America tonight, and don't know why you're hinting?" I asked.

"Sure, I know why I'm hinting. It's because I like you, Al."

"Much obliged," I said dryly. "Simply because you're a friend of mine, then, you intimate that I'd better sail for Europe. You have no reason beyond mere friendship, eh?"

He flushed faintly at the irony in my voice.

"There's a difference between *why* and *who*, isn't there?" he asked.

"I'm tired of trying to answer puzzles, Morgan," I told him.

"Well, I don't know the *why*, but the *who* is enough to make me advise you to take the Majestic."

"First it was a hint, and now it is advice," I laughed.

"I can't very well give an order," he retorted.

"This *who*, then? If I'm not to know the *why*, maybe knowing the other would help me out a bit," I ventured.

Morgan produced a cigar from his waistcoat pocket. He waved aside the one I offered him.

"Much obliged, but I like my smokes to have a kick." He applied a lighted match. His cigar certainly did have what he was pleased to term "a kick."

"This is a funny town, Al," he said. "From what I hear, when some old-timer gets himself full of hooch and gases about the good old days, there used to be fences in this town. You belonged on one side of the fence or the other, and if you tried to climb it the whole town watched you. I mean to say that if you came from Cherry Hill you couldn't stroll over to Murray Hill without having a cop tap your shoulder and ask what for. You belonged where you belonged, and if you didn't know where that was, there was plenty to tell you.

"THINGS are different now. You're dancing with a Park Avenue dame and find she has a Sixth Avenue voice and a Third Avenue way with her. Or, if you happen to be a lady, the Southampton lad you're lunching with has a Coney Island viewpoint. Everything's all scrambled up together. Money has spread out, Al, like it was never spread out in the history of the world before. You pick up a dollar in Wall Street. If you look at it carefully you'll find that it has Tammany Hall stamped on it, and Newport and Albany and Washington and a dive near Chatham Square and a black-and-tan joint up in Harlem, and maybe there's a thumb print on it to prove that a prohibition agent took it from a bootlegger, or a spot that a chemist would tell you was a tear. God knows who may have shed the tear.

"Anyway, (*Continued on page 38*)

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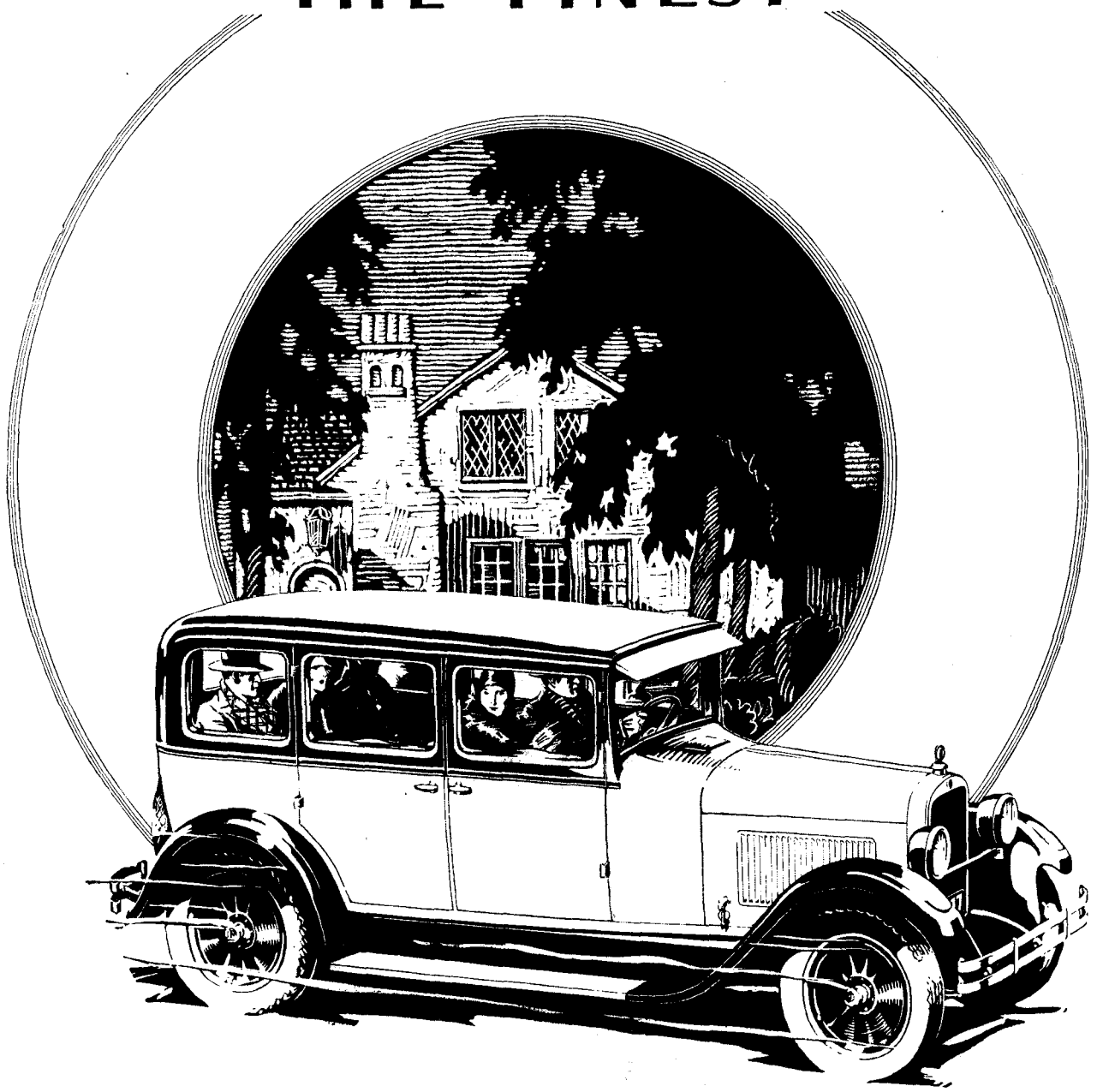

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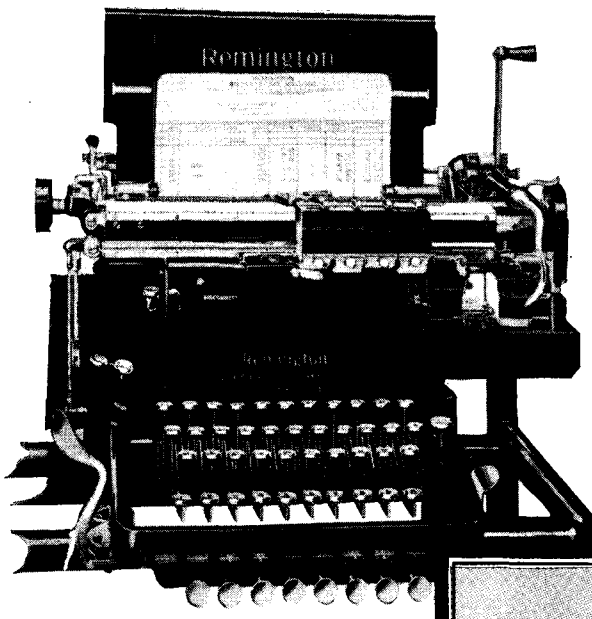

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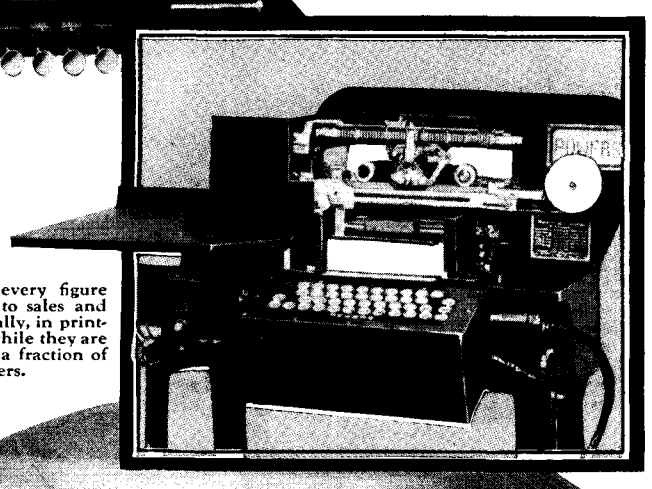

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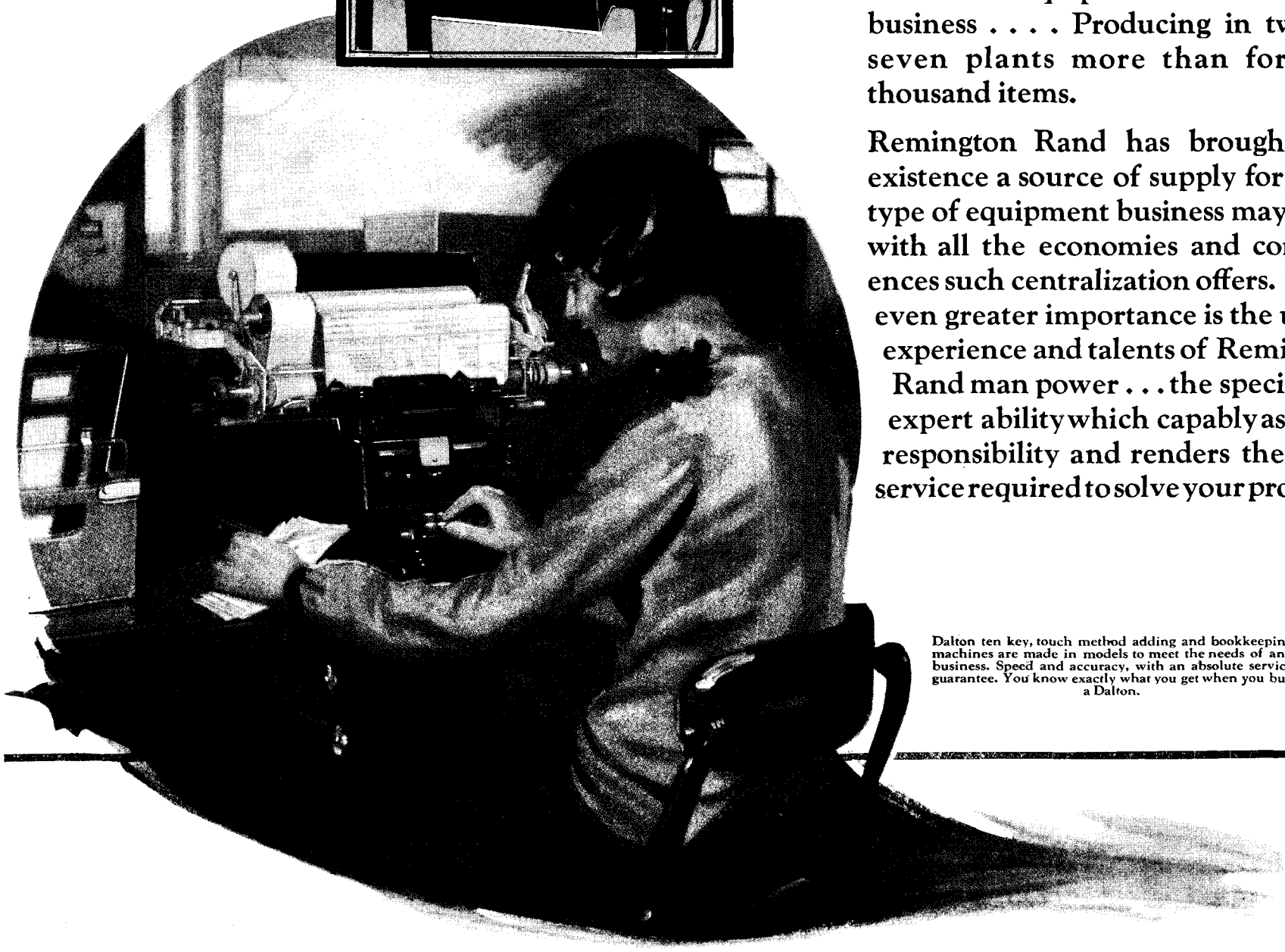

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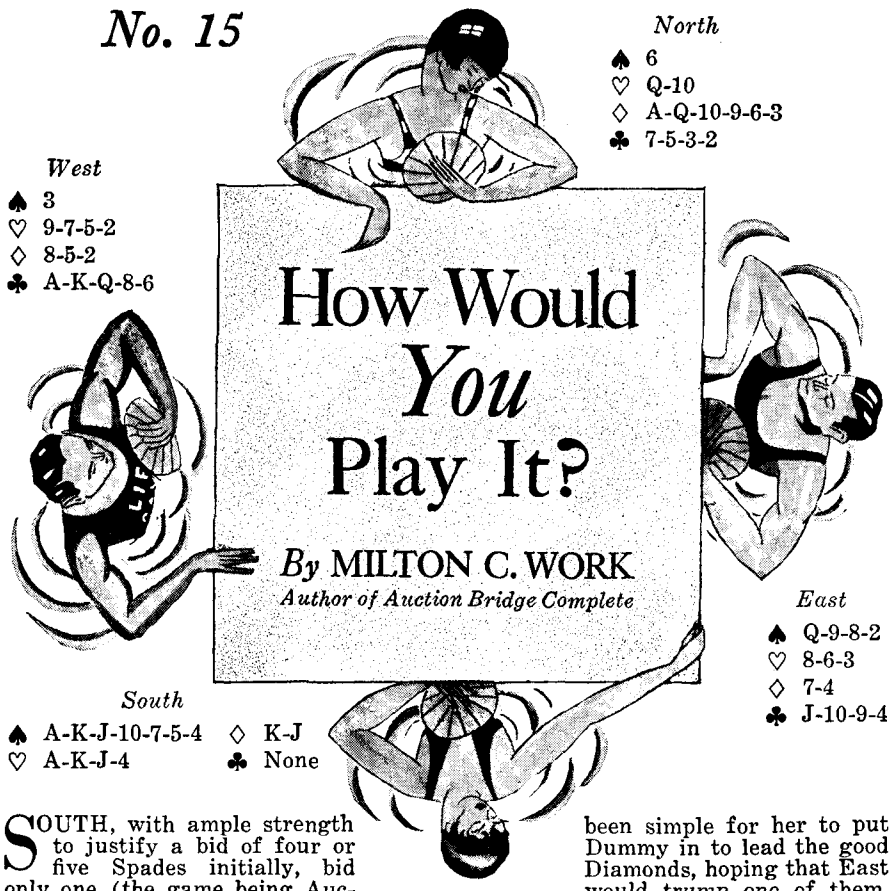

How Would *You* Play It?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

North
♠ 6
♡ Q-10
◇ A-Q-10-9-6-3
♣ 7-5-3-2

West
♠ 3
♡ 9-7-5-2
◇ 8-5-2
♣ A-K-Q-8-6

East
♠ Q-9-8-2
♡ 8-6-3
◇ 7-4
♣ J-10-9-4

South
♠ A-K-J-10-7-5-4
♡ A-K-J-4
◇ K-J
♣ None

SOUTH, with ample strength to justify a bid of four or five Spades initially, bid only one (the game being Auction, not Contract) because her hand was too strong to preëmpt. She had no reason to fear that the adversaries, who could have nothing but minor strength, could force her higher in Spades than she was willing to go. Any bidding by her partner or either adversary would be enlightening and there was a faint chance that she might be forced to four and doubled.

Over the one Spade West bid two Clubs, and North bid two Diamonds to deny South's Spades and show strength in Diamonds. East passed; although he had four Clubs headed by Jack-Ten, the rest of his hand was so weak that he was not justified in supporting his partner's Clubs.

South of course bid two Spades, and West passed. North was placed in a doubtful position. She had denied Spades, but had not shown that she had more than five Diamonds and only a singleton Spade; by a second denial (three Diamonds) she tried to convey this information to South, who, of course, was strong enough to disregard it.

THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, February 7th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

The Play

WEST led the King of Clubs, on which Dummy played the Deuce and East the Nine; South ruffed with the Four of Spades. Having had a total of eight Spades and the adversaries a total of five, Declarer saw the chances were against dropping the adverse Queen by leading out the Ace and King of Spades; it was a better gamble to lead the Spade from Dummy and finesse.

So South led the Four of Hearts to trick 2 and Dummy took it with the Ten. Dummy led the Six of Spades to trick 3, and South finessed, playing a false card—Jack instead of Ten. When the finesse won, not being able to lead Spades again from Dummy, she led (trick 4) Ace from Closed Hand, hoping the adverse Spade division would be 3-2. When West failed to follow to this trick, Declarer could see at once that the Queen of trumps could not be captured by hammer and tongs methods. She had discarded the Three of Clubs from Dummy and now she planned her campaign.

The trumps left in South's hand were the K-10-7-5; in the East hand the Q-9. North and South had all the winning Diamonds and Hearts, so the only trick that Declarer could possibly lose was a trump. Of course it would have been simple for her to put Dummy in to lead the good Diamonds, hoping that East would trump one of them, in which case the Declarer would have a Grand Slam presented on a platter; but East could count the trumps as well as Declarer could. The only way in which Declarer could make every trick was by reducing her trumps to the number held by East.

To trick 5 she led the Jack of Hearts from Closed Hand, winning with the Queen in Dummy; to trick 6 she led the Five of Clubs from Dummy, ruffing with the Five of trumps in the Closed Hand. To trick 7 she led the Jack of Diamonds from Closed Hand, taking it with the Queen in the Dummy; to trick 8 she led the Seven of Clubs from Dummy, ruffing it with the Seven of trumps in the Closed Hand. She now had reduced her trumps to two (K-10), the number held by East, so all she had to do was to put Dummy in and lead good Diamonds, taking the risk of East's ruffing the second Diamond (trick 9).

To trick 9 she led the King of Diamonds from Closed Hand, winning it with the Ace in Dummy; and when East followed suit, Grand Slam was assured. She now (to trick 10) led the Ten of Diamonds from Dummy, and it mattered not whether East ruffed or discarded. If he ruffed, South would overruff, win East's remaining trump and make her Ace and King of Hearts; if East discarded, South would discard and continue to lead winning Diamonds from Dummy.

The Grand Coup is defined as the playing of a superfluous trump on partner's winning card; so that, strictly considered, South's ruffs of North's Clubs were not Grand Coups because she did not actually trump winners. But as she had winning cards in Dummy which she might have led, and only led losers so as to reduce her trumps, the play in this hand was equivalent to the Grand Coup and fully as difficult and brilliant.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, February 14th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

A Man Must Eat

Continued from page 11

all right?" he asked, with a frown.

The other nodded.

"The weather's pretty good over the Channel. You'll get half a gale tonight, which means you'll have to stay in Brussels, but I don't think you'll have a very uncomfortable time."

Giles scratched his chin thoughtfully. He was by no means so optimistic.

He hurried back to the girl.

"Leslie darling, I want you to give up this trip. I don't think either your father or your pie-faced friend ought to go flying on a day like this."

She shook her head.

"Father has to be in Brussels this evening. He has a very important conference."

"With Con-Lacto?" he asked irritably, and was instantly penitent. "I'm terribly sorry, but I really wish you weren't coming up. It looks like being a very jumpy voyage, and you'll be sicker than three cats."

"Don't be coarse," she said.

Five minutes later he went up in the teeth of a wind of rapidly increasing strength.

Clear of Croydon he began to have an idea of what the weather really was like. The southwest was a black wall. At one minute the countryside was plainly visible, the next it was blotted out by a tumbling, swirling mass of gray cloud. His wireless began to chatter. He picked up his number and the message: "Return to airdrome. Cyclonic disturbances southwest."

"A cyclonic disturbance," was a mild description of the storm. It treated his huge monoplane as if it were a piece of paper. The speed indicator told him nothing; the compass jiggled furiously. Suddenly on his right flickered a broad, jagged crack of blue flame, and the reverberation of the thunder almost shivered his head.

Exactly what was his position he could not tell. He sent out a wireless to request the direction, but received no reply. Again and again he brought the plane down, always to find raging water beneath him and no sign of land.

The reserve of petrol was not a very large one. He looked at his watch: for two hours he had alternately battled and gone with the wind. He was moving north all the time—he was only too conscious of this—and going north at a terrific rate. The third hour passed, and the mechanic made a report on the petrol supply that struck him cold with fear. Again he dipped, came almost to sea level, and zoomed up again. Higher and higher he climbed, and well for him. Suddenly out of the confusion ahead, he saw a white, jagged cliff, cleared the crest of it with a foot to spare. . . . Beneath he saw a level bowlder-strewn plateau, ran wide of it, and, coming back into the wind, battled in the teeth of the gale. . . . The wheels struck the ground, just missed a devastating bowlder, and came to a standstill abruptly. Only for a second, then he found himself going back, and restarted his engines.

"Get out and tack her down," he yelled.

HE SEIZED a tool box and followed the mechanic. They were in a saucerlike depression, almost bare of vegetation, and around them circled a shrill cloud of gulls.

The airplane was being slowly blown back to the end of the cliff as Giles trundled a couple of bowlders beneath the wheels. He climbed up, wrenched open the door of the saloon, and Count Filitera almost fell into his arms.

"Get out, quick," he commanded, lifted the white-faced girl clear, and assisted Mr. Conway to solid earth.

Giles looked round. At one end of the plateau he had seen a square, wooden hut, and, taking the girl's arm in his, he piloted her through the driving rain. There was need for his support, for the force of the wind was so terrific that they could scarcely keep their feet. And when he spoke to her he had to shout.

"Island of some sort . . . quite small. . . . I thought I saw an automatic lighthouse."

The force of the wind was broken as they came under the shelter of the sloping crater. The house was closed and shuttered; there was no sign of life; even the squat stone chimney had its cover firmly lashed. On the thick weather-beaten door was an inscription. He peered at this, and deciphered the almost obliterated words.

"It seems to be a sort of bird sanctuary. I've read about it. And this is the watcher's crib."

He knocked at the door, but did not expect an answer. Leaving the girl in the shelter of the hut, he returned to collect Fred and the tools, and in a very short time they had wrenched open the lock and had entered the close-smelling cabin.

It was surprisingly well furnished. There was a bed, a table, an easy-chair, and on a shelf a number of books. Evidently the guardian of this lonely rock spent only a few months of the year in his or her enforced exile.

THE small room leading off the main apartment was the kitchen. There was a Primus stove, but no immediate sign of food. By the time he had finished his inspection Mr. Conway had supported his sick-looking guest to the hut.

"Well, well, this is very unfortunate," quavered the master of Con-Lacto. "I suppose we can get off here?"

"You can swim off," said Giles.

"But we shall be seen—"

"I doubt it," said Giles coolly. "Ships give this rock a wide berth. They hate it so much that they never look at it. My wireless is out of order—at any rate, we can't possibly be rescued until this storm ceases, and it looks like lasting two or three days."

Conway's jaw dropped.

"But . . . but we shall starve!" he stammered.

Giles looked at him with grave, thoughtful eyes.

"Con-Lacto is Strength," he said gently, and saw Mr. Conway wince and the face of Count Filitera lengthen.

"I agree." Conway's tone lacked heartiness but his voice was firm. "And I am very glad, my dear Giles, that you remember the shibboleth of our—of my—in fact, of Con-Lacto."

They retrieved the case from the airplane and brought it into the hut. Leslie's search of the kitchen had been most successful, for she had found not only crockery and spoons in a cupboard but—most wonderful find of all—a large tin of tea and sugar, a round box of petrified cheese and two unopened tins of biscuits.

"We haven't any milk—"

"One teaspoonful in a cup of tea," murmured Giles, avoiding her eyes.

"What about you, er—Giles?" asked Conway diffidently. "In the circumstances we can hardly expect him to live on a diet he—um—loathes."

To the girl's amazement, Giles nodded.

"Con-Lacto for me—The Food of Giants," he said, and when the tin was opened he took a spoonful of the viscid mass and swallowed it without a grimace.

And only then did Leslie Conway understand how he had come to win the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Mr. Conway took up his teaspoon and looked long and earnestly at the white contents of the tin.

"Splendid!" he said, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone. "And what about you, my love?"

"The biscuits and the tea, I think, will sustain me," she said. "They're sweet biscuits too, and there's a box of cream cheese."

Mr. Conway dipped in the spoon and filled it.

"Not for me," said the count hastily. "I have no hunger."

"This will prevent hunger," said Mr. Conway gently.

(*Continued on page 32*)

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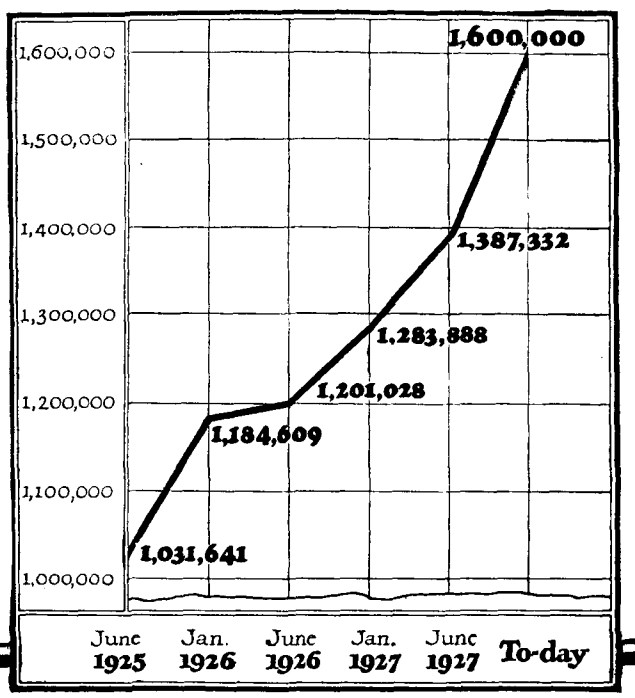

COLLIER'S, today, puts an extra quarter million or an extra half million families into the market of those advertisers who last year looked ahead and ordered space for 1928.

In other words it gives them 1,600,000 homes — whereas they contracted to buy only 1,100,000 — or 1,350,000—depending on the date space was reserved.

Collier's newsstand sales have grown so fast that they have outrun all office forecasts and our own organization repeatedly overnight has been forced to revise figures, plans, mechanical and traffic arrangements.

Three times in the past twelve months our promises to advertisers have been made good far in advance of expectations.

Today we are delivering 1,600,000 with more than 650,000 on the newsstands.

And the most gratifying feature to those advertisers who in 1928 will reap their share of the profits incident to Collier's progress — is the fact that this dramatic growth has been constant — as shown by the chart opposite.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

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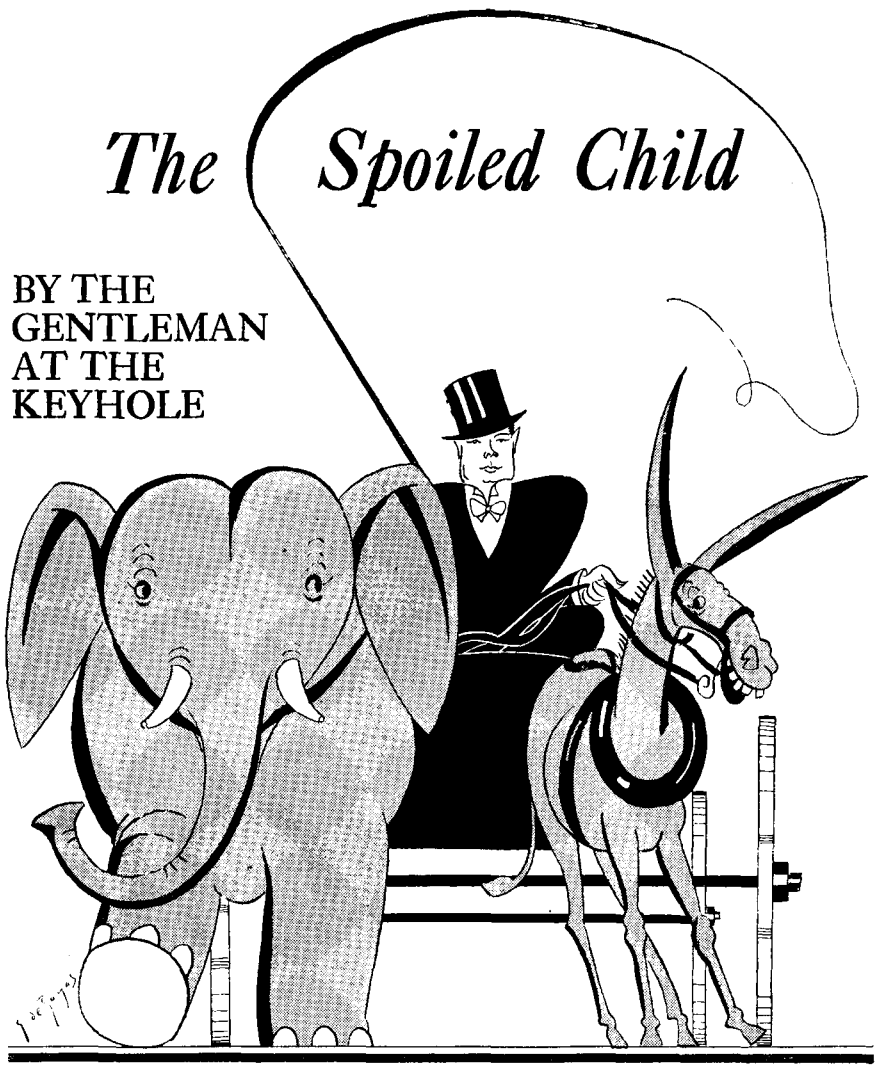
The Spoiled Child

BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE



THE new senator from New Mexico, Bronson Cutting, appointed to succeed the late Andrieus A. Jones, is a novelty: an "Independent Republican" —the *only* one in the Senate, in fact, for Progressives profess to be "pure" Republicans. He is going to be a Republican when he feels like being one and a Democrat when he feels that way. He always has been. The Republicans are likely to have as much trouble with him as the Democrats have with Cole Blease, and that is a five-ton truck load.

I hope he has a sense of humor, but probably he hasn't, for a man with a sense of humor could have had a lot of fun doing what he has been doing in the politics of New Mexico. He started out a young man from Harvard who went to New Mexico, perhaps for his health, by being the leader of the Progressive party in his state in the great days of Armageddon. Two years out of college, he had a needy party all to himself, and being rich, a son of one of the wealthy Cuttings of New York, he financed it. After leading the riotous soldiers of the Lord in the mad campaign of 1912 it would not be easy to settle down in the lower ranks.

When Roosevelt put an end to the Progressive party Cutting resented it, and so, it is said, supported Wilson for President in 1916. Thereafter, with his newspapers and campaign contributions he supported Democrats and Republicans as the spirit moved him.

Will He Ride the G. O. P.

NEW MEXICO being a close state, he became a sort of balance of power. Whichever side enjoyed his favor was pretty likely to win. He broke with the last Democratic governor, in the middle of his term—his breaks with those he has created are frequent, for he is willful, as befits an independent or a young man born to authority. He threw his influence for the Republican ticket in the last state election, and the Republicans were victorious. The only Democrat he supported in 1926 was Congressman Morrow, who was the only Democrat elected. Starting with a party all his own, he had become the maker and breaker of parties.

All this time the Democrats would say of this young arbiter, "He will end by being a Republican." And Republicans similarly eying him would predict that he would end by being a Democrat. And each side would be divided between regret at losing connection with his generous pocketbook at campaign times and relief at having no longer to try to please a rather dictatorial young man who demanded a great deal of consideration and who was easily offended if he did not get as much as he thought he deserved. If they could have had his campaign contributions in their own party and himself in the other, each party would have been happy.

By common repute the richest man in New Mexico, he is the first of the young men of family and fortune who has succeeded in making himself master of the political destiny of a state. And he is the first young man of this description to reach the Senate. He reached it in this way: The present governor of New Mexico, R. C. Dillon, owes his election to the support Mr. Cutting gave to the Republican ticket in 1926, after his break with the Democratic governor, whom he had made two years earlier. The governor was therefore under obligations to Mr. Cutting and could hardly do otherwise than appoint him senator. Whether Mr. Cutting can do as well by himself when he comes up for reëlection as he has done by Republicans and Democrats whom he has chosen to support is another matter. He will have to run in 1928, and in that year Al Smith will be carrying the states for the Democrats. Moreover, a lot of Republican politicans in New Mexico are made unhappy by the appointment. You can't have your own way as much as Mr. Cutting has had without causing resentment.

Has the new senator at last landed in the Republican party as the Democrats of New Mexico predicted he would? That word Independent indicates that he likes too well to be the balance of power between the two parties ever to surrender its advantages for a mere senatorship. And *noblesse oblige* obliges the other fellow. And the other fellow has not always recognized obligations enough so that Mr. Cutting could ever settle down comfortably in any one party. His enemies refer to him unkindly as "the spoiled child of politics."

A Man Must Eat

Continued from page 30

The count swallowed, shaking his face many times in the process.

When Giles went back to the plane the gloomy Fred had important news for him.

"I made a mistake about the juice, sir: there's enough in No. 2 tank to get us to land as soon as the wind drops, and she ought to be able to take off from here: we're 300 feet above sea level, and after I've cleared away a few of these stones there's a straight run to the edge of the cliff."

Giles waited to consult him about another matter, and returned with his news. The machine was not damaged at all, except that a couple of stays were broken, but Fred had put these right. Giles consulted the girl.

"You and your father had better sleep in the hut. This other bird can make himself comfortable in the kitchen, and Fred and I will use the saloon of the plane."

Next morning Giles arrived at the hut to find two of his passengers at breakfast and to witness the revolt of one of his passengers. He heard the count's voice raised before he reached the hut:

"I will not have it! It is muck! I would sooner starve: last night I drank it, but it nearly killed me!"

"I am sorry to hear you say that," said Mr. Conway gravely.

Toward evening Mr. Josiah Conway came to Giles with a sad story:

"I am perfectly sure I saw that wretched foreigner throw a tin over the cliff. Something startled the sea gulls."

"That was Con-Lacto," nodded Giles. "I can imagine nothing more startling."

"And I found him," Mr. Conway went on soberly, "sucking eggs: sea gulls' eggs! Are they nutritious—sea gulls' eggs?"

"If you get them fresh. But I don't think they can be sea gulls' eggs: it's rather early in the season."

"They are not dangerous?" asked Mr. Conway anxiously. "Would you call them—um—nutritious? . . . A little fishy, perhaps?"

At lunch time he was missing from the festive board. Leslie munched her biscuit and cheese, and drank her tea.

"Daddy's taken his Con-Lacto with him—he says it tastes better in the open."

"I saw him as I came in," said Giles.

He did not wish to hurt her with a too vivid description of a middle-aged gentleman squatting behind a rock, entirely surrounded by the cracked shells of eggs ravished from maternal nests.

The wind dropped very gradually. There was a sea fog the second day. By the third day, when the count and Mr. Conway were not on speaking terms, and when the sight of a tin of Con-Lacto set Mr. Conway shuddering, the sea mist cleared off, and far away on the west they could distinguish a coast line.

"We'll chance it," said Giles.

They packed their baggage again into the airplane, all except one wooden case three parts full of circular tins.

"I'd better take one of these," said Giles, pocketing it.

"I think you're a hero!" she breathed. "And Daddy thinks so too. He was saying this morning that a man with your power of . . . something or other—"

"Digestion?" suggested Giles.

"No, it was something rather nice . . . ought to be a partner. And really, darling, there must be something in it: I've never seen you looking better."

"Con-Lacto is Health," said Giles absently as they started off.

THEY found a car to take them to the nearest main-line station. Just before she left Leslie went in search of the mechanic to tip him.

"It's all right, miss," he said, waving away the note. "It's a pleasure, I assure you. After all, I've done nothing only me dooty. It might have been worse, if there hadn't been any food—"

"You *do* like Con-Lacto, don't you?"

His face was a blank.

"Con what, miss?"

"You know—the food in the little tin. Mr. Broad said you liked it."

He shook his head.

"But," she insisted, "Mr. Conway had it."

"I don't remember seeing it, miss; but, as I was saying, all them sandwiches my missus brought come in handy after all. They lasted me and Mr. Broad three days, which only shows that my wife's got the rummest ideas about a person's inside—"

But Leslie did not stop to listen. She hurled a fleeting "Hypocrite!" at Giles as she took farewell of him. But apparently she said nothing nor did nothing to prevent her father's nominating Giles Broad as a director of Con-Lacto, Limited, and did not so much as raise her voice in protest when Mr. Conway suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea if a fellow like that . . . should be a member of the family. . . .

Aladdin on Broadway

Continued from page 17

sign, which means Standing Room Only.

It dawned slowly upon the baffled Broadway wiseacres that here was a phenomenon quite new in the experience of the Great Midway.

Whenever a play runs on for a time in New York without visible means of support there is winking and leering. The first suspicion, of course, is that some fair lady of the theatre has persuaded a fatuous and enamored Moneybags (her husband perhaps) to give her the kind of rôles which, through the jealousies of her craft and the stupidity of the commercial managers, had previously been given right over her head to such nobodies as Ethel Barrymore or Ina Claire.

Or perhaps the "angel" himself has written a play and, smitten by the usual budding author's infatuation with his own brain child, is unwilling to face the dismaying fact that, as a work of art, it is somewhat inferior to Hamlet and as a piece of merchandise somewhat less marketable than Abie's Irish Rose.

Or perhaps the backer is a triumphant Wall Street speculator with an ineradicable belief that he was really meant for bigger and finer things. And certainly you can imagine how the pirates of Times Square swarm up the rigging of such defenseless treasure ships when they heave guilelessly into view.

None of these familiar formulæ seemed to touch The Ladder. Then bit by bit an explanation took form in the talk of the town and grew slowly into a legend. The play had been written, it seemed, at the behest of a rich and silent adventurer in the Texas oil fields whose name was Edgar B. Davis. It had been staged at his instigation and expense—and he, for reasons known only to himself, had decided that The Ladder should go on running whether anyone wanted to see it or not.

In attempting an explanation of him, I can only tell you how he came to produce the play in the first place and hint to you what so many diagnosticians seem to forget—that a man may start something from one motive and keep slugging away at it from quite another.

Edgar Davis, now a man in his early

(*Continued on page 35*)

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BERRYLOID

THE HIGH LUSTER LACQUER FOR MOTOR CARS AND AIRPLANES

Why some cars *always* look new

Durable beauty is the rare quality that distinguishes Berryloid. *It won't rub off!*

Its luster is improved by the very things that destroy the life and brilliance of most finishes.

This is why motor cars protected with Berryloid retain their showroom splendor after long periods of exposure and hard service.

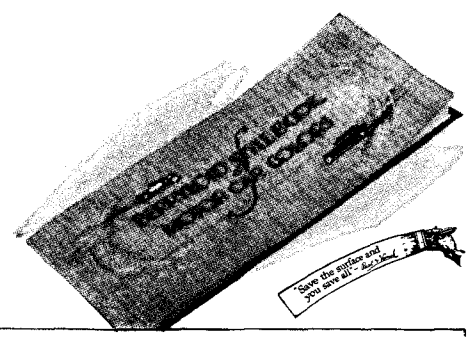
Shabby cars will disappear when all cars are protected with finishes as durable as Berryloid.

* * *

Today Berryloid is supreme in the air. It is used by nearly every commercial airplane manufacturer. Exhaustive tests and repeated experiences have proved its undeniable superiority for aeronautical purposes

* * *

It will pay to have your car finished with this permanent high-luster lacquer. It costs no more than less durable quality and saves the expense of continual refinishing.



Free—AUTO COLOR STYLE BOOK—1928

BERRY BROTHERS, INC.,
211 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

As I am considering having my automobile refinished, please send to me without obligation your 1928 Berryloid Style Book of suggested color combinations.

The name of my automobile painter is:

Name _____

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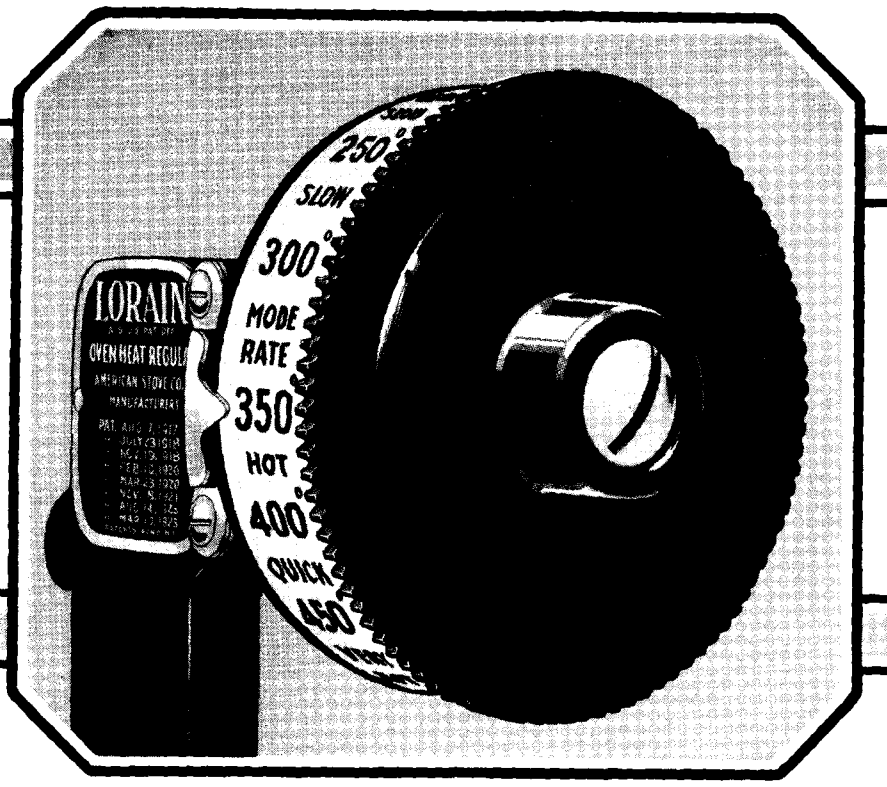
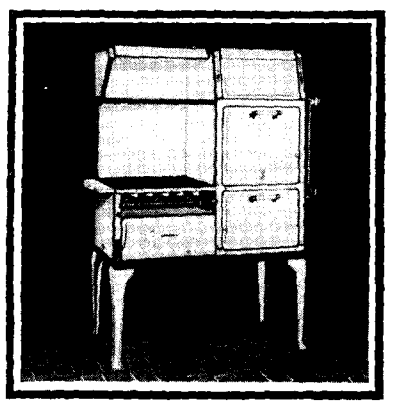
No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service, for use in a Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

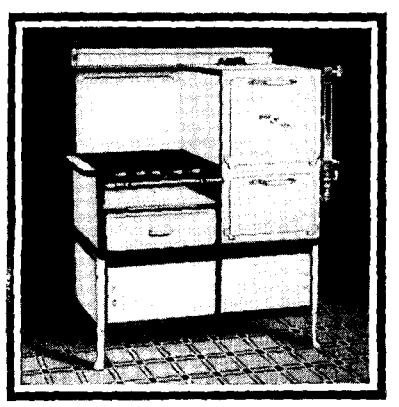


Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

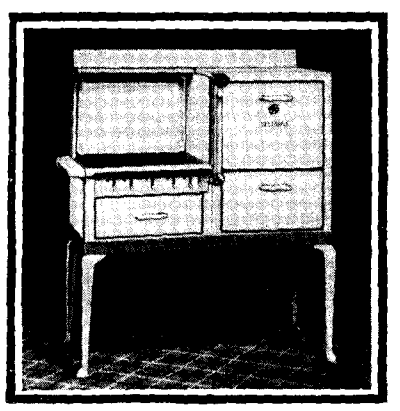
Take No Chance—Buy a Red Wheel Gas Range



CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

BACK OF EVERY RED WHEEL GAS RANGE is an institution that rivals in every way America's greatest manufacturing organizations.

With its six great stove factories, huge foundries, modern enameling plants, expensively equipped research departments, skilled designers, thousands of highly trained workmen, and the most up-to-date equipment, American Stove Company is unquestionably able to build the finest gas ranges and sell them at the most reasonable prices.

Thirteen years ago this Company gave to the World the first device to control automatically the heat of a gas range oven, Lorain, known everywhere by its famous Red Wheel.

"Lorain" eliminates all guess-work from oven cooking. It gives women more leisure by providing them with a means of cooking Whole Meals while miles away from the kitchen for hours at a time. It makes possible a new and easier canning process. In fact, "Lorain" has completely revolutionized home-cooking methods.

If you live in a territory served with gas you will have no trouble locating a Red Wheel Dealer. He will be glad to show you the handsome, new models and to demonstrate their many unusual advantages.

And remember, no matter where you make your purchase or what size or model of range you select from the six celebrated lines illustrated here, you'll get your money's worth. No woman ever takes a chance when she buys a Red Wheel Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Avenue :: :: :: St. Louis, Mo.

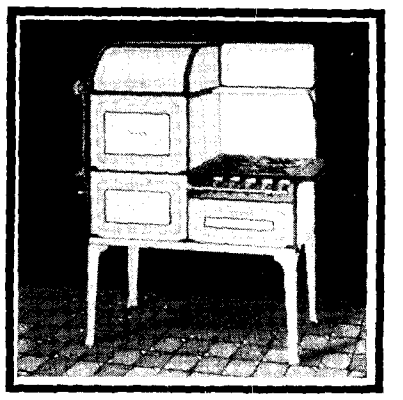
LORAIN

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for "Little Cakes". (*Print* name and address plainly.)

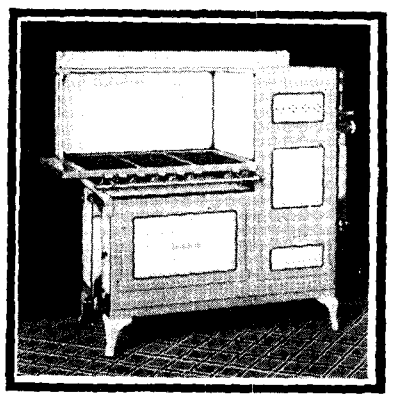
Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

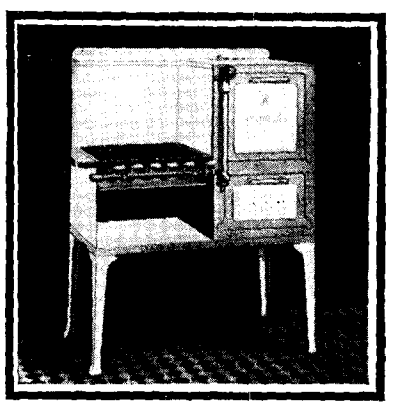
Col.—2-18-28



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.



DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.



DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

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Aladdin on Broadway

Continued from page 32

fifties, faintly resembles the late Mr. Pickwick. He is of vast girth, and his ruddy face is a circle of sheer bespectacled benevolence. He was born in New England of Puritan stock. He first made his way in the shoe business in his native Brockton, Mass., and then made a fortune out of a rubber plantation in the Far East. I am just weak enough to be unable to resist calling him the big rubber and shoe man of Sumatra and Massachusetts. The latest of his fortunes—as he gives them away, he has to keep making new ones—was made in oil. The Texas well that rewarded his faith in his star yielded up its treasure on the very day when its failure would have left him penniless. It was, therefore, a man once more supplied with money to give away who, in a hotel in San Antonio one day a few years ago, ran into another man named Davis—Frank K. Davis—with whom, however, he had only this kinship, that because of their common name they had sat side by side in the fraternity of the alphabet back in the Brockton public school long ago.

In the interval Frank Davis had been a reporter in Boston and, while going up into the North to greet the triumphant Peary, he had been cruelly and permanently crippled by a fall on the ice. Before that chance encounter in San Antonio the two Davises had not run into each other for five-and-thirty years. It must have been unspoken in the mind of each how differently those years had treated them. In a letter home that night Edgar Davis mentioned the meeting, said that they had dined together, reported that as a starter he had said, "Why don't you write a play?" and added that he had given his old friend enough ideas for twenty plays.

The Ladder was a result of that meeting. And as Edgar Davis was a man who knew the theatre only from the vantage point of a seat on the aisle, he took the manuscript to Brock Pemberton, a theatrical producer he knew.

While Davis' conduct may have struck the people of the theatre as faintly surprising, it could not have seemed so to those who had kept an eye on this man since his Brockton days. They at least could see that in his tactics on Broadway he was merely using an old pattern, giving heed to the old omens, listening with respect to ancient augurs. The very fact, for instance, that The Ladder started out as a failure must have cheered him up immensely. It had always been that way with his past successes. It had been that way in his hewing of the Sumatra rubber trees. It had been that way in his wildcatting quest of Texas oil.

Flip of Coin Sets Price

THE gusher that at last rewarded his long faith in the leases where he was drilling spouted at the end of a year in which he had spent his last penny and had known what it was to have a check for $7.40 come back from the bank marked "No Funds." Indeed, on the very day on which the rescuing oil rained down upon his bowed head, that head was bent in gloom because his remaining office furniture had been shot from under him and the banks had just served notice that they would no longer renew his notes. And it came, mind you, only after his neighbors, sternly pointing to the authority of a new survey, had forced him to move his eighth and final drill from the barren spot he himself had picked to one which, as things turned out, seemed to have been picked for him by Providence. It was not long before he had sold his treasure-trove for $12,000,000 (the asking price being arrived at by the flip of a coin) and was frankly enjoying the first payment on account, which took the agreeable form of a check for $6,500,000. It is difficult to tell a man with such a past that The Ladder will not turn into a success.

Look at one of the things that happened soon afterward to that very check. With it he went to the rescue of F. A. Seiberling, then in the midst of a falling out with the Goodyear Rubber Company (which he himself had founded) and hard pressed by opponents on every side. Along came the rallying Edgar Davis with $5,000,000 in his hand, blandly offering $33 per share for Goodyear stock when it was purchasable on the Street for $28, and thereby so righting the Seiberling affairs that Davis himself made an incidental profit of three millions which he had not looked for, did not want, and would not take.

The man who in 1922 had that check for $7.40 flung back in his face was one who had already bestowed swimming pools and gold courses and child welfare bureaus upon his native Brockton. He has since taken a trainload of New York singers each spring to chant the Easter music for San Antonio, has paid a $10,000 reward for the best painting of a Texas wild flower, and has gratefully bestowed upon the little town of Luling, Tex. (near which his oil dream came true), a public park that cost him a million dollars. In the end that park really cost him two millions—and momentary discomfort. That was when he learned that the local authorities would not open the park gates to the colored people of the town. Davis found a way round that. He presented Luling with a duplicate park for the colored folk.

Immune Against Expert Advice

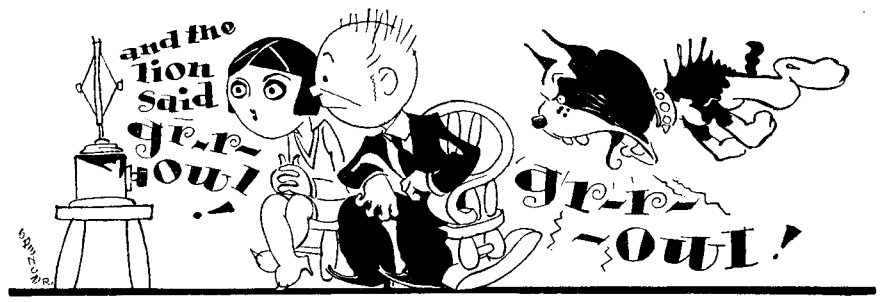
ABOVE all, you cannot tell Edgar Davis that he really ought to listen to the experts of the show business. For he is immunized against expert advice. He owed his whole success in Sumatra to the fact that he respectfully called in the Hollander who was regarded as the leading authority in the world on rubber culture, gravely listened to his advice, and then did just the opposite. When he decided to sell his Texas oil well the eminent financiers he consulted told him he could not hope to get more than nine millions for it. He got twelve.

Indeed, he struck oil in Texas only after two eminent geologists, retained to study the terrain, had conclusively and scientifically demonstrated that there was no oil in that neck of the woods. When the oil did come, they had already withdrawn from the scene. But Davis kept thinking about them and wondering how they were getting along. Finally he sent each a check for $200,000 as a memento of their association.

If these latest tactics should succeed in making the name of The Ladder a household word and object of national curiosity and so lead eventually to its becoming a great popular success, I am sure that the man in the street will regard the outcome as just another proof that the critics never know what they are talking about, nor will that proverbial homeless observer of our national life listen when the critics feebly point out that, of the play at which they had jeered so heartily back in the fall of 1926, there have survived the various revisions only two or three actors, the title, and about five per cent of the original script.

Nor should those reviewers who make a practice of predicting the life expectancy of every new play feel mortified when The Ladder (for which they had prophesied an early and painful death) is discovered playing to crowded houses fifteen months later. For they could not have foreseen that eventually a New York theatrical manager would ever avoid subjecting his play to the acid test of asking someone to pay for a ticket.

If it should turn out that Davis was right, after all, about The Ladder and that the play should pass into history as even more successful than Abie's Irish Rose, I hope he will remember that I was one of the experts who passed the most despondent judgment on it and that neither of those Texas geologists could have made a report half so pessimistic as the one I filed after I took my first look at The Ladder.



Canine Conversation

By Jack Binns

HAVE animals a universal language? This interesting question is raised by P. E. B. of Hartford, Conn., who reports that while listening to one of Collier's Hours he was amazed at the lifelike imitations of jungle beasts given by Mrs. Johnson, the noted big game hunter. He continues:

"Suddenly I heard the roar of a lion, and in the flash of an eye my dog bounded up in front of the loud speaker and stood there with bristling hair and fiery eyes. His whole body trembled with rage as he sent back an answering growl. It was quite some time before I could convince him that someone was imposing on his good nature.

"The dog, I am sure, has never seen a lion nor heard one roar, and it made me wonder as I sat there studying his quivering body, bared fangs and bloodshot eyes: 'Do animals have a language, even as men?' "

Remove the Unfit

SHOULD college broadcast stations be permitted to send out programs of entertainment as well as educational subjects? Should they be permitted to operate in the evening as well as during the day?

These two questions are intriguing the Federal Radio Commission now that that body has decided to wield the well-known ax in an effort to solve the broadcast tangle.

It seems to me the answer lies in the basic policy laid down in the radio law itself. In that enactment it is decreed: "Public necessity and convenience" shall be the guiding factors in deciding the existence, wave-length assignment and hours of operation of any station. College stations should be judged individually according to the service they render. Some colleges operate broadcast stations that are far better equipped to give musical entertainment than many of the metropolitan stations.

In deciding which stations should be thrown off the air all that is necessary is a common-sense interpretation of the phrase "public necessity and convenience." Once this determination has been arrived at the commission should issue its orders eliminating every station failing to meet the requirements and then let nature take its course.

They're Dead Anyway

EVEN though sufficient time has gone by for the most persistent New Year resolution to have been reverently laid away among other abandoned hopes, let us sincerely trust the Federal Radio Commission will not break its New Year resolve to inter 300 surplus stations in the cemetery of eternal oblivion.

This is one paving stone I do not wish to see in Hades.

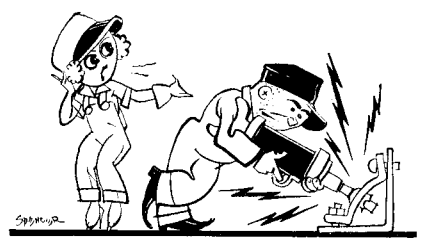
The Right to Use Power

"WOULDN'T the broadcast problem be solved if the Radio Commission reduced the power used by stations?" asks George Harrison, who then continues: "My recollection goes back to the time when 500 watts was the limit allowed. Now they are talking about 100,000 watts for some stations. What is the reason for this?"

There is only one solution of the main problem, George, and I have been preaching it here for over a year. Reducing the power will not help at all. Reducing the number of stations by at least 300 is the only answer.

There are a great many reasons for the use of high power. The principal advantages are that it delivers good programs to receiving antennæ with sufficient strength to be heard clearly above the general static noise level, and it prevents, within the normal service area, that peculiar type of distortion which accompanies the phenomenon of fading.

Like everything else, George, there are limitations in radio to the efficient use of high power. The Radio Commission should only award it to stations giving programs which are consistently above the mediocre level. In addition there should be a sliding scale so arranged that maximum power is used in summer months and the minimum power in winter with assignments of intermediate amounts of power in the spring and fall months.



WOMEN

are not so

DUMB

DEAN VIRGINIA GILDERSLEEVE of Barnard College was on the air recently deploring the fact that the only occupation women had not yet engaged in was that of boiler maker.

Dean Virginia seems to forget it is very difficult to make oneself heard in a boiler factory.

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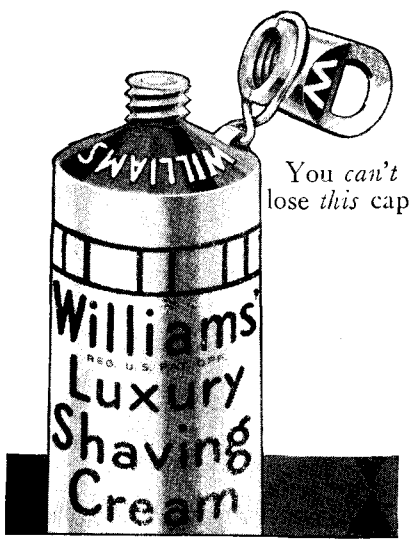
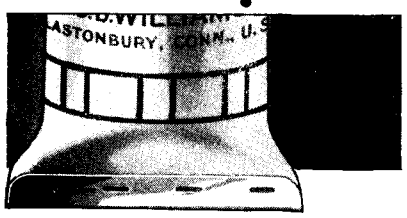
"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



You *can't* lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



"Leaves your Face Fit?"

Certainly. Why not? It ought to. 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin have gone into its making.

Its lather is quick and thick. It softens thoroughly. It prepares both skin and beard so perfectly for the razor's edge that the razor's work is made as easy and smooth as a razor's work can be.

There is no magic in it. (*Nor any bunk!*) It will not turn a dull blade sharp. You could not use it satisfactorily with a jackknife. But it makes dull blades seem less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And, super mild,—yes, just that, *super* mild—it soothes while it softens; freshens facial tissues; gently, thoroughly cleanses facial pores.

Leaves Faces Fit!

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . .

but they all come back to Williams!"

**The J. B. Williams Company.
Glastonbury, Ct.—Montreal, Can.**

Next time say

**Williams
Shaving Cream**
please!

Flickering Fists

Continued from page 13

fractured arm and the loss of his front teeth!

"Why is The Spoilers' fight the greatest in pictures?" I asked Santschi when I found him working on the Universal lot the other day.

"It isn't," he replied modestly. "Rex Beach must be credited with the success of that battle, for it was due entirely to a splendidly built story. The characters were so well developed that the audience was loving Bill to death and so hating me that they couldn't wait to see me get a terrible thrashing.

The Fight That Failed

"I'VE been in better fights since," he went on, "but they were in the wrong reel or weren't properly built for, and even though our technique was better, nobody cared particularly who won."

When The Spoilers was remade ten years later everybody was naturally interested in how the fight between Milton Sills and Noah Beery would compare with the first edition. For the first hundred feet it looked as if these two splendid actors were about to make film history, when suddenly they went to the floor and began to roll. At that moment the fight died. The audience laughed, for it seemed like little-boy stuff—lots of motion but no violence. With that laughter was born a new axiom, "Film Fights Must be Upstanding." Nowadays good screen fighters never go to the ground and roll—unless there is an objective to roll toward, such as a knife or a gun.

Another dangerous bit of business is excessive tearing of clothes, for it too will provoke laughter. The comedy studios have made prop fights, with furniture smashed to smithereens and clothes torn to ribbons, too absurd to be taken seriously.

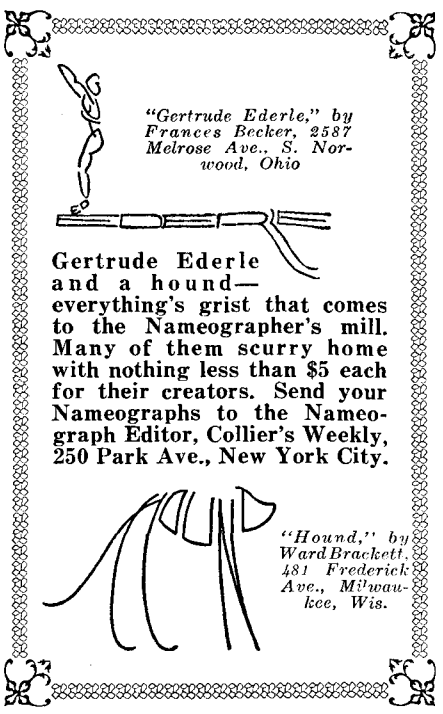
Thus has developed an elaborate and intricate technique in film fighting that has nothing to do with the prize ring. The greatest difference, however, lies in the registration of punishment. The reason the Dempsey-Tunney films look tame is the fact that in professional fighting it is fatal to register distress, howsoever terrific the blow.

In film fighting, on the contrary, the catcher of a blow must register as broadly as possible by throwing his head back and literally going off his feet in a knockout punch. This has given birth to a new axiom—contributed by Mack Sennett—that "The Take is more important than the Delivery," or, in fight language, the "catch" must register more strongly than the "pitch." This, of course, can only be accomplished by collusion, for the catcher must know when the blow is coming, so that he can take it properly. Very often the fist passes beside the head, or, if the fighters are in line with the camera, stops a few inches this side of its target, the "take" being timed to synchronize with the delivery. So convincing is this new technique and so apparently terrible in its effect that those who have mastered it—and they are practically all actors—are called upon to put on the big fight scenes.

I was over on the DeMille lot the other day and found Mitchell Lewis and Alan Hale plotting a fight sequence—smart directors always leave these scenes entirely up to the fighters if they are actors—and, having learned the footage to be allowed and the number of scenes, they were studying the set. After figuring on the lights, camera set-ups, props and the general geography, they decided to begin at the bar, go to the piano, cross back to the center post, cross back to the table, and end by the door where Lewis was to get his final beating.

Finally everything was ready for the opening long shot that would establish the location and allow the audience to get the geography of the set well in mind. After about twenty seconds of preliminary fighting—no fight scene must run over twenty feet—the cameras were moved to a close shot, where the fighters worked in line with them, alternating their positions—waltzing they call it. When Lewis had his back to the camera he was the pitcher, and Hale as the catcher took the blows "big." In shifting positions Hale pitched and Lewis caught. Finally, at a word from the camera man, they worked into partial profile, and a long spectacular punch drove Hale outside of the camera angle. The camera was then set up by the piano and Hale came crashing in, and, as the audience will remember the geography of the set, they will have the feeling that he has been knocked twenty feet. Thus with a new camera set-up for every scene, the fight went on—for two days and one night—the result being but five minutes on the screen!

Fake? Of course: all acting is make-believe. But don't think for a moment that these men do not take punishment. Two days of fighting are terribly exhausting, while accidents and misjudged blows are common. Santschi's arm was broken falling over a typewriter, and every actor-fighter is covered with honorable scars of battle. Obviously they must guard their faces jealously, not that they fear punishment, but a broken nose would hold up production and might be very costly to the actor's future.



"Gertrude Ederle," by Frances Becker, 2587 Melrose Ave., S. Norwood, Ohio

Gertrude Ederle and a hound—everything's grist that comes to the Nameographer's mill. Many of them scurry home with nothing less than $5 each for their creators. Send your Nameographs to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

"Hound," by Ward Brackett, 481 Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

On the other hand, I have seen these fellows take most painful blows when a pulled punch would have looked too faked. In a dueling scene with Bosworth, Santschi permitted that big, husky actor to strike him across the face with the flat of his sword, and in less than five seconds he had a welt on his cheek a quarter of an inch high.

The truth is that none of these martyrs of the Big Punch look forward to fight sequences with any degree of joy.

Probably the most horrific heavy on the screen is Bull Montana, the gentlest, most sentimental soul that ever lived. It is real acting when Bull has to register cruelty. Santschi, who will voluntarily take more punishment than anybody in the films, is so sensitive to pain that he has to steel himself for every fight sequence, and frankly says he dreads a fight like a trip to the dentist.

No, don't think our screen fights are like playing puss-in-the-corner. So dangerous are they that they are usually shot last, lest one of the principals be injured and hold up production.

Grudge fights? They are rare among actors. Once in a while a new and misguided director will try to "rib" his principals by telling each participant that the other is laying for him, but this is such old stuff that they rarely fall for it. In fact, the actors who have fought one another for years do everything to protect the other fellow.

Mitchell Lewis and Jimmie Cruze—who was then an actor—were doing a fight on a cliff in which the heavy overpowered the hero, forcing him backward over the edge and going with him into the cold water below. As the underwater rocks were very jagged, a mattress had been sunk beneath the surface to protect Cruze's back when he struck. The routine went as per schedule, the heavy registering wicked and diabolic purpose as he forced the hero over the edge.

No doubt every person in the audience at that moment hated Mitchell Lewis. But he was not at all the dirty dog they believed him to be, for just as they were going over he saw that they would fall beyond the edge of the mattress and that Jimmie would hit some sharp rocks not two feet under water. Cruze couldn't see them and prepare for the worst, but Lewis could, and so he deliberately pulled the hero around so that he himself would be underneath, and in this position he took the fall which resulted in some wickedly cruel bruises.

Fine nerve and good sportsmanship are not confined to the actor-fighter, however. Some of the lowly ex-pugs have displayed both qualities on many occasions. I recall one incident in particular. Bob Perry, an old-time fighter who had done his stuff on the Bowery forty years before, was trying hard to get on in pictures, and one time, to his great delight, he found himself signed for two consecutive jobs. On the first day he had to do a bad fall which sent him to the hospital with a dislocated shoulder and a broken collar bone. He was given six weeks in which to mend within his plaster cast.

But he needed the money; most of all he needed the chance. So, carefully concealing his cast beneath a loose shirt, he reported for work at the other studio on the following morning. It was a rough-and-tumble fight that lasted an hour. Finally he was thrown into a pile of broken furniture in the corner.

"Say, boys," called the director to the camera man, "move to a close-up on this fellow's face. He's registering pain like an old trooper."

When it was finally learned that the pain was real the director handed the old fellow $100 out of his own pocket.

A spirit like that is bound to get on, and now after several years we find the hero of this little drama a kind of father confessor to his fighting brothers, running a casting office for them and supplying the studios with anything from a champion to a bunch of gangsters.

How Long Will It Last?

"BOB," I said to him the other day, "how do your charges like the tumult and bumps of Movieland compared to their fighting careers?"

"Aw, dis is heaven fer 'em," he replied with the linguistic charm of the old Bowery. "Their fight days are over, an' dey'd be troo if it wasn't fer dis fillum stuff. Back East dey'd prob'ly be hangin' round de pool halls or totin' bottles fer de bootleggers, but here dey kin cash in on their fight stuff an' their battered mugs.

"Their one fillum ambition is to appear in a pitcher with screen credit an' have their stills exhibited in de lobbies of de home-town theaytre. But their real ambition is to become trainers an' valets to de big stars where several of 'em has landed swell jobs. Good boys fer de most part, layin' off booze so's to keep in condition, an' makin' good family men. A home means more to 'em than to folks who are used t' homes. All fighters now figger on endin' up their days in Movieland."

"How long will it last?" I asked. "You know movie fashions change."

"Not in the fight stuff," he answered wisely. "That'll go on just as long as ladies prefer brutes to gentlemen."

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The German Oil Boom

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

PETROLEUM is an intoxicating liquid. The fever of speculation has, in turn, inflamed Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Oklahoma, now Germany. For the Germans have struck oil. Not in a well but in a laboratory. Having discovered that it is possible to convert coal into oil, they are anticipating the domination of the markets of the world. Professor Hennig is out with an article headed: "Germany; the Greatest Producer of Petroleum in the Future." He announces that a gigantic Bergius plant is now being built capable of manufacturing 50,000,000 tons of synthetic petroleum annually at first, and in a few years 120,000,000 tons.

But to make such an amount, according to the best yield claimed for any process, would require more coal than Germany was able to turn out in her best days before the war. Professor Hennig says that petroleum can be made by the Bergius process at a cost of $22 a ton. This may enable Germany to compete in her home market, since the duty on imported petroleum is $15.60 a ton, but how can it invade the American market where petroleum sells at from $7 to $11 a ton?

The Germans realize that they were beaten in the late war by American petroleum. They are thinking now, if the war were to be fought over again, they would be as independent in the matter of oil as they were in 1914 in the matter of explosives through the invention of synthetic nitrates. In fact, the two processes are closely connected and are worked jointly in the same factory. Both use the same reagent, hydrogen gas, which added to the nitrogen of air makes ammonia and added to the carbon of coal makes petroleum. The hydrogen comes from water, which consists of hydrogen and oxygen. When steam is passed through hot coal the carbon takes away the oxygen, forming carbon monoxide, and sets free the hydrogen. The carbon monoxide can be combined with hydrogen to make methanol (wood alcohol) for denaturing grain alcohol, or with ammonia to make urea for fertilizers, or innumerable other compounds, including rubber. All from air, water and coal, the most abundant of all possible raw materials; as pretty a series of interlocking reactions as a chemist could chalk on a blackboard, while thinking them too good to be true.

But such dreams are now becoming actualities. At the new works being constructed at Leuna, near Merseburg, by the German dye trust, gigantic generators have been built, a single one of them sufficient to convert fifty carloads of coal a day into water-gas for making ammonia or petroleum or such other products as the market may demand at the time. The raw material is the crude brown coal or lignite, abundant in Germany. Out of every thousand pounds of carbon in the lignite, it is claimed, 100 pounds of lubricating oil or motor fuel may be made.

Harnessing the Waves

A FOUR-FOOT wave in sea water 30 feet deep—a very moderate and usual condition—has 5.45 horsepower per foot of front, or 28,000 horsepower per mile. If the wave is 8 feet high, the horsepower rises to 25.58 for each running foot of shore front, or 135,062 horsepower per mile. Power produced by the newest and most efficient plants in this country costs about four tenths of one cent per horsepower-hour. At this figure we are wasting day and night some $12,866,688,000 worth of potential power every year along our 12,800 miles of continental coast. The average selling price in the United States per horsepower-hour in 1926 was 2.1 cents. At this figure the lost power of wave motion on our coasts would amount to more than sixty billion dollars a year. Can't some small fraction of this be somehow saved?

The magnitude of the prize has tempted many engineers to devise some form of wave motor, but so far the problem has baffled them all. The latest to make the attempt is Lieutenant Commander Lybrand P. Smith of the Bureau of Engineering of the United States Navy, who in Mechanical Engineering has planned a device for gathering and storing the energy of waves by means of a hydraulic ram. A large funnel is set at the surface with its mouth toward the open sea and beyond the breakers. The force of the wave entering it drives the water through a long horizontal pipe leading below sea level to the shore. At the end the shock strikes the ram, which at every stroke lifts a certain amount of water to a high reservoir on the cliff behind, perhaps 100 feet above the sea. The stored water can be drawn off as needed and converted into electric current by turbine and dynamo.

Commander Smith calculates that approximately 60 per cent of the kinetic energy of the waves could be accumulated in a usable form, but believes more data should now be obtained and experimental research made. But it seems a scheme worth trying, since here is a source of unlimited free motive power, more accessible, as a rule, to cities than coal mines or waterfalls, and sites on the sea-coast bluffs are mainly waste land. Is it not possible to make a seashore motor cheap enough so that the capital cost of construction will not swallow up the advantage of the free power?

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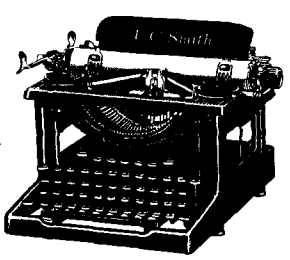

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 26

what I'm getting at is this: if you meet somebody one night in the East Sixties, don't be surprised if you meet the same person in the West Forties the next night. If you wanted to, you could trace the connections of a gangster from south of East Fourteenth Street to the swellest place on Park Avenue. Maybe neither the gangster nor the society swell would know how close the connection was, but believe me, Al, there'd be a few wise ones in this town who could show you, step by step, the connection. High society, finance, politics, criminality, underworld and upperworld—maybe there were fences between them all once but they aren't there any more."

"All of which is extremely interesting, and when you write your history of Manhattan and its customs, I hope you don't leave out a single word of it," I said. "But I don't see its exact application to the subject under discussion."

"You landed in this town a little while ago. You registered at this hotel. You took a trip up the state and sold a piece of property. The deed said for 'one dollar and other valuable considerations,' but you actually received $14,750. You deposited the check in your bank here and had the dough transferred to their Paris branch, but in dollars, not francs. Would you like to know what theatres you've attended, what restaurants you've lunched at, what was the number of the stateroom on the Paris that you gave up this morning? Ask me some little thing about yourself and your doings recently, give me time to go outside and telephone, *and you'll be surprised.*"

"Consider the surprise evidenced," I said, "and go on from there."

He shook his head. "I thought I made it pretty clear that it was your move and that the only correct move was a taxi to the Majestic. Didn't you get that, Al?" he asked gently.

"And I thought I'd made it clear that I wouldn't take a hint unless I knew what it was all about," I countered.

"Seems to me that I said something too: I said I couldn't very well give you orders. Well, I can't. But I can tell you, big boy, what you ought to do."

"Advice?" I smiled. "You've already given me advice."

"Now I'm *telling* you. Get out of this country and get out tonight." His voice was hard, almost minatory.

"Well, this is friendly of you, Morgan. Lots of busy men would refuse to waste so much time on a person so slow on the uptake. I appreciate it highly and some day we'll talk it all over again and maybe you'll be able to make me understand what it's all about. But just now I'm interested in the matter which caused our very pleasant renewal of an old acquaintance. What do you know about Kenneth Runyon?"

"WELL, you've got that stubborn look about your chin. When you eased yourself into that fracas with those French cops, I knew right off that you were there to make a night of it if it was necessary. I said to myself that here was one lad that would stick to the finish and long enough afterward to help bury the dead. Just can't get this Runyon lad out of your head, eh?"

"Go ahead," I tersely told him.

"Important, this Runyon boy, isn't he? Now why?"

"There've been enough *why's* and *who's*, haven't there, Morgan?" I retorted.

"Well, the only thing more interesting than *why* is always *who*, isn't it? For example, here's you, Allen Gorham, with plenty of class, interesting yourself in a rat like Runyon. How come?"

"Shall we call it a day, Morgan?" I asked.

He raised his eyebrows. "Meaning that I can take it on the lam?"

"You talk well, Morgan," I replied, "but—I'm not much of a listener. I call at your office, ask a simple question, and you are here with enough aimless conversation to fill a book. You sound like a play, Morgan, like a spook melodrama with a thrill in every scene. But the best melodrama falls flat if the audience isn't interested."

"*In other words*, Mr. Morgan, speak your piece, eh? That it?"

"I don't have to draw diagrams for you, do I?" I asked impatiently.

"Not exactly. Well, some day just remember that I tried to shoo you off, will you?"

"I promise. Some day I'll get right up in court and testify—Mack Morgan tried to frighten me off this island. Now—what about Runyon?"

"Runyon? Kenneth Runyon. Name used to be Runsky. Polish or Russian extraction. Doesn't matter, does it? About twenty-seven. Used to be a hoofer in a Broadway dance place. That was five years ago. Got out of it. Marion Corbin—picture queen? Remember? Died in Berlin three years ago. Well, she *invested* in him. Don't ask me how or why or anything else. I don't mind walking over sewers—they're necessary, I suppose. But I hate looking down into them or digging around in them. No, she didn't marry him. Kate Jackson followed. You wouldn't know her. Well, she was one of those quiet gold diggers. Plandome—you know, the Greek-American importer. He paid her bills first and then Mannlicher, the film man—he was next. But Ken Runyon stepped in about two years ago, and—Kate got the gate from Mannlicher, and—any more about him you want to hear?"

"Go ahead," I ordered.

"Well, there's Marge Dana and Dot Ryan. They invested too. I hear that Ryan wanted to marry him worse than she ever wanted anything. Nice boy, Runyon. Taking ways. Losing ways too. Goes against every game on the island, and that ain't a few, big boy. Shimmy, that's his dish. There's a place on Forty-seventh Street where he's gone against some of the biggest men in this country. That's how a lad like that can horn in. I'll say this for Runyon: he'll bet all he has at any time, any place, any game."

"KNOWING that some deluded woman will give him more, eh?" I sneered.

"Yeah. Only—that deluded-woman stuff sounds more melodramatic than any line I've pulled tonight, Al," he replied. "They all know what he is. Every last one of the women I've mentioned had his number. Only—that's the number that sort of girl likes to play. Get it?"

"So—his entrée was gained through—"

"Through the big brokers and bankers and merchants that like a little gambling excitement. Here's a lad that drops twenty grand at a sitting. Are they going to cut him dead at the Ritz next day? Why? He's got good enough manners, you know. Swell dresser, good dancer—all that sort of thing. And if he's ignorant about lots of things—well, I've met some pretty dumb bankers and financiers and merchants and society people too. How would they know he's ignorant?"

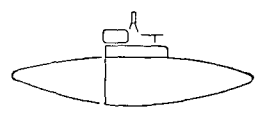
NAMEOGRAPHS

"Oklahoma," by Paul Van Zandt, Cache, Okla.

"Flapper," by John F. Johnson, 614 S. Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

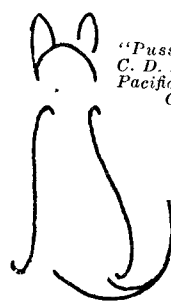
"Mexican," by James Painter, Little Rock, Ark.

"Artist," by R. H. Kenah, 469 Deming Place, Chicago, Ill.



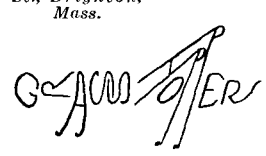
"U-Boat," by W. F. Longfield, 702 E. 117 St., Cleveland, Ohio

"Hen," by L. E. Pierson, 153 Washington St., Brighton, Mass.

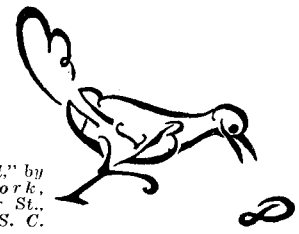


"Pussy," by C. D. Barbour, Pacific Grove, Cal.

"Baby," by Eliza Beth Allen, Rossyln, Va.



"Grasshopper," by Robert L. Jex, 134 Scotia St., Winnipeg, Canada



"Early Bird," by R. C. Stork, 1716 Lower St., Columbia, S. C.

Anything that comes into your head. Skeezix, cowboy, U-boat—they all lend themselves to Nameography. What ho, me lads and how! All you have to do is pick a subject, juggle the letters in its name around and paint a picture. Send it to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. We pay $5.00 for every one that's accepted.

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I smiled at Morgan's question. He might very well have attended a few dinner parties given by financial leaders, so well did he comprehend their limitations.

"All of this stuff about Runyon could be proved?" I inquired.

"When you come right down to it I guess it could be proved. But I wouldn't get up in court and swear to any of it. That sort of thing isn't healthy in this town."

"What sort of thing?" I asked.

"Butting into big money."

"Has Runyon big money?"

"He's on the edge of it, Al. So are you, and there isn't room for both of you on the same edge."

"Now we're getting down to it," I laughed. "The need for me to take the Majestic tonight has to do with young Runyon? That it?" I asked.

"I knew that a bright lad like you would put the letters together and read the word sooner or later," he told me.

"So Runyon and I are both on the edge of big money? Could you put a name to the money?"

"What's the sense in that? If you know the name, you know it. And if you don't know it, you'll probably find out."

"I should think that a sheik with Runyon's record of conquest would be above thoughts of possible rivalry," I sneered.

Morgan didn't like my tone, and I will say for him that he didn't hesitate to proclaim his distaste.

"You and me are friends, Al," he said sharply. "So don't get it into your head, because I'm tipping you off to something, that I like doing it. I'm not here arguing for Runyon. He's a rat, and I've said he's a rat, and I'll take him by the throat and tell it to him if you want me to. I'm arguing for you."

"I've seen the young man," I replied. "Much obliged to you, Morgan, but if there's any throat-grabbing I'll roll my own."

"Well, the way you spoke just then made me feel as though you thought that I was playing his game."

"Well, whose game are you playing?" I demanded. "Come on, Morgan, come clean. You dance in here and tell me that this town is no place for a man who plays poker as well as I do. Has anyone suggested to you that there's anything wrong with the way I deal or the cards I use? Because, if anyone has, and that anyone happens to be governor of the state or president of the biggest bank in town, take me to him."

"You don't have to be crooked to seem crooked if the right people have got you wrong," he responded.

"You tell me that because somebody thinks I'll tread on Runyon's toes I must leave town. Morgan, you tell me too much and not enough."

"I've said more than I intended," he replied. "And I've finished. You know what it's all about. Well, I hope you sail tonight. If you don't, remember that dinner we're to have together. So long, big boy."

I made no effort to detain him. He had told me, I was sure, all that he intended to tell. Indeed, I strongly suspected that he had revealed more than he had wished to disclose. I shook hands with him cordially, told him that I wouldn't forget our engagement to dine, and when the door had closed upon him I dropped into a chair and gave myself over to the arduous and always unwelcome task of thinking.

AT COLLEGE I was better at football than at chess. Action, rather than thought, has been my métier.

But I needed to be no master of logic to be able to pick certain flaws in the statements that Mack Morgan had made to me. He had said, with every evidence of sincerity, that if he knew what was behind his hints to me he would tell me. But a moment later he had practically admitted that he knew *who* wanted me to leave town. And before he left, he had made it very clear that the reason my absence was desired was because I was looked upon as an obstacle in the way of Kenneth Runyon.

Whereas at the outset he had stated that he knew only the *who*, it had soon transpired that he also knew the *why*. I went over all his utterances, trying to re-create his tones and expressions. Of one thing I was certain: Morgan had run up against certain facts or persons that had alarmed him in my behalf. But he had been alarmed for more than my person or else he would not have hesitated to be franker than he had been.

Kenneth Runyon could not have inspired this alarm, for he had declared his opinion of that young man unequivocally and had offered to repeat the words to Runyon himself. This had been no cheap boast; Morgan had meant the offer. Behind Runyon, then, lurked someone of whom Morgan was afraid both for me and for himself.

That shady rascals had relations of one kind or another with people of financial or social power was no particular surprise to me. I hadn't needed Mack Morgan's long-winded dissertation on the crumbling of the old social order to inform me of the links connecting the alley with the avenue. But I confess that the bearing of these sociological matters upon my own affairs was in the nature of a surprise.

I WANTED to believe in Morgan's honesty. And perhaps because of this wish on my part, I arrived more quickly at reconciliation of certain incompatibilities in his utterances. Perhaps he had been completely honest in his statement that he didn't know why my absence was desired. It was obvious that he didn't fear Runyon, but did fear powerful influences behind that young man, whose enlistment in Runyon's behalf had puzzled him.

But what powerful influences could a rat like Runyon have won over to his support? I shook my head self-chidingly at this thought. I must not make the mistake of underestimating anyone because of his character or lack of it. There were men and women of the highest social position in America whose lives were common scandal. Character was no longer a sine qua non—if it ever had been—to social preferment. And of course business and politics ask nothing but success.

I could take it for granted, then, that Runyon had powerful backing in whatever scheme he was engaged in. Well, Anita's words last night at the dance, Vonny's blush when I mentioned his name, his own overheard boastings in the bar, and Morgan's intimations to me this evening made his schemes very clear. He was going to marry Vonny Candace if possible.

The future possession or control of thirty million dollars was Runyon's object. And thirty million dollars is a fortune even in these days of swollen wealth. Small wonder that Runyon's ambitions had enlisted the aid of predatory powers. Upon the fringes of every fortune are found hangers-on, sycophants and also social wolves who may attempt to gain by force what others hope to gain by flattery.

But where did I come in? If my interest in protecting Vonny Candace from the plans of a thing like Runyon had come to the knowledge of that young gentleman and his backers, I could understand that such interference on my part would meet with their wholehearted distaste. But distaste would hardly inspire warnings to leave town, intimations that my profession would get me into serious difficulty.

I could rely on Mack Morgan's discretion. He hadn't gone to Times Square and shouted to its seven corners that Allen Gorham wished information—detrimental preferably—concerning Kenneth Runyon. I could be very certain that in his inquiries Morgan had not mentioned the fact that it was at my instigation that he pursued these inquiries.

Then how had he learned so quickly that my very presence in New York was offensive to certain parties of evident power?

Little by little fragments of his speech became more clearly lined upon my memory than others. He had mentioned that I had sold a piece of property upstate. He had stated the exact sum which I had received and told of its disposal. He had offered to supply

(*Continued on page 40*)

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That what we claim for this unique shaving cream is based on scientific fact

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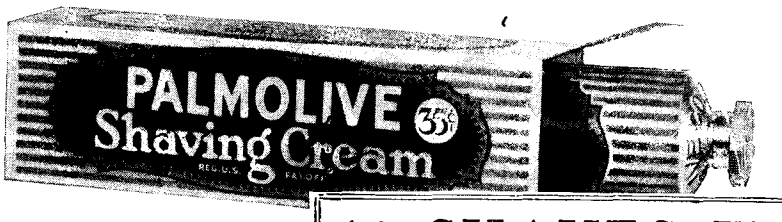

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It's *milder*

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 39

me with further information about my actions since my arrival in America, professing an ability to describe the most inconsiderable incidents in my sojourn.

Shortly after my conference with him at his Sixth Avenue office, then, Morgan had learned about my actions since I had arrived in New York. Why had he learned these unimportant matters? Obviously, because I had been shadowed to his office exactly as—apparently—I had been shadowed everywhere else. And the shadowers had told Morgan what they were doing. I suppose that there is an esprit de corps among private detectives as there is among people engaged in more admirable ways of livelihood.

MORGAN had found out that whoever had inspired the tracing of my every movement was a person of some consequence, politically or financially or otherwise. Somebody obviously considered that I was a menace to the designs of Kenneth Runyon.

But, good Lord, why? I hadn't paid Vonny Candace anything more than the most casual attention in Europe, and in New York hadn't seen her until last night. Suddenly I remembered that Anita Gorham had coupled my name with that of Vonny, had accused me of following Candace's daughter across the Atlantic, and had jeered at my disclaimer of more than a friend's interest in Vonny.

I felt myself coloring with embarrassment. How many people thought that I was in love with Vonny Candace? On what grounds did they base their belief? Surely this belief must be widespread or else the Runyon crowd would not be so anxious to rid the town of me.

Now, people do not issue warnings such as had come to me through Mack Morgan unless they feel that the situation requires them. Those who angled for the Candace millions certainly attributed to me qualities of attraction whose very existence had been up to now undreamed of by me.

Lord knows I had come twenty-nine years along life's pathway without ever having to take to my heels because of the attentions that women had showered upon me! Women ordinarily seemed unaware that I was alive. And I, since my unhappy affair with Anita five years before, had been as little interested in women as they were in me.

In no possible way could I be assumed to be a catch for Vonny Candace. Yet it seemed to have been bruited abroad that I was a suitor for Vonny's hand, and the Runyon crowd apparently considered me very well up in the running. Runyon—or his backers—surely couldn't expect to order out of the country every young man who paid Vonny a compliment, took her to luncheon or asked her to dance.

Evidently I had been singled out of the possible group of Vonny's admirers as one extremely dangerous to the chances of Mr. Runyon. I would have laughed uproariously if the whole business hadn't been so damnable. But the thought of Vonny Candace being placed in a position where men like Runyon could weave conspiracies about her drove all merriment from me.

Dear little Vonny, with her candid, unafraid gray eyes! Her father's ambition had brought the daughter from the Middle-West town to the capital of the world's intrigue and viciousness as well as of commerce and finance. How happier the Candaces would have been had the father's business remained at one grocery store instead of growing to a monstrous organization!

Not that I am one of those who extol the simple life of our small towns. I've lived in one of them, and I know that meanness and viciousness and hatred and jealousy and petty snobbery are as rampant there as in Manhattan. But while one can live in a small town and be unaware of the undercurrents of vileness, one can't live in New York and own thirty millions of dollars without sooner or later arriving at a state where one doubts everybody, where the simplest action of a friend is analyzed to ascertain if mean greed lies behind it.

Vonny Candace, like any sweet-natured girl, must look forward to being loved for her own sake. Soon she would awaken to the fact that no woman who is the prospective possessor of thirty million dollars can hope to be looked at and seen without the observer's eyes resting upon her moneyed setting.

Well, she might have the good fortune to marry a decent man, a gentleman! Certainly, if it were in my power to prevent it, she would never marry Kenneth Runyon. Something else was certain too. I'd permit no man to threaten me, whether the threat were to be made to my face or issued indirectly. It might be that I would leave New York without having put a stop to

Peter B. Kyne

Dad Tully, owner of the 70 Ranch, digs deep into his checkered past and brings up a tale of love in the cow country.

The Way of a Maid

In next week's COLLIER'S

Mr. Kenneth Runyon's attentions to Vonny Candace. But his attentions to me, which consisted in having me followed by detectives—my shadowers must be of that ilk—and in the issuance of orders that I take a certain liner, would certainly cease shortly.

It didn't matter who were Runyon's backers. If necessary, I would remonstrate with Runyon if twenty armed policemen surrounded him. I might not save Vonny Candace from him, but I certainly would save myself from him.

I had just arrived at this determination when my telephone rang.

I answered it.

"Is this Allen Gorham?"

I admitted my identity.

"This is Erica Loosich. Will you dine with us this evening? Eight-thirty."

I almost dropped the receiver in my surprise. It had been amazing that Mrs. William Loosich should have condescended to recognize me today at Pierre's, but it was incredible that she should issue this invitation.

"I'll be delighted," I said.

"Why haven't you called on me, young man?" The queer, cracked voice held a playful chiding.

"I haven't been home very long," I explained.

"But now that you're here you're going to settle down, aren't you?"

I couldn't believe my ears. The majestic Mrs. Loosich was not merely friendly; she was almost affectionate. I murmured something or other, and she reminded me once again of the dinner hour and hung up.

I whistled as I glanced at my watch and saw that I had ample time in which to dress. Mrs. Loosich's visiting list was, unless time had greatly changed the old dame, the most rigorously censored in New York. One didn't dine at Mrs. Loosich's home unless one indubitably belonged.

Now, I didn't belong. There had been a time when I knew, by grace of my parentage, Mrs. Loosich and the people of her set. But that time had been definitely ended when a certain not too well hushed-up scandal had prevented me from being a benedict and had sent me off into exile. Through five years I had carried the memory of Mrs. Loosich's stare of nonrecognition. I'll confess that the memory had not been particularly searing. Losing Anita was so overwhelming a catastrophe that lesser matters had been almost unimportant.

Why should Mrs. Loosich, without effort on my part, restore me to her good graces? I happened to know that only persons of whom she highly approved were ever invited by telephone, at the last minute, to dine with her. To be asked to fill in because another person had disappointed her was the highest compliment that Mrs. Loosich could pay. It argued that one was intimate with her. I chuckled at the thought. One could as easily be intimate with the Rock of Gibraltar as with the triple-chinned old grenadier who was the leader of New York's most conservative set.

Well, mysteries piled themselves upon one another. But these were such an odd mixture of mysteries. Truly, Mack Morgan had not exaggerated when he said that there were links between the lower and the upper East Side. Such diverse persons as Kenneth Runyon, ex-hoofer, Anita Gorham, one of the leaders of the younger and faster set, and Mrs. William Loosich were interested in me. I was a link connecting all these people.

I bathed and dressed, with regard for my hostess' standards donning tails. At exactly 8:25 I stepped into a taxicab and four minutes later I rang the bell of the old-fashioned mansion on East Thirty-eighth Street. The Loosiches were the last survivors clinging to Murray Hill, and so long as they remained there Murray Hill would not be considered unfashionable.

My hostess greeted me warmly.

"Naughty boy," she said. She shook an admonitory finger at me. "To make me send for you instead of you coming to me! But I forgive you, Allen."

SHE presented me impressively to the Van Emorys, the Ragans and to a dozen other people whose names stood for all that was important in her circle of society. If some of those present knew or suspected anything uncomplimentary about me, their manners, of course, showed no indication of either knowledge or suspicion.

It was inevitably a dull dinner. One would hardly expect to find gayety at the Loosich dinner table. I thought that it would never end. Nevertheless, bored though I was, I was appreciative of the good intent that animated Mrs. Loosich. She was making the amende honorable for the cut she had administered five years ago.

But why? It seemed to me that I, who had been accepting life unquestioning for a great many years, was asking myself more queries today than I had put to myself in all the rest of my life. But Erica Loosich was not, so far as I remembered her, a woman of warm and hasty impulse. What she did she did for reasons. And what reason on earth could she have for honoring me with an invitation to her house?

She made me sit beside her in the drawing-room after dinner. Somebody or other with an unpronounceable name

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was playing something composed by another tongue twister. Under cover of the music my hostess whispered to me:

"Allen, I'm delighted to see you back. Five years is a long time, and a great deal can be forgotten."

"Exactly what has to be forgotten?" I asked.

"You never made any denial, Allen," she replied.

"Because," I told her grimly, "no one ever made a charge to me."

"But you knew what they were saying," she said.

"I guessed it," I admitted.

She turned her three chins toward me.

"Allen, did you cheat?"

SHE was the only person, aside from Anita Gorham, who had ever put that question to me. And I would not have answered her had I not been able to read in her countenance her disbelief in the implication of her question.

"Mrs. Loosich," I said, "I did not."

"Then can you find it in your heart to forgive an old woman who loved your mother dearly, for her injustice toward you?"

Hard-bitten victor of a hundred social battles she might have been; one would have to be a deeper delver into character than I profess to be to be able to find traces of gentleness or kindness on that massive countenance. Nevertheless she was thirty or forty years older than I. For some inscrutable reason she had decided that she had done me an injustice. Apologies come harder from the old than from the young, and she was doing a very gracious thing.

"I think you're darling," I said.

The granite face softened in a wrinkly smile. "Come to see me some afternoon soon," she whispered.

That was all, but it was enough to make me hold my head higher than I had held it in many years. For Erica Loosich was the old-fashioned type who insisted not merely on decency in her guests but upon the added quality of good repute. Twenty-four hours ago I had been a pariah. Tonight I was accepted by one whose cachet could not be minimized. Mind, I am not speaking snobbishly. It was not Mrs. Loosich's social position that made her indorsement of me valuable; it was her moral position.

And as I left her house I smiled. A man whose reputation was good enough to open the portals of the Loosich home had been ordered out of the country by a Ken Runyon, born Runsky. I glanced at my watch. I'd been carrying the Runyon threat around with me for nearly five hours. It was about time that I returned it to him with interest. I wondered if it would be possible to locate the young gentleman this very evening. Some threats are insults, and I sleep better when insults have been answered.

(To be continued next week)

Tied with a Shoe Lace

Continued from page 20

hesitated, and then, surprisingly, his lip quivered.

" 'Twas a pudding, sir—a plum pudding. Mrs. Elmsley made me the pudding, sir, for my Christmas dinner."

"Ah," nodded Hawkes. "You could produce the pudding, I suppose?"

"No, sir. You see, sir, I ate it, sir."

"And where," asked Mullins, "did you bury the spoons? And the old lady's clothes?"

"I haven't seen no spoons, sir," said Emms steadily, "nor no clothes."

Hawkes reached a long arm into the drawer of his desk and brought up a bundle wrapped in dirty brown paper and tied with a worn brown shoe lace.

"Is this the bundle you carried from Mrs. Elmsley's house?"

"No, sir."

The inspector undid the lace and opened out the package on his desk. It contained a faded, old-fashioned brown silk shirt waist, a red flannel petticoat, and six thin, battered, carefully cherished silver teaspoons.

"Look at him!" cried Mullins, and he pointed at the cobbler.

Emms' face was ashen, and the tears were running down his cheeks.

When they had finished with him and he had been taken away the inspector brought out a squat, dark bottle and glasses from the cupboard in the corner.

"Smart work!" he approved, toasting Mullins silently.

"Well," Mullins admitted modestly, "I won't say but what I did a good job at that."

"Draw up!" Hawkes invited hospitably. "Make yourself at home. What I can't understand is how you caught on to this business so quick. It's a bitter pill for the Yard to have you cut them out."

Mullins drank and made himself at home. He drew up and put his feet on the desk and tipped his heavy chair back, stretching luxuriously.

"Ah," he said, " 'twas a simple matter." His eyes were full of cunning as he looked at the inspector. "I'll tell you if you won't cut down the reward when you find how easy it was."

Hawkes laughed reassuringly.

"The reward's as good as in your pocket," he said.

"Three hundred pounds!" murmured Mullins, as Cobb had done before him. "Well, brains are worth money. It's many a man that sees the two and two, sir, but it takes brains to add 'em together! Yes, sir, brains are what counts in this world."

Having delivered himself of this homily, Mr. Mullins filled his pipe and lit it. Then he went on:

"Of course I'd seen Emms coming out of the old lady's house, but I didn't think much about it at first, such a quiet chap an' all. And then a few days later I saw a new sign to his shop, and, thinks I, 'Where'd he come by money to buy signs?' But still 'twas no business of mine. And then last night, passing by rather late, I saw him come out of his shop with yon bundle under his arm, lookin' for all the world like a hare with the hounds after it.

"And then it come over me what he was doin'. Yes, sir, as clear as I see you now, I knew what he was up to. 'I'll just follow a bit,' thinks I. So I followed after and looked on while he went into the deserted brick field. Sure, 'twas like a dream. I knew every step he would take, every move he would make before he made it. And there he buried the stuff, where you dug it up today, sir. Faith, sir, 'twas uncanny! I wondered at myself for not thinking it all out before. The old woman killed with a hammer to begin with. Who more likely than a cobbler to use a hammer?"

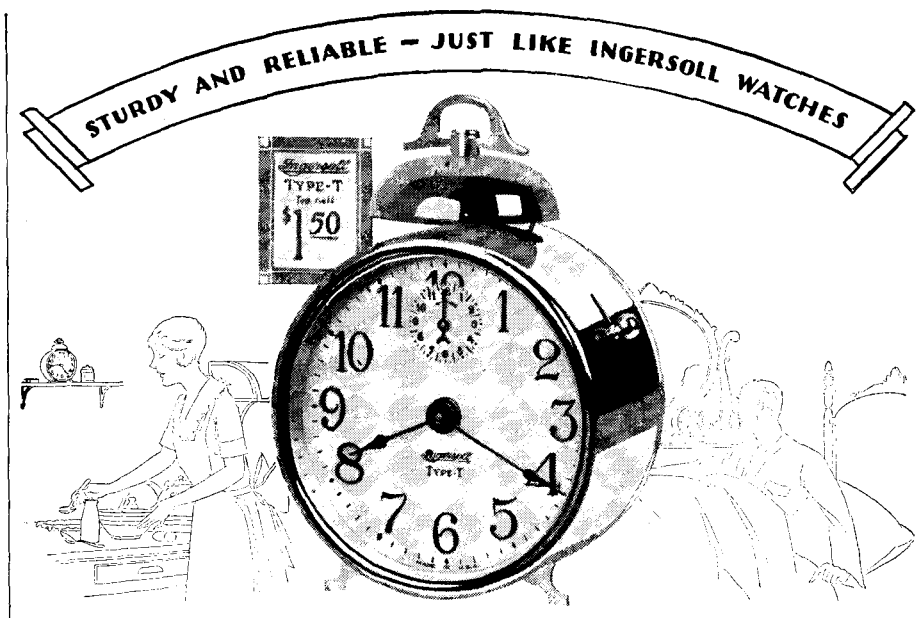
"Hammers," ventured Hawkes, "are common enough, but I suppose no one but a cobbler would tie up a package with a shoe lace?"

MULLINS had been drawing carefully at his pipe, watching with solicitous interest the glow in the bowl. Now he glanced sideways at Hawkes. The inspector was doing an odd thing. He was staring, with alert, concentrated interest at Mullins' brown boots resting on the desk. Suddenly, before the man could move, he picked up the worn shoe lace and threw it down across Mullins' right foot.

"Matches pretty well, eh?" he drawled.

Mullins leaped to his feet, his right hand feeling for his pocket, but he had started at a disadvantage and Hawkes was too quick for him.

"Put your hands up," said the inspector sharply. "That's better. Next time you try to plant a murder on a helpless old fellow like that remember to change both shoe laces. It's so conspicuous to wear an old one and a new one."



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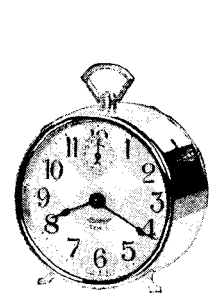

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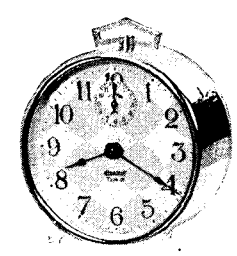

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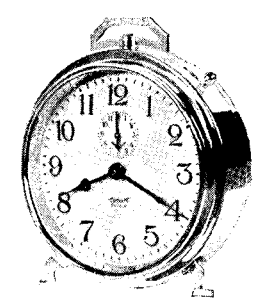

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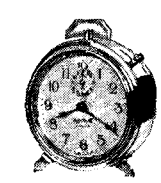

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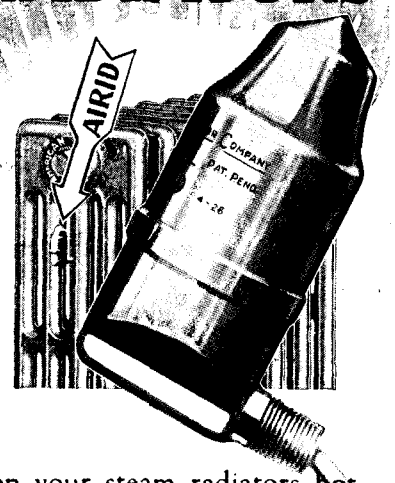

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En Route

Continued from page 16

She carried her dishes out and then came back to listen to the music, leaning over the counter. Mrs. Hartwell sat with face averted, indifferent to music, to the girl collecting dishes from her table. I might speak to her, thought Monica. Before she gathered decision to cross to the older woman, the proprietress had moved bulkily to the table. Monica felt the cautious glance to see if she listened, and bent over her handbag, searching for a vanity case. The voice of Mattie Burns lowered to a whisper:

"Mis' Hartwell, I wanted to explain about that girl. I was that worried when I saw you coming in. You know who she is—"

Monica could not hear the woman's reply.

"HER mother came back here about ten years ago. They live in a shack down back of me. It's in the blood, I guess. Who *her* father is nobody knows. I was sorry for her, such a pretty little thing, and real smart, too. I kind of felt I ought to help her."

"I tried to help her mother, once." Monica heard that dry sentence.

"This girl's smarter than Big Lucy. That's what they call her. This one's Little Lucy."

Some question from Mrs. Hartwell. Monica sat with bent head, lest they think her eavesdropping.

"No'm, the first Lucy never came back. She's been dead a long time."

"You don't remember her, do you, Mattie?" Monica dared a swift glance, to see what expression lay with that tone of crackling humor. Over her compact she saw the old woman's face grim, wise. "This girl looks so like her I thought a ghost walked. And, Mattie . . . Captain Hartwell has forgotten her! He doesn't remember so well, these days. He's forgotten her. Just think of that"—her laugh clicked—"when you get to feeling you can't bear something. Especially if it's a man that does it."

Tiny feelers of Monica's mind went fumbling in a dark pool of the past, trying to capture an elusive minnow of recollection. The Peters girl and the Hartwells. A sensation of sun-warmed sand tickling her neck. Monica was a little girl on the beach, and her brother was burying her in sand. Behind them in camp chairs sat her mother and another woman, sewing, talking. Sentences empty of meaning drifted to the children. Distinctly the scene returned, with that warm tickle of sliding sand. "They say Mrs. Hartwell has supported that Peters woman ever since. Wanted to educate the child, but she's so wild they can't do anything with her. No, he doesn't know a thing about it. Imagine cultivating your husband's wild oats! With your own baby dead, too."

The crashing end of the music destroyed the tenuous grip on the memory. The boy stood up, stretching his arms. "See you later, Luce. Lunch hour's over. 'Bye, Mis' Burns." Lucy, with a final provocative smile at the drummer, retreated to the kitchen, and Mattie Burns, with a sigh, "Well, there's *plenty of work waiting for me*," followed her.

Monica snapped shut her handbag, slipped her arms into the sleeves of her coat, folded the soft fur about her throat. This Lucy, then, was the third. The first one—within her a shrill little voice babbled, "Ask her how she bore, what she did! Lucy Peters wasn't the only woman. Yet she sits there, fine, serene, strong. Ask her what to do!"

The drummer lumbered across to his sample case, humming the ta-de-ta-ta-ti of his favorite song, and hat on the back of his head, disappeared through the door. Monica rose and crossed to the other table.

"You couldn't remember me," she began. "You may recall my mother, Mrs. Swift, Eliza Swift." The dark eyes of the older woman, focusing slowly on Monica, seemed to relinquish some distant time-horizon. "I used to come to your house, Mrs. Hartwell. I'm Monica."

"Why, of course!" Friendliness shone in the finely wrinkled old face. "Sit down. How nice of you to speak to me. You can't blame me for not recognizing you, after all these years. I was just thinking about your mother. I was very fond of her. And that was your husband?"

"Yes. Dr. Philip Hunt." Monica added explanations: the children, a boy and a girl, were still in school; she was to open their summer house. She tried to silence the voice that went babbling on. How could she affront this woman with questions that pried into her personal affairs?

Mrs. Hartwell explained, in turn: "Captain Hartwell retired some years ago. We've lived in the West, but we thought a summer here, before—a summer here might be pleasant. I remember now how you always liked to go up to the lookout, when your mother brought you to the house."

"When my little girl comes down this summer, perhaps you'll let me bring her. She would love it, too. Have you still the teakwood cabinet?"

"Yes. Everything is just as it was." She was silent, looking at Monica. The quiet depth of her eyes seemed cognizant of the pitiful tremor within Monica. Ask her, babbled the voice. She might help you. She's your only chance to find any help. Monica propped an elbow on the table, her knuckles pressed against her lips; she couldn't blurt out her foolish pain to a woman she had encountered in a lunchroom, after more than twenty years. Teach me, begged her eyes, luminous from unshed tears; where did you find your courage?

"It's astonishing how little things change," Mrs. Hartwell went on. "Your little girl will find the same shells you used to hold to your ear. I felt almost a grievance"—she smiled—"to come back, an old lady, and to find my furniture just as I left it. Not a change." She laughed, a pleasant, self-directed chuckle. "Although, to be sure, the roof needed shingling."

"Yes," said Monica. "Only people change."

"They grow up, as you have done. Then they grow old, like me. And just as they're getting wise enough to live, they grow childish again, and die."

Lucy had sauntered in with a handful of silver which she let clatter down on the counter. Mrs. Hartwell looked at the girl, a sardonic wrinkle at a corner of her mouth. As she disappeared again, the old woman said, "There's the first stage. Heady illusion. She thinks the world is made just to keep her happy. The second stage—" She lifted her quiet eyes to Monica. (She knows, shrilled that small voice; she's seen there's something terribly wrong. It's written all over you!) "The second stage is bitter. You are frightened and lonely, while you shrink into the pin-point the world makes out of you. Then you learn to walk alone, just the way a baby has to learn. And finally you learn endurance. In the long run—" She half lifted one hand, as if to touch Monica's. Then she straightened her shoulders, her fingers pulling down the gray silk pleating at her wrists. "Will you come to see me, soon? I won't preach again. Only—I knew this woman, Mattie Burns, and it's easy for an old woman to turn her mind back and get to feeling solemn."

She heard me crying out, thought Monica: I can't say anything. It would violate that pride of hers.

"Hi, Monica!" Philip's summons was triumphant. "All set now, and the *storm's over*."

"This is my husband, Mrs. Hartwell." Monica watched the woman's shrewd appraisal of him, as she explained her childhood acquaintance. "I'll point out the house as we drive past. I'm to take Elizabeth there this summer."

"Harriet, aren't you ready to come yet?" The shrill quaver of Captain Hartwell announced his jerking entry. "That fellow says there isn't a thing the matter. Says I must of choked her too much. I don't believe he knows. You know I never choke her—" He stopped, staring a moment at Lucy, who stood again at the rear door. Monica saw his slow, blinking struggle for recollection, saw him dismiss it for a gallant flourish of his umbrella toward his wife.

He's forgotten them all, she thought: forgotten all the rest, and still needs her. And she has learned to walk alone. Endurance.

She settled herself in the car, relaxing in complete fatigue. Philip peered at her as he started, a tentative glance, like young Phil when he was uncertain as to her reception of some bit of conduct.

"Nice, isn't it?" He shifted into high, and the car ran swiftly past the few houses up a hill where tiny leaves hung glistening in the sunlight. "Nice to see two old birds so comfortable with each other. He was telling me what a wonderful woman his wife was and how they go traveling round, enjoying themselves."

"Darby and Joan." Monica felt a burst of flame in her head, drying up the tears that had so tormented her these last days. She's done it by hanging on, no matter what he did. She knows how to be lonely. Philip's not so bad as that old wretch. It's my loving him that counts.

DEAR God, help me to love him enough! Help me to hang on! "When you're hobbling around with a stick, do you think you'll still want me?" she cried out. His face swung toward her a moment, relief so profound in eyes and mouth that Monica knew, suddenly, he too had suffered.

"Now you're talking sense," he said. "You think you may hang around till then?"

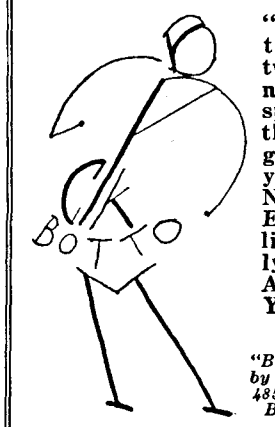
"I expect so." Monica moved until her shoulder brushed his. This was Philip, here beside her, alive, strong, skillful. And she loved him.

"Funny how you happened to know those two old people." He ran on with casual, friendly talk; Monica listened, and beneath the anodyne of his words her thoughts made shadowy interruption. There were things in life thought couldn't touch; too deep for your mind to reach to. It had been fear and injured pride from which she had suffered, not love. That old woman, Mrs. Hartwell, was too proud to be afraid. Proud enough to dare to be humble. What had she said? . . . "You learn to walk alone."

"We're almost home, Monica. Are you glad?"

"Yes. I'm going to be," she said.

Draw a
Nameograph



"Black bottom, a new twister" furnished inspiration for this Nameograph. Send yours to the Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Black Bottom," by Mildred Kaiser, 485 De Witt Ave., Belleville, N. J.

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Safe—with Davy Jones

Continued from page 9

twelve. Or they could sacrifice some of the bulkheads which separate the compartments. The safety of the ship as a whole is enhanced in direct ratio with the number of compartments. If only one of the S-4's six compartments had been wrecked, she would have kept afloat.

Or you could sacrifice surface ammunition for grappling rings. Or, like the German submarines, there might have been sleeping quarters for only 60 per cent of the crew. At any rate, something which the Navy Department considers essential to the fighting prowess and morale of the submarine would have had to be sacrificed for grappling rings, and the Navy Department does not propose to make any such surrender—unless Congress compels.

Pacifist Stuff!

"ALSO," said the submarine commander, "to have raised the S-4 to the surface would have taken two derrick ships each about the size of the liner Leviathan—a couple of 52,000-tonners. The largest crane ship the navy has is the converted Kearsarge, an old 12,000-ton battleship. The Kearsarge's lifting capacity is 250 tons."

"And such experiments as we have made convince us that even had the S-4 or any other American submarine been equipped with grappling rings and crane ships heavy enough to hoist such a weight out of the mud, the submarine would have been torn to pieces before it had left the bottom. We are not dreaming. We are dealing with engineering facts."

We then considered the suggestion of an engineer who had written to the Navy Department saying that the S-4 could have been lifted by rings or hooks anchored by trusses running vertically through the hull to the keel.

The answer to this was a derisive b-a-a-a-a-h. The first pull would have fetched the keel up—but nothing else.

"No," said the celebrated naval constructor, "the only safe way to raise a disabled submarine is with pontoons. The only logical thing to do while such salvage is under way is to get air and food to the imprisoned men. In time of war it is hardly likely that we would have an opportunity so to succor them."

"But we are not at war," I protested. "There is no likelihood of war just now. Couldn't we operate submarines on a peace-time basis as well as a war-time régime?"

"How do you know there's no likelihood of war?" growled the submarine commander. "Modern warfare doesn't include the service of warning of belligerent intentions. You're talking that pacifist stuff."

The long review of the submarine and her possible safety devices was sprinkled generously with such brief digressions, but we were always quick to get back to the main theme.

"What about a buoy, which, in the instance of the S-4, might have been released from the submerged ship and come to the surface, fetching with it an armored pipe line through which telephone communication, air and food could have been passed? Our submarines had something of the sort up until 1917."

I was at once informed that I had been under a misapprehension. What our submarines had until 1917 was a marker buoy which could be released from the submerged ship and carry to the surface a line inside of which was merely a telephone cable. These buoys were not put back after the war because, in the opinion of the Navy Department, they were of no value in rescuing entombed sailors and were too easily released by a jar from an outside agency and added only weight to the craft.

Such simple buoys weigh 1,000 pounds each; but such weight is hardly a circumstance to what such a device as I described would be. I was shown records where large buoys with heavy tails inside of which ran tubes for air and food as well as telephone cable were tried out twenty-five years ago on the ancient submersibles Shark and Porpoise, sons of the original Holland, and discarded as "impracticable."

These buoys were fastened to the submarine's deck. The armored hose which they would carry to the surface, like hands stretched forth from the prisoners below, was wound on a huge reel beneath the buoy. The buoy was released by a lever within the hull.

"At 100 feet depth," said the constructor, "the pressure was so great that the heavily armored hose was pinched flat as you would pinch a thin rubber tube between your finger and thumb."

Futhermore, it was shown that the least twist of the ship severed the hose close to the submerged ship. And that was why the navy abandoned it. That and the eternal reason of weight. Additional weight! Additional weight! They were forever shuddering the words at me.

The idea of a detachable keel came next. The idea is laudably simple. Each submarine should have a lead keel weighing 100 tons which could be released by levers or a switch.

The American navy had never experimented with the idea, but, then, they hadn't found it necessary to do so. The British navy had saved them the trouble. His Majesty's Ship S-1 had just such a detachable keel and one day while submerged she brushed that lead against something, ever so lightly, and off it came.

And up went the S-1, to discover that she could not submerge again. Thus ended the detachable-keel experiments.

We took up such suggestions as individual diving suits for each man, detachable compartments in which men might escape and the rearrangement of torpedo tubes so that men might escape through them; but to each of these there was sturdy opposition.

The diving suit was a possibility, although it had not been adopted—no one was clear why. The detachable compartment, a sort of diving bell so buoyed that it would rise as soon as released, is abhorrent to fighting men (department heads, at any rate) because it would add only weight to the ship and could not be converted to military uses.

As for torpedo-tube escapes! Well, only one man had ever left a submerged submarine by the way of the tubes. He is now the commander of the airplane carrier Saratoga—Commander Kenneth Whiting—and he did it as a stunt in 1910.

We Will Never Know Why

MEN might escape through the torpedo tubes, provided they found themselves in the tube compartment at the time of the disaster. Lieutenant Fitch and his five men were there entombed. But one man would have to remain behind to die because there would be nobody to shut the breech of the tube behind him when he entered it.

And at a depth of 100 feet it is hardly possible that any man would be able to emerge at all from the tube because of the pressure of the sea against the outer end.

But even if he were able to swim out he would, under ordinary conditions, arrive on the surface with his eardrums broken. Within the tube would have been an air bubble incasing his head and the pressure therein might have been great enough even to render him unconscious—in which case he would die before getting out.

Commander Whiting's experiment or stunt was done under ideal conditions, in tropic waters. At any rate, Lieutenant Fitch and his men did not try the torpedo tubes. Unless he kept a diary, we shall never know why.

Here is the navy's view; and, incidentally, herein lies the gist of what the

(*Continued on page 44*)

"He fascinated them by his brilliant talk"—

THEY never had heard how the right age for marriage has been found . . . amazing revelation of science.

He alone knew of invisible light, how diamonds may be made; alone knew of the televox — that unique invention that tends the furnace, answers the telephone, solves problems in mathematics . . . all at the word of command!

They even stopped the bridge game to listen.

He quoted Edison, Sir Oliver Lodge, Marconi; described the atom; discoursed on aviation, television—and held the company spellbound!

"Everybody Turned to Him"

"Frank, why can't you be as entertaining as Mr. Haines was tonight?" Mrs. Phelps asked her husband as they were driving home. "He was interesting, up-to-date; everybody turned to listen to what *he* had to say. But all *you* could talk about was business!"

Frank wondered, too. He couldn't understand how Haines could be so well-informed—so familiar with all the new discoveries and inventions, so thoroughly in touch with the brilliant ideas of great intellects.

So, one day, he asked Haines: "How do you know about all these things? When do you find time to study them?"

The Secret is Revealed

Haines laughed. "'Study?' Why, I don't study! The way I learn is fun, and you can do as I did.

"There's a group in New York that looks up these marvels for me. It tells me what the greatest minds of the world are doing.

"This organization interviews world-famous men and women and gives me their ideas. Tells me, now, what most people will just be hearing about next year, or later.

"Describes and shows me the new processes, the latest inventions, facts of lasting importance that the newspapers never give. It spends thousands of dollars each month to get these facts for me."

"How much does it cost to join?" asked Phelps. "And can I be a member?"

"Of course you can," said Haines with a smile . . . and he handed Phelps a Popular Science Monthly!

Can't Afford to Miss It

"There's where I learn what's new," said Haines, opening the magazine.

"Facts and pictures like these in Popular Science have more 'punch' than any fiction. Look at this article in the March issue: 'Sperry—the Man Who Competes With the Sun!' An amazing story: I've read it. Or 'The Movie Maker,' with inside secrets of how the camera fools the eye.

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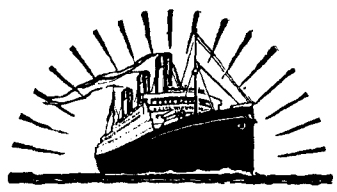

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Safe—with Davy Jones

Continued from page 43

navy will find in its own investigation.

The submarine was running submerged, her periscope ostensibly sweeping the seas. Toward her came the Paulding at eighteen knots an hour. The Paulding saw the periscope—took it to be a fish stick, a marker used for fishermen's nets.

That is as it should be, say the navy men. If a periscope is clearly discernible and easily identified, it becomes a liability to the submarine.

It was clearly up to the submarine to dodge the surface ship and not for the surface ship to dodge the submarine. It was quite possible for the S-4 to have seen the Paulding four miles away.

But, protest the navy men, even if the S-4 hadn't seen the Paulding until the destroyer was upon her, the collision could have been avoided and the S-4 continued on her submerged course, because, submerged, the submarine would have passed beneath the keel of the Paulding, which draws only 15 feet, whereas the superstructure of the S-4 was about 25 feet below the surface.

"She blew her tanks, she blew her tanks," one of the navy experts assured me. "She must have blown her tanks."

When a submarine of the S class blows her tanks she merely expels the 200 tons of sea water, the weight of which holds her below the surface. She can blow her tanks so mightily that she will rise forty feet in a minute. A V-boat will take on 500 tons of water to submerge and will be able to blow her tanks in thirty seconds.

"She blew her tanks," repeated the navy man, "and she bobbed to the surface just in time to get smashed. Whoever was at that periscope—and it should have been Jones—must have failed to see the Paulding until she was on top of him (and that doesn't sound like Jones, God knows). Whoever it was lost his head and gave the order to blow the tanks. That wasn't Jones; that wasn't Jones. They'll never make me believe that.

"Blow the tanks—that's drilled into the submarine officer until it's his other self, instinctive. If anything goes wrong below there's just one order—blow the tanks."

"Why wasn't the tender ship, the Wandak, there to warn surface shipping off?" I asked.

"My God," cried the submarine commander, "I've heard that so often! What difference does it make where the Wandak was? If we can't take a submarine out without a nurse to see that nobody kidnaps her, we'd better stay home. Jones didn't want the Wandak around. No good submarine commander wants a Wandak around. He's on his own. If he can't take care of himself in peaceful waters, what's he going to do in war? Submarine men can take care of themselves—or ought to be able to."

Seeking a Midway Path

IN AN adjoining room twenty clerks and typists were waging what seemed a hopeless fight against floods of mail which flowed into the Navy Department from all of the forty-eight states. A hundred thousand telegrams and half a million letters had come in since the S-4 collapsed on the floor of Cape Cod Bay.

Some of this assault was intended to be helpful—how to raise the S-4, what should have been done, what the navy had failed to adopt. Here was an inventor who said his ideas would have prevented the calamity—if they had been bought by the government. But he was only a man of science and training, not a politician! Here was a man who accused the navy of not wanting to raise the S-4 lest the real cause of the disaster be discovered—to the eternal damnation of the Administration.

Pathetic letters from mothers who wanted their sons released from the navy! Weird letters from lunatics—threatening, offering prayers! Wild letters offering certain methods: raising the S-4 by the moon's power; hoisting the stricken ship with a magnet which the writer offered for a paltry million; dropping a great bell jar over the S-4 and after pumping the water out of the jar enter and work on dry land!

And beyond this room, insisting that every letter and every telegram be answered as if it had come from the highest source, was Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, a little haggard, very anxious and, it seemed to me, just a trifle uncertain.

Justly or unjustly, his administration was under attack. Perhaps Mr. Wilbur isn't a fighter; certainly he is not articulate at it. One couldn't help thinking what Theodore Roosevelt would have been like—the elder Roosevelt of course.

Mr. Wilbur was seeking that dim, vague path midway between the sentimental and the hard-boiled, and like others was failing to find it. . . . First, Admiral Magruder; then the gasp of the nation as he asked Congress for three quarters of a billion; then the S-4.

Certainly the submarine calamity had not warmed the public to that program of $750,000,000. Already sentiment against so vast a sum for a navy which hadn't thought to equip submarines with safety devices was crystallizing in Congress, particularly after the Navy Department was admitting so freely that it had safety devices to use—if it considered it expedient to use them.

Mr. Wilbur was back in his office after having done what the old-timers in the House of Representatives call unprecedented. He had gone down to the Capitol and had called personally upon humble although leather-lunged members of the House Committee on Naval Affairs and besought them to wait, not to be carried off by public emotion (although, Heaven knew, his own heart was wrung), to weigh and appraise the words of the navy's experts.

To Representative James V. McClintic of Oklahoma, the home of Lieutenant Commander Jones, was Mr. Wilbur particularly amiable because, while Mr. McClintic is a Democrat and on the minority side of the committee, he is a persistent battler and his clanging voice is a popular one at present.

"I was honored by Mr. Wilbur's call," said Mr. McClintic, "but I am still asking the Navy Department what it intends to do for the submarines with that $750,000,000. I am still waiting for a reply to a letter I sent to the Navy Department asking why submarine tests have to be conducted in the frigid waters of Cape Cod when the southwest coast of Florida is available, and, even more important, out of the shipping lanes. I am still waiting for a reply to my letter asking the navy to set forth plainly what safety devices they have and why they have to be so warlike in times of peace as to ignore peace-time equipment.

The Real Trouble

"I WROTE this letter; and they sent an admiral to ask me whether I couldn't be a little more courteous in my addresses to the Navy Department!

"The navy was right cut up over the fact that I had sent the letter through the secretary of the House Naval Affairs Committee!

"So I have to keep on shouting. The real trouble is that the navy is too self-sufficient. A little clique of bureaucrats decide what it's most convenient for the navy to be. The navy could not help benefiting by the removal of Mr. Wilbur and the appointment of a man who was not graduated from Annapolis and who, therefore, is not almost certain to stand shoulder to shoulder with men who are by training and instinct militarists above everything else.

"There is something wrong with our submarine program, and they can't correct it by blaming the S-4 disaster on a dead man or by reducing a live one a few points."

Back in the Navy Department such statements as Mr. McClintic's were being discussed without enthusiasm. The experts agreed grudgingly that "military logic" can't convince the public that it was necessary to maintain the submarines on a war footing when there was no war in sight. Hereafter—at least until the present furor subsides and the public conveniently forgets the S-4 tragedy—submarines will be guarded by tender ships to warn surface shipping off the trial courses.

The navy's great fear at the moment is for its $750,000,000 building program, and to save that it is willing to make concessions to what it calls "the sentimentalist public."

Not only did Professor Nearsight break his glasses this morning but he just begins to realize he used his wife's clothes dye instead of the bath salts

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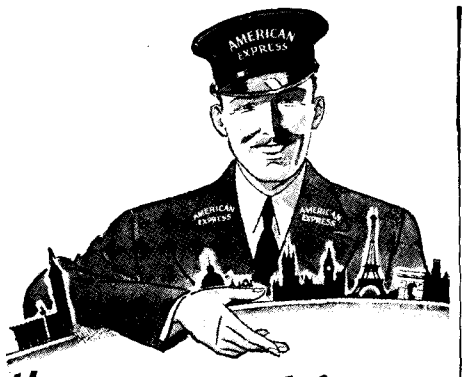

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 25

"Now, then," he vouchsafed, with much cordiality, "fire away, boy. What's on your chest?"

Gavin Cole seated himself on a corner of the desk. His face was set and emotionless. There was a restrained quality to his voice, when presently he spoke, which gave it an uncertain note suggesting timidity.

"Bett," he asked, "is it true that Jeff Christie has been working for the honest development of this valley along the lines his sister told me last spring? Has he been working for the valley and for its preservation and betterment and not really as a secret agent for the Seaboard City Water Company? Has he?"

"To the best of my belief," answered Bett, "he has. The simp really has put his own fortune and his friends' fortunes into a wild-cat scheme to make this valley rich and populous, and all that kind of thing. And that's all the good it's done him. I don't mind saying," he added judicially, "that it was a good scheme and it had plenty of promise in it. Only he happened to run counter to me. I needed this valley, and I had to smash Christie. It's a way I have with people who get under my feet."

He spoke almost urbanely and smiled in friendly amusement up at the listening Gavin.

"Why did you tell me that string of lies last spring? Why did you say he had sold himself to the Seaboard City Water Company?"

"Why does a jockey touch his mount with the spurs?" countered Bett, wholly unabashed and without a shadow of offense. "Why does he rowel his mount when he gets to a ticklish point in a race? He does it to make the horse throw every atom of his power into winning. A lie isn't a pretty spur. But many's the close race it's won for me. This one, for instance. Get the idea?"

"Yes," assented Gavin, after a moment's pause, "I get it."

HIS tone was mild, almost conciliatory. Bett despised him afresh for a cheap-souled wage slave. The giant went on:

"If we hadn't balked him at every step, Christie would have got to be too big a stumbling block for us to climb over. So I had to—"

"Bett," interposed Gavin, breaking in apologetically on the homily, "is it true that you wanted to grab this valley and get your dam started and buy up options, not for any land development scheme such as you pretended to me, but so the Seaboard City Water Company could be cajoled into buying the whole thing from your syndicate at a big profit?"

"At a *gratifyingly* big profit," amended Bett. "But until this week I was afraid we might have to go on with the absurd bluffing work for another two or three months before I could land them. Without boring you with details, I hit on a lucky way of scaring them by coquetting coyly with the Four-State water crowd. So the Seaboard people came a-running. Yesterday they came. This morning the final contracts were signed. It was all done at top speed. Tomorrow they take over the work here. Why, boy," he continued, pityingly, "didn't you even guess when I ordered such a whopping foundation for such a piker dam? But, then, you wouldn't guess. You never do. That is one reason you've been so useful to me. Give me a zealous fool, I always say, for a ticklish job."

He smiled up at Gavin, as though he had just paid the engineer a graceful compliment. Gradually Bett was beginning to warm to the interview. It promised much along his own characteristic cat-and-mouse lines.

But as he watched Gavin the giant's face lost a bit of its happy anticipation. According to Bett's own forecast of the scene, this was the point at which Cole should break forth in amusingly gratifying curses and reproaches. Instead, Gavin was meeting his gaze unmoved, save for that strangely set expression of eye and mouth.

There was scant joyance in applying the burning glass when the prisoned ant would not do its own share of the performance by squirming wildly under the torture ray. Bett turned the glass for a stronger exposure to the sun.

"Yes," he expounded, "this is the best site for a reservoir in all New Jersey. Almost the best on the Atlantic seaboard. I've had my eye on it a long time, but things never seemed to shape themselves rightly for it till this year. You were an ideal man for the preliminary work and for the whole job—you with your rabid hate for the water crowd. I was lucky to get you."

AGAIN he sat back, watching for the squirm of the ant. But the ant did not squirm.

"Yes," purred Bett. "It's been a sweet job from the start. And now my work is bought in by the Seaboard outfit at my own terms. I owe a lot to you, boy."

"You do," agreed Gavin, "and you're going to pay it all."

"Is that a threat?" asked Bett, highly entertained.

"No," corrected Gavin. "A promise. A very solemn promise. Not to be redeemed *some* day, but now and here. In the first place, you've made a few serious mistakes, Bett, just as every crook does. For instance, you bought too little land outright, and you relied too much on options."

"Quite so," assented Bett, speaking as if of a child, "and partly on your advice. In that your advice was sound. The Seaboard people have complimented me on the reasonable prices they'll be able to get the land for. You sure drove good bargains—except for yourself."

"Yes," said Gavin, mildly, "I did. By the way, that line of sabotage and Gerritt's stunt yesterday—they were all done under your orders, of course?"

"Naturally. Anyone but a silly idealist with his head in the clouds would have guessed that from the start. Christie had to be crippled. I knew you would kick, and I still needed you. I don't need you any more. That's why I can indulge the gorgeous luxury of being frank. No man on earth loves to be frank more than I do. And"—he sighed plaintively—"no man on earth gets less chance to be. . . . If I had got word an hour earlier that the Seaboard people had surrendered, I'd have saved myself the bother and expense of Ham Gerritt's little excursion yesterday. But it's worth risking an extra penny to get a ten-spot, isn't it? No, I don't grudge paying whatever Gerritt's smash-up will cost me. Besides, the story of that girl holding them up with a bunch of fizzers is worth the expense. She—"

"Aren't we straying from the point?" asked Gavin, with labored civility. "We were speaking of options, I think. I—"

"No," denied Bett, "it was you who brought up the dry topic of options, as a sort of non sequitur after saying you were going to get back at me. I didn't catch the drift, but—"

"I said I was going to get back at you," admitted Gavin, "but when I spoke of your fat sheaf of land options I was leading up tactfully to a statement that I had already got back at you in part. The options are in your safe still, I suppose? Well, why not take a look at them? If—"

"I've been over them all, thanks," said Bett. "In fact, you may remember, I had them drawn up especially by my law men, and I brought them out here to you last spring, the day I sicked you on to Jeff Christie. So—"

"The same day," continued Cole, in slow-spoken explanation—"the same day someone gave me a rather low estimate of your squareness. That person had nothing to go on except intuition. I laughed at the idea that you weren't on the level in this development scheme of yours. But in the back of my mind I

(*Continued on page 46*)

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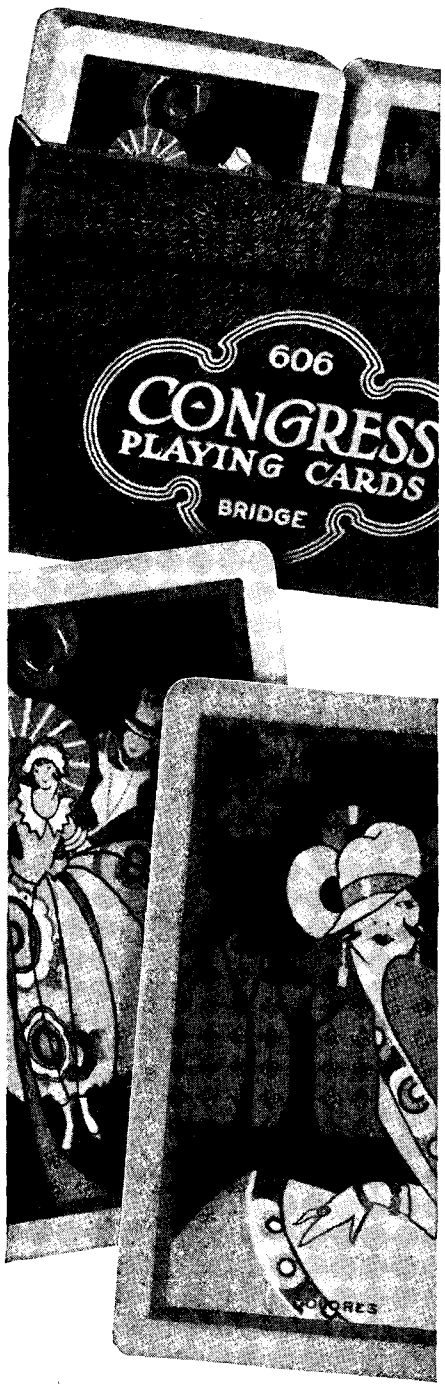

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 45

was pestered. I couldn't shake free of what I had just heard. So at last I hit on a way of compromising between sanity and intuition.

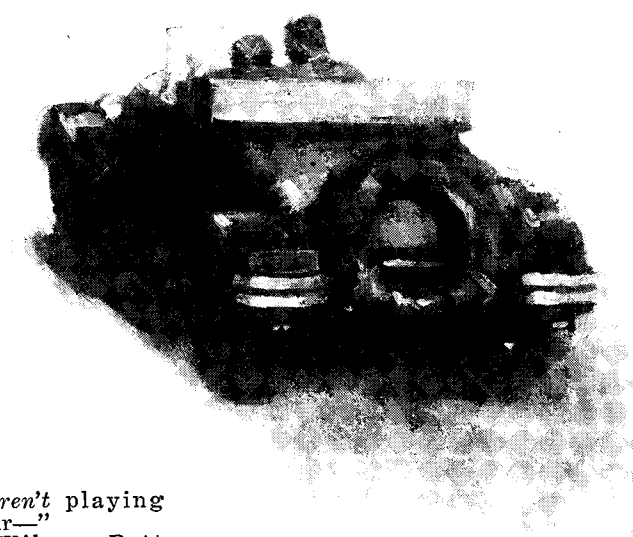
"I took the option forms down to the Regin job printer," resumed Gavin. "They were in a simple type. I had no bother in getting them reprinted to look precisely as they had looked before—unless one happened to wade through the maze of small-print clauses at the bottom."

"Huh?" ejaculated Bett, sitting up. "What's—"

"I had them insert about a dozen words, down in that small-type jumble," explained Cole. "You'd never notice it unless you read the option forms clear through. And of course you never troubled yourself to read them through after you turned them over to me that day up at my shack last spring. If you had—"

Bett was on his feet, staring at his lately despised assistant as at a rabbit which suddenly should display a gift for discoursing in iambic pentameter.

"If you had troubled to read them over again," pursued Gavin, "you would have found my inserted clause—which says that if it is found the land is to be used for water-supply purposes the option shall become void. If you were on the square, no harm would be done and I should be out of pocket for the printing bill. But if by any off chance you



Their good friend Heather watched them disappear

weren't playing fair—"

Wilgus Bett had stood swaying drunkenly, his strong face a queerly sodden mask while Cole outlined what he had done. Now his giant body galvanized to action and his face was the face of a fighter.

In one stride he had reached the safe in the corner and was spinning away at the knobs.

"Quite right," approved Gavin. "Verify it, by all means. I told Jeff Christie this morning about that water clause in all the options. I left him phoning his New York lawyers about it. Before I came in here to see you just now I went up to my room and got some of the unused option blanks and sent them across to Christie by messenger. He has them by this time. In half an hour—"

Bett did not hear the carefully modulated flow of explanation. Frenziedly he was yanking wide the safe door with one hand, while with the other he was groping for a compartment far at the back.

"You see, Bett," went on Gavin, "every option was signed with that clause in it. By tonight everyone within ten miles will know you have sold your supposed development holdings here to the Seaboard City Water Company, and that the Seaboard is planning to flood the valley. That means every option giver will cancel.

"Every important key site, except one or two, is covered only by options. That means the Seaboard Company has paid you a fortune—or has promised to pay it—for useless farmlands that it can't flood. Oh, I forgot—Christie is having his lawyers send over to the Seaboard offices to notify them about the catch. Something tells me the deal is going to fall apart with a loud bang and that the Napoleonic Mr. Wilgus Bett is going to be left to hold a rather costly bag. I understand that no actual payments except the binders have been made to your syndicate yet by the Seaboard. Something tells me none ever will be. So much for that part of the case. Now we'll come to my own private account with the man who has cheated me and tried to turn me into a crook. That isn't on the free list. It—"

BETT had not heard nor heeded the calmly worded statement of the appalling new angle to the situation. With shaking fingers he had drawn out a bundle of printed and signed and witnessed forms and was running his eye over the topmost of them.

His mouth flew ajar, emitting uncanny static sounds which clouded the diction of his really brilliant volley of profanity.

"You've found it, eh?" queried Gavin through the gush of expletive. "Yes, so I see. And you realize what it means? You told me once that more wise men had come to grief from underestimating the brains of a so-called fool than in any other way. Very good. So much for that. Now for our own party, yours and mine."

As he spoke he dropped his coat to the floor and stepped up to Wilgus Bett. The giant's face was purple. The old scar on his chin stood out like smeared ebony. The tangles of temple veins were coiled snakes. His eyes lost their look of blank horror and began to blaze.

"Good!" exclaimed Gavin. "You're sane again. I told you it wasn't on the free list to use a white man as a dupe. You owe me a bill. I am here to collect it in the only way such a filthy bill can be squared."

He spoke evenly, almost casually. As he finished his left arm shot out, and his loose-held fingers flicked Bett bruisingly athwart the distorted mouth.

"Put up your hands, you oversized skunk!" Gavin commanded.

With a wild-beast howl, Wilgus Bett came to life. Roaring, he flung himself at the man who had wrecked his work and his fortune and his prestige—the erstwhile booby he had promised himself the æsthetic pleasure of torturing.

The giant was stripped of his suave veneer and of all other shrewdly acquired mental and moral trappings. Insane fury obsessed him: a maniac craving to kill and tear asunder this long-sneered-at annihilator of his golden plans.

At Gavin he threw himself, blindly savage in his bloodlust. Men in such a mood are easy prey to a skilled boxer who can keep his head. With entire lack of effort Cole sidestepped the bull rush.

Then as the giant hurtled past him Gavin's left fist was driven with dynamic force and precision to Bett's jaw, while his right thudded in a vicious half hook to his adversary's heart.

A normal man must have been knocked senseless by the jaw punch. A normal man's whole system would have been jarred to nausea and faintness by the terrific hook to the heart. The only outward effect of both blows was to stop Bett's momentum and send him staggering back a step or so.

Then, almost before he had ceased to move backward, he was plunging afresh at his shorter and lighter opponent.

The two punches had had also the effect of jarring the giant out of his unseeing mania of rage and steadying his hot brain to a semblance of human reasoning. No longer a mere wild animal relying rashly on his brute force to batter down his victim, he fell back on the science and the strength concentration which were his by birthright and by constant athletic training.

Tenfold more dangerous because his brain was awake, he ran in again at Cole. But this was no aimless rush. It was guided and propelled by the trained powers which would have carried their owner to the top of the heavyweight division had he sought the ring as an outlet for his prowess.

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Well had Cole known what he might be incurring in challenging such a man to a finish fight. Tales of Bett's fearsome exploits against recalcitrant gang foremen and the like were common talk in engineering circles.

Yet in no other way did Cole feel he could regain his self-respect and punish fitly the man whose loyal dupe he had been. As rabidly ferocious for the fray as was the giant himself, Gavin nevertheless threw himself supercautiously on the defensive.

He sought to sidestep the charge, hoping for another chance to counter as effectively as before. But Bett would not blunder twice into the same trap. In mid-rush the giant halted, feinted with a menacing right, then drove his left with piston speed and force, for the wind.

IT WAS a simple trick to block. Cole blocked it, still seeking to counter. In the same second he was reeling back, dizzily and off balance, from a right hook to the jaw, for which Bett's seemingly clumsy maneuver had opened the way.

By rare luck or instinct Gavin had thrust upward his left shoulder as the hook flashed in. The shoulder was numbed for a moment by the force of the impact and enough of the blow landed on the side of the jaw to pave the way for a knockout.

As Gavin staggered backward the giant was after him, avidly seeking to finish what he had begun. Still dizzy and half numb, Cole managed to block the fusillade of smashes enough to duck forward into a clinch.

Bett threw him off as easily as Gavin had slung the secretary across the anteroom—threw him off and swirled in at him again.

Cole gave ground before the hurricane, dancing away, while Bett drove him back the length of the room with a volley of short-arm blows. Most of these the smaller man ducked or blocked or backed away from, striving ever to land a counter on the bulky giant.

Cole ran deftly into a clinch, taking a thudding blow on the cheek in the process of getting inside that terrific battery of punches. This time Bett did not toss him away, but closed his mighty arms about the lighter man in the dreaded underhold before ever Gavin could guess his intent or secure his own grip.

From the floor Cole's feet were swung. The python grasp of Bett's locked arms was about his waist, tightening and tightening. Bett's chin was thrust into the hollow of Gavin's shoulder, pressing Cole's upper body sharply back, even while the arms drew his waist forward.

From such a grip, rightly applied by a man of great strength, there is seldom an escape before ribs and spine are snapped by the fearful cross pressure. Cole's eyes misted. He could not breathe. His wildest struggles could not ease the ever-constricting pressure about his middle or the resistless outthrust of Bett's chin in the shoulder-blade hollow.

Then all at once Bett felt his victim's taut muscles slacken and his tensely struggling body go limp. Inert, moveless, Gavin sagged heavy in his foe's savage grasp. Bett loosed somewhat the constriction of his clasp on the slumped body. Floorward slipped Cole's feet, that had been helplessly high in air.

Then Bett renewed convulsively his death grasp. But he was an instant too slow in noting the sudden tensing of Cole's flaccid body. Once more he was too late in estimating aright the intelligence of a despised adversary.

As Gavin's feet touched ground, he abandoned his rôle of helplessly swooning victim. He abandoned it in one savagely swift maneuver taught him years agone by a renowned rough-and-tumble street fighter.

His first move, on finding his footing, was to drive his heel, with all his strength and weight, down on the nearest instep of his conqueror.

Perhaps there are mortals who can withstand the first involuntary anguish which sweeps through the body as the cluster of sensitive instep nerves is stamped on. But, with all his superman prowess, Bett was not such a mortal.

Instinctively he loosened his newly constricting grasp on Gavin and writhed in torment as the hot stings of pain danced from his bruised instep throughout his entire gigantic body. Only for a fraction of a moment did the giant yield to this luxury of pain. Then, doubly savage for his injury and for Gavin's successful ruse, Bett was his all-conquering self again, a terrible fighting machine.

But in that tiny flicker of time Gavin Cole had torn free of the encircling arms and had driven a rage-impelled right fist in an uppercut to Bett's jaw-point. Wilgus, in the act of lunging forward at his slippery foe, caught the tremendous blow on his chin with all its undiminished impetus.

Back he staggered, and after him flew Gavin Cole, attacking in whirlwind fashion, boring in and delivering punch after punch to face and to body. It was a bloodthirsty rally, and it wrought cruel punishment. Before Wilgus could recover himself he was lurching backward, his giant form the thudded punching bag for a half score of viciously punishing blows.

To Cole, in the fiery exultation of his own onslaught, it seemed that no human endurance could withstand such punishment as he was inflicting on the reeling giant. Every hammering punch he drove into Bett's anatomy helped to ease his own resentment against the man who had fooled him so cruelly and so long and who had beguiled him into working for the very water interests Cole abhorred.

But Bett no longer was retreating beneath the sheer torrent of Gavin's assault. He rallied with a jerk of the body and an impatient shake of his leonine head, as if dismissing the mortal handicaps which had made him retire in face of a lesser man's attack.

So suddenly that Cole was all but caught off guard, Wilgus snatched the aggressive from him and was sweeping back to the conflict with strength seemingly unimpaired. It was a rally as dazzlingly brilliant as it was unforeseen by Gavin.

Back moved Cole, the giant pressing him hard, raining blows at him, seeking once more to corner Gavin or force him to grips. In face of that charge, Cole gave ground, moving lithely, warily avoiding the crafty or brutal attempts to wedge him into a corner or draw him into a clinch.

As he retreated he landed counter after counter to Bett's ferocious offensive. To Gavin, for the first time in the short course of the battle, came a ray of genuine hope. He realized he was fending off Bett's frantic fusillade with less difficulty than at first and that he was whipping more and more effective counters of his own past his antagonist's guard.

Yes, assuredly, Bett's incredible burst of speed was slowing down. Redoubling his own caution, Gavin smiled grimly to himself as he fought his shiftily defensive fight. He knew he had hit upon the right tack, on the one possibility of winning.

Bett was four inches taller and forty pounds heavier than he, but while he still was an opponent no normal man would care to encounter, days of ease and of overfeeding had begun to mar his glorious physique for any long-sustained effort.

HE WAS slowing down, if very gradually, and he knew it as well as did Gavin. If the fight were to be won by him, it must be won quickly.

Bett's face was asmear with blood and was cruelly bruised and swollen. One of his eyes had begun to close under the crash of Gavin's fist in that brief retreat from which the giant had rallied so supremely. He was not a pleasing sight.

Gavin continued to hold the defensive and to force the other to do the bulk of the work. He was well content to play this waiting game, wearing down the giant, and meantime inflicting as much punishment as he could while he backed away. A little longer—

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(*Continued on page 48*)

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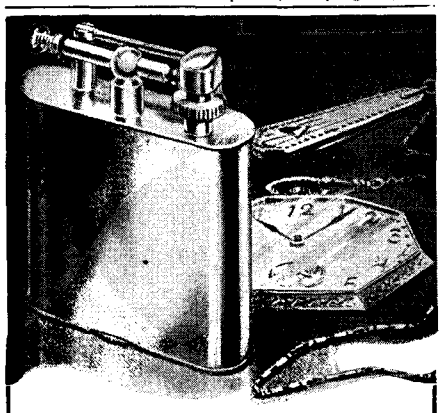

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 47

strife and have sent for reënforcements.

The stout door panels held even while they sagged and cracked. The old-fashioned lock was defying kicks and shoulder shoves.

Then on the other door came a fanfare of pounding and rattling. The hotel people evidently were trying to get in from both sides. In the alley below running steps sounded. Somebody bawled for a ladder.

No, Gavin was not to have time to carry out his game of wearing down his foe. Presently, through door or window, interruption must come. Cole ceased to retreat, standing foot to foot with his towering opponent and slugging murderously at short range.

He received blows which would have crushed him had they been struck earlier in the fray when Bett had had all his old giant's vigor. As it was, they shook and jarred Gavin and sent him staggering. But ever he came back for more, hammering with all his furious strength and science, landing three punches to each one he took.

Up and down the wide office raged the fight. Chairs were knocked over and trodden underfoot. The warriors caromed against the heavy desk. Over it went resoundingly with its weight of papers and furnishings. The rug was snarled into a heap. Under stamping feet, one upset chair was turned to matchwood.

THE doors bulged and groaned. Their panels splintered from the frantic efforts of those outside to gain ingress. A ladder top bumped against the sill of one of the windows. The room was a haze of choking dust.

Cole's toe caught in the rung of a fallen chair. He jumped back to regain his balance. His right foot landed in the middle of the snarled rug. The rug slid from under him. Down he crashed on his back amid the wrecked furniture.

With a growl, Wilgus Bett was upon him, making oddly gruesome sounds far down in his thick throat, like a beast worrying its prey. The giant's hands were at Gavin's jugular vein as Cole lay there, prostrate and dazed.

The exploringly gripping fingers closed about his throat, shutting off his breath, and digging to the carotid artery. Bett's hideously disfigured face glared into Cole's with insane glee, as he had the lesser man at last wholly at his mercy. Bett's body bent eagerly forward as the giant sought to kneel on the vanquished fighter's chest, the better to enforce his strangling grasp on the throat.

Had he been calmer, less completely in the power of the murder lust that possessed him, he would not have attempted so daring a move as this against a man who had shown himself a master of rough-and-tumble fighting. But the feel of his own fingers in the hated throat of the fallen Cole swept away every impulse from the giant's mind save only homicide.

As the fingers caught Cole's throat and as the huge body swooped down toward him, Gavin went into instinctive action. Doubling his legs under him, turning himself into a human catapult, he braced his back against the floor and his head against the wainscoting. At the same time—it was all the work of a quarter second—he seized Bett by both wrists and brought his own feet upward to the pit of the giant's stomach.

With every atom of muscle and leverage at his command, Gavin drove his bunched legs upward and jerked down Bett's prisoned wrists. Then, in almost the same move, he shifted his wrist hold to the down-plunging shoulders and thrust them outward and to one side.

The first of the Regin policemen swarmed up the ladder and peered into the dust-murked office. He had a fleeting glimpse of Wilgus Bett bending down over a man who lay on his back with legs drawn high up under him and with hands that grabbed at his conqueror's wrists.

Before the policeman's astonished mind could do more than record this sight he beheld the gigantic Bett soar upward and sharply to one side, the huge body doubling like a jackknife as it shot aloft.

For several feet it flew in air, up and sidewise. Then down it crashed headforemost, smiting the sharp wainscot edge with a resounding crash.

Gavin Cole scrambled panting from the floor and stood swaying drunkenly above his moveless enemy.

The two office doors burst in simultaneously, while the policeman was wriggling through the window he had opened and while other men were scampering up the ladder. All at once the room was full of noisy people, shouting, gesticulating, blithering idiotic questions.

Closely they crowded about the space in whose center sprawled the mammoth body of Wilgus Bett. Above the stunned giant Gavin Cole still was swaying and weaving and panting. All around was chaos of disorder and destruction.

Both men were in indescribably hideous plight. They were all but naked from the waist up. Their sinewy bodies were blotched and bruised in harlequin pattern. Through the worst bruises oozed pin points of blood. Their faces were masks of blood and were grotesquely distorted by lump and abrasion.

Indeed Wilgus Bett was almost unrecognizable. His face had been the goal of thrice as many blows as had landed on Gavin's. Many a long day must pass before it could resume any of its cameo outlines or before the life mask of breezy suavity could sit convincingly upon it once more.

The giant had had the amazing physical endurance to remain upright under Gavin's punishing hailstorm of bare-knuckle punches. But his ease-softened flesh had not had a like power of resistance.

He was a revoltingly nauseous sight as he spraddled there. Slowly returning consciousness caused his giant body to quiver and twitch. One eye sought flutteringly to open beneath a mass of swollen flesh. The other eye was quite invisible. As men bent to lift him his left arm dangled limply. The shoulder blade had snapped at the concussion against the wainscot. The shoulder itself was thrown out of joint.

Gavin Cole fought for breath and to steady the spinning motion of the room. Through his dizziness he could see Smeed kneeling beside his fallen lord. Then he could hear, through the roaring and buzzing in his head, the secretary's dry voice vehemently commanding one of the policemen to arrest Bett's conqueror.

ONE of the detective agency guards approached Gavin uncertainly. The need for action helped to clear Cole's tortured brain. He waved the khaki-clad policeman back.

"I'm in command here, in Mr. Bett's absence," he croaked pantingly. "Mr. Bett is absent now. All but his body—I've smashed that. As I've smashed his fortune and the crooked game he played! I'm in charge here. You'll take your orders from me as usual. Understand?"

He wondered at his own comparative coherence of speech. Emboldened by it, he turned to the dryly fuming secretary.

"If Mr. Bett wants me arrested when he comes to himself," said Cole, finding it increasingly easy to frame intelligent words and to pin the revolving room down to one temporary position, "he'll know where to look for me. But I think he won't. I know too much. Besides, our account is squared. Squared for keeps. Best pick up that litter of option blanks over there. They'll be handy for—for pipe lighters."

He spoke drunkenly, but ever with more ease.

"Now, then," he went on to all and sundry, "I'm going to clean up. I've still got one good punch left—for the chap who tries to stop me. Give me room."

Bleeding, horrible, a thing to strike terror, he stumbled toward the shattered office door. His clothes fell from him in blood-flecked tatters. The crowd made way for him, shrinking back from his lurching approach and from his blinkingly threatening glare.

A HALF hour later, as Gavin finished the painful process of bathing and of getting into clean clothes, there was a rap at his room door.

"Come in!" he ordered truculently.

Jeff Christie entered, hurrying over to him and laying both hands on Cole's shoulders.

"I didn't hear about it till a few minutes ago," said Jeff. "One of my men was in town. He joined the bunch that burst in and saw the wind-up of the fight. He phoned me. I came here in a rush. I'm sorry I'm late. Lord, man, you've sure been through the mill this day! You didn't tell me you were going to beat him up. You only said you had to settle accounts with him. So—"

"How else could they have been settled?" demanded Gavin. "What else was there to do?"

"There's a lot else to do *now*, anyway," answered Christie. "And you're not in shape to do any of it. On the way upstairs they told me Bett has come to his senses. He's been put to bed. The doctor's there. I'm going to stand by in case Bett is fool enough to try to make trouble for you. I can stop it in three words. But *you're* in no shape to. Chase along."

"But," asked Gavin, "where am I to go? Besides, I've got my packing to—"

"You're going to my house, where you belong, and that's where you're going to stay. Faith is waiting in the car for you. Drive on with her. I'll pack your things. You're not fit to. You ought to be in bed if you don't want to come down with a sickness. Hurry along home. She won't mind how you look. Go ahead."

At the foot of the stairs Gavin encountered the impeccable Smeed, just coming out of his stricken employer's room. Gavin stopped him.

"If Bett decides to carry this thing any further," said Cole, "tell him he'll find me at Mr. Christie's. Tell him I am working for Mr. Christie now. I've been employed by him, man and boy, as his chief engineer, for pretty nearly two hours. And I'm putting my savings into an interest in his venture. Don't forget to tell Bett. I'm sorry I can't send friend Wilgus some snappy message that would be a neat climax to our happy time together. But I'm too tired to think of one. Good-by."

Disregarding the secretary's glare of ostentatious loathing, Cole passed on to the street. In the runabout before the hotel sat Faith Christie. At sight of Gavin's battered face she forced back an exclamation of motherlike unhappiness. She hailed him blithely as he climbed with stiff awkwardness into the car. They started off, for the first time ignoring their good friend Heather, who watched them till they disappeared.

"Jeff is ever so tactful," Faith said. "He said I'm to drive you home, and he'll come along later. I—I wonder if he guesses about our being engaged."

Then, in a worried longing for reassurance, she asked:

"I—I suppose we *are* engaged, aren't we?"

"I suppose we are," he made answer with much solemnity, after a second of badly acted pondering. "Yes, really I suppose we *are*. I hope so, anyhow. Don't you?"

"Yes," she replied without even his pretense of stopping to consider the all-important question. "Yes, I do hope so. Honestly I do, Gavin. When we get clear out of town—oh, a mile or so into the country—do you suppose it will hurt your poor battered-up mouth *very* much to get kissed again?"

THE END

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Casserole Your Own

Continued from page 21

expensive. Since an egg does the work of ½ teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of liquid and flour and ½ tablespoonful of fat, it will be necessary to add these as we subtract an egg. Similarly, if eggs are very inexpensive we can increase the nutritive value of a cake by adding more eggs. To do this we will subtract 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and liquid, ½ tablespoonful of fat and ½ teaspoonful of baking powder.

Molasses or honey cakes can be made by substituting molasses or honey for part of the sugar and milk. An all-egg white cake or egg-yolk cake is as easily made as a plain cake.

Suit Yourself to the Occasion

ALL kinds of variations are possible, and each new one adds that much interest to the routine of cookery.. Flour and milk may be substituted for eggs in custards. Cooked vegetables cut in small pieces, or diced cooked meat, can be baked in custard. The sugar is, of course, omitted. Such baked vegetable and meat custards make delicious luncheon dishes, are very nutritious and add to the methods for using up left-over meats and vegetables. Flour may be substituted for part of the egg if desired.

Baking-powder biscuits are quickly made. As hot bread always makes a meal seem more festive, variations in baking-powder biscuits are often looked for. Most any kind of flour or fat may be used. Sugar, cinnamon and butter spread liberally over the top of each before baking makes delicious cinnamon biscuits. Sour cream or milk may be substituted for sweet milk or water.

A word about the use of baking soda with sour milk or cream. Never use more than ½ teaspoonful of soda to one cupful of sour cream or milk. Any more will give a soapy taste to the product. If more leavening agent than ½ teaspoonful of soda (equivalent to 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder) is needed, baking powder with the soda is well used. Consult the table below for these and other variations.

Either the amateur or the experienced cook who is tired of the recipes on her shelf will find that the making of recipes not only adds interest but stimulates a desire for cookery.

Basic Recipes

	Pastry Flour	Liquid	Fat	Egg	Sugar	Salt	Baking Powder	Flavoring
Custards, soft and baked		1 c		1	2 tb	¼ tsp		variable
Butter cakes	2 c	½ c	⅓ to ½ c	2	1 c	1 tsp	3 tsp	variable
Biscuits	1 c	⅓ c	1 tb			½ tsp	2 tsp	variable

Variations

Butter-Cake Variations:

	Pastry Flour	Liquid	Fat	Egg	Sugar	Salt	Baking Powder	Flavoring
Basic recipe cake	2 c	½ c	⅓ to ½ c	2	1 c	1 tsp	3 tsp	variable
One-egg cake	2⅛ c	⅝ c	½ c	1	1 c	1 tsp	3½ tsp	variable
Three-egg cake	1⅞ c	⅝ c	⅓ c	3	1 c	1 tsp	2½ tsp	variable
Egg-yolk cake	2 c	⅝ c	¼ c	4 yks.	1 c	1 tsp	3 tsp	variable
Egg-white cake	2 c	½ c	⅓ to ½ c	4 whts.	1 c	1 tsp	2 tsp	variable

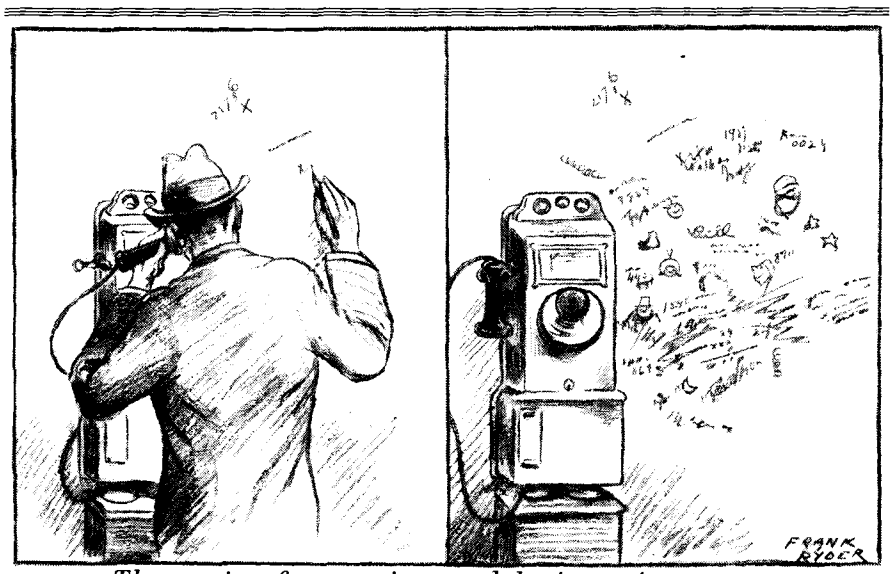
Custard Variations:

	Flour	Liquid	Fat	Egg	Sugar	Salt	Baking Powder	Flavoring
Plain baked custard		2 c milk		2	4 tb	½ tsp		variable
Chocolate custard		2 c milk		1	4 tb	½ tsp		1 sq chocolate
Vegetable or meat custard—I		2 c milk *		2		½ tsp		2 c cooked diced vegetables†
Vegetable or meat custard—II	2 tb	2 c milk *	½ tb	1		½ tsp		2 c cooked diced vegetables†
Tomato custard		2 c tomato juice		2		½ tsp		Parsley and chopped onion, etc.

Biscuit Variations:

	Bread Flour	Liquid‡	Fat	Egg	Salt	Baking Powder
Baking-powder biscuits	2 c	⅔ c water or milk	2 to 3 tb		1 tsp	4 tsp
Sour-milk biscuits	2 c	⅔ c sour milk	2 to 3 tb		1 tsp	2 tsp and ½ tsp soda
Sour-cream biscuits	2 c	⅔ c sour cream			1 tsp	2 tsp and ½ tsp soda
Shortcake	2 c	½ c milk	2 to 2½ tb	1	1 tsp	3¼ tsp

C. cupful; *tsp*, teaspoonful; *tb*, tablespoonful.
*Or 2 cupfuls milk and meat or vegetable stock.
†Or meats and other flavoring.
‡The amount of liquid will vary slightly with the quality of the bread flour used.



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5c

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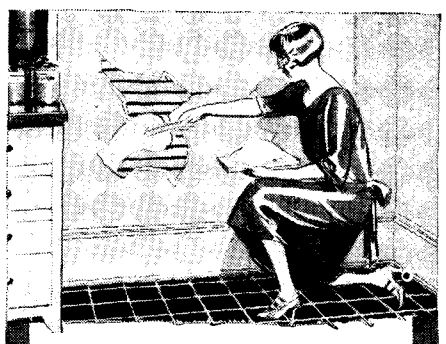

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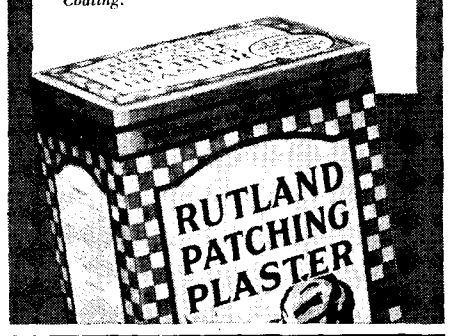

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 7

but I do want a chance to nose around and find out."

"She hasn't mentioned going on the stage," said Theron.

"I might even do that, though it isn't indispensable."

"You're pretty enough for the movies," said Gelon.

"We've seen this coming," said Mr. Bundy gravely, "and have discussed it from all angles."

MARTHA executed a grimace and threw up despairing hands. "I've no doubt the family council has been sitting on me—picking out an occupation for me, and laying out my wild, free, untrammeled life along hard and fast lines. What you gentlemen would like to do is to turn me loose in a pasture with a high fence around it and tell me to go ahead and frolic."

"We're for you," said Pythias.

"We calculate," said Mr. Bundy, "to back your play."

"Which," said Martha, "is exactly what I won't tolerate. I won't be advised and I won't be helped. And here's the ultimatum: I'm going away from here. I'm cutting loose. I'm going to the great city to make my own way. I'm going to make believe I never heard of a Bundy, except Sunday mornings when I'll write you a letter."

"We've decided to ride with you 100 per cent," said Gelon.

"We've even found you a nice apartment," said Damon.

"And we can arrange an allowance that will see you through nicely."

"Through what?" asked Martha.

"This period of aberration," said Mr. Bundy.

"They just can't comprehend," Martha said to herself despairingly. "They don't see that I won't have their apartment nor their allowance nor anything from them at all.

"I'm going to be a lone woman, without relatives," she went on, "cast upon the world. The biggest of the big ideas is that I'm going to earn my own living."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Gelon.

"I'll accept nothing from any of you, least of all meddling in my affairs."

"It's worse than we thought," said Mr. Bundy.

"It's darn near appalling," said Theron. "Martha, you must be some sort of a throwback. I never heard of a Bundy like you."

"There never was one," said Mr. Bundy solemnly.

"Well, how about it?" asked Martha. "Does what I say go or do I disappear between sunset and sunrise? Mind, I'm determined."

"We have talked it in and out," said Mr. Bundy, "and have reached a decision to surrender horse, foot and artillery. But, my dear, remember, you are my daughter and their sister. Though we speak of it lightly, it rests upon us heavily. The world is full of unpleasant events and persons—"

"Which I wish to see for myself," said Martha.

"From which," persisted Mr. Bundy, "our love would shelter you."

"I won't be sheltered."

"We feared not," said her father, "and so, Daughter, we shall put no gates across your path. But we shall be anxious. I do not think any of us will be very happy."

"And you can darn well bet," said Gelon grimly, "that anybody who puts it on your eye will have about five full-sized Bundys doing an Alpine climb up his back."

"You are dears," Martha said, "and I love you all—but I've got to do it. I've got to. Can't you see that?"

"We can't see it, and we can't understand it, my dear. We're the sort of folks who feel that the foundation of the world is built of platitudes. You think it is built of epigrams. Maybe we are both right. It's possible, you know, that the epigrams of today may be the platitudes of tomorrow."

"Anyhow, you're sweet about it. You could have cut up rough, you know, and locked me in my room . . . but remember, now, no butting in. I'm to be left alone. I'm not to be watched, and every time I look out of my window I don't want to see a Bundy lurking in the shadows."

Five men flushed guiltily.

"I caught you at it, didn't I? But it's no go . . . you keep busy with your old scheme to get rich. That'll take all your time without trying to stand watch and watch over me." She stamped her foot. "I won't be watched! I won't." It was the first sign of temper displayed by any of the family.

"When do you plan to leave us?" asked her father.

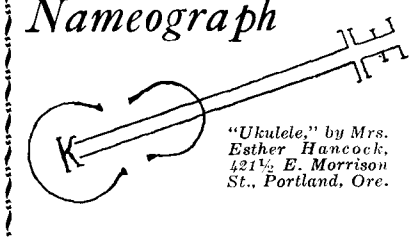
"Monday," she said firmly.

"And have you any plans?"

"I shall have."

Martha got up from her place and moved toward the door; father and brothers eyed her graceful figure as it moved away from them.

Draw a Nameograph



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"Byrd," by Donald Sanzenbacher, 1718 Glenwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

"Stick around," said Gelon, "this is family stuff."

"That," she said, wrinkling her nose, "is precisely why I'm on my way."

She closed the door after her, leaving her menfolks silent and more than a little nonplused. "We sure fumbled the ball somehow," said Damon.

"Headstrong little devil," said Gelon admiringly. "Why is it a girl like that always turns out to be your sister?"

"Come to order," said Theron, thumping the table. "I take it we're all for the plan Damon and Pythias dug up."

"If we can see our way clear," said Mr. Bundy. "Produce arguments."

"New York City," said Damon, "is pushing out on to Long Island. Every town is growing. The counties are widening roads to take care of the traffic."

"Hear! Hear!" said Gelon.

"Property values are jumping. Now, my idea is to make a clean-up while the cleaning is good. Buy a piece of property cheap and sell it dear. No risk, and profit certain."

"We can get the Bunker farm, cut it up into lots, and make a profit of something like half a million in, say, two years' time."

"No commissions to real estaters," said Pythias. "The five of us can handle it."

"How much," asked Mr. Bundy, "do you guess it will take to swing it on the start-off?"

"Twenty thousand payment to Bunker. Say another twenty-five thousand to get under way."

"I move we fly at it," said Theron enthusiastically.

"Take a ten-day option," said Mr. Bundy. "That will give us time to find out this and that and be sure where we're getting off."

"Settled," said Gelon, "and the meeting rises."

"Some day!" said Theron. "We lose a sister and gain a fortune."

"All the same," said Mr. Bundy, "we'll have to keep an eye on her."

"I'm keeping one on her now," said Gelon from the window. "She's ambling down the drive."

"As for me," said Mr. Bundy, "I'll be glad when she gets over this lunacy and ambles back up it for good . . . or marries her a husband."

"I doubt," said Pythias, "if marriage exactly presents itself to her as one of the essentials just now."

"Sweet cat!" exclaimed Gelon from his vantage point. "Here come those riding panties down the road with Mortimer Blade inside of them. And darned if he isn't stopping and lifting his hat!"

"Do we emerge in a body and abolish him, or draw lots for it?" asked Damon.

Mr. Bundy asserted himself. "We make believe," he said, "that we didn't see him at all. No Montague and Capulet stuff in this neighborhood. If we start anything like that, Martha'll pick him just to show us where we get off."

"Dad's a wise old serpent," commented Theron.

"Somebody's got to be in this family," said Mr. Bundy, moving closer to the window so he could watch his daughter's conduct on being accosted by one of the house of Blade. He found it interesting and wished he might have listened to what words passed between the young people.

Young Mr. Blade looked very well upon his sorrel, though Martha appeared oblivious to his approach until he lifted his hat and spoke.

"Miss Bundy, isn't it?" he asked. "I'm Mortimer Blade. I haven't seen you since you were a kid."

"I remember you," she said, with a grave face, but with a twinkle of malice in her eye. "The last time I saw you my brother Gelon was thrashing you."

"It was worth it," said Blade, "if it makes you recall me at all. How do you stand on the matter of family feuds?"

"Rather to one side, out of the mêlée," she said. "Did you think I was going to drag you off your horse?"

"Not exactly," he said. "But you are such an improvement over any Bundy I ever saw that I feared you might refuse to talk to me."

"Have you something entertaining to say?"

"My conversation has been much admired by experts."

"You may show samples," she said. "Personally I like something along the debonair line. Not epigrammatic, you know, but light and gay and jaunty."

"EXACTLY my speed," he said. "Do we touch on art, science and literature? Or do you prefer whimsies and bon mots and the more shallow forms of persiflage?"

"It's your serve," she said.

"Would it interest you to know that numerous Bundys are watching us from the window?"

"Not even remotely."

"Doubtless with inimical glances."

"It's valedictory," she said.

"That," he said, "is cryptic. Why valedictory?"

"I'm tired of being fed worms, so I'm about to flutter out of the nest."

"They're all doing it," he said. "Lately I met a girl who was living at home. She was a novelty. Apartment in New York, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? It simplifies matters."

"As how?"

"Well, I couldn't exactly ask to call on you in your home. Something tells me my health wouldn't survive a call."

"But you think I would receive you in New York?"

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"At least there is hope."

"Are you, Mr. Blade," she asked, "by any chance what I have heard termed a fast worker?"

"The circumstances are unusual," he said, unembarrassed. "When chance throws one into the presence of the daughter of an ancient enemy, the meeting necessarily is brief. To get any results whatever one must be nimble. May I call upon you in the city?"

"Why?"

"I like situations. There would be a certain piquancy about it . . . aside from which you are a most unusual Bundy. In fact, I can take in more territory and say you are a most unusual young woman. You are scenic. Your conversation would be uplifting. In short, I want like the deuce to know you better."

She considered, then she nodded her head. "You may call on me," she said, and turned away in the middle of the sentence to walk back up the family driveway. "If," she said over her shoulder, "you can find me."

"I'm a regular Bureau of Missing Persons," he said. "When does the search commence?"

"I am leaving here Monday," she said, "by the earliest convenient train."

Mr. Blade lifted his hat and continued on his way.

MARTHA BUNDY'S plans were more detailed than she had given her family to understand. She knew exactly where she was going and had made arrangements for her reception—and she knew what phase of life in the city she was about to attack. Her confidence in herself and her knowledge of New York were rather greater than her experience warranted, but, on the other hand, she was no unsophisticated country girl blinded by glamour and ignorant of metropolitan habits. In common with her generation she knew a great deal, but also knew a great deal that was apocryphal.

Her experience with New York had been that of a young woman of established family who was received where she cared to be received. And because she had dined and danced at the better places, and had made excursions into the limbo of night clubs with accredited partners, she was sure her insight into the good and evil of the place was sufficient as a foundation for an independent career.

She knew the sort of career she desired—among what genus of beings she wished her life to move—but she had only generalized. She wanted to become a part of that stratum which did things, and by doing things she meant intellectually or artistically. So, after all, glamour played its part. Her problem now was to hit upon some means of livelihood which would bring her into contact with that world which she conceived to be important.

As to her own abilities and qualifications she was under no delusions. She could not paint; she could not write. Nor did she desire to essay any of the creative arts. What she wanted was to cling to their skirts, to become some sort of adjunct, valuable to them and by virtue of her service entitled to the entrées. That there must be some field open to her she was assured. Upon one point she was determined, and that was that she must be independent, self-supporting. So long as she accepted a penny from her family, she was, after a fashion, bound to them and to their ideas and desires. She abhorred this idea of being trammeled, this idea of having to report to some headquarters, and to account for her goings and comings.

It is to be feared that she looked upon life as an adventure, though there was a practical strain in her blood which had a way of compelling her to suppress impulse and to look to results. One thing was certain: she was unafraid. She desired greatly to live, to experience life, to demand and to receive from life such experiences as it had to offer, pleasant or unpleasant. In short, she wanted to know what it was all about and was firm in her resolve to discover.

A week after her arrival she was in a state of poise, wings preened and ready for flight if only she could find some direction in which she could soar with promise of results. She had taken a room in a sort of hotel facing Central Park from the west and was established there with funds sufficient to carry her for another month. But she had made no acquaintances.

In the dining-room and in the lobby and elevator she had seen a number of young women, evidently habitués of the house and as evidently living alone and maintaining themselves by some sort of irregular labor. She wondered about them, studied them, almost spied upon them. Undoubtedly they would prove mines of information could she but establish relations. They had one thing in common, and that was good looks; one or two were even beautiful. What, she wondered, did they do for a living? In the evening they were invisible; one might count upon them for breakfast; luncheon was uncertain, but it might be taken as a law of nature that none would dine in the hotel.

One fact was certain: the hotel was circumspect. If there was anything questionable about these intriguing young women, their place of residence played no part in it.

Martha was impatient, but these self-possessed young women seemed unapproachable; they hunted alone and seemed for the most part to ignore one another. Apparently aloofness was an important part of the ritual. She wondered if they speculated upon her as she did upon them. And then one morning, quite unexpectedly and casually, she made an acquaintance. She was breakfasting alone in the large dining-room when a pleasant voice, piquant with down-eastern accent, spoke to her. Martha looked up from her waffle to see a serious but lovely face confronting her smilelessly.

"Do you mind," asked the girl, "if I breakfast with you? I can't bear the thought of eating alone this morning." She pronounced it "cahn't" very markedly.

"I'm lonesome myself," Martha said. "Do sit down."

"I can't sleep," said the girl abruptly.

"And I," Martha said, "sleep like a top."

"I wouldn't mind so much if one didn't think. Lying awake and thinking and *thinking* is dreadful." She drew her shoulders together with a little shudder. "I can't tire myself out."

The girl gave her order and leaned back in her chair. "Speak-easy hopping till three o'clock," she said. "Then I walked out on the party and came home."

"Sounds interesting," said Martha.

THE big blue eyes turned on her suddenly and then dropped. "It's a hard town to get past in," she said in her cultivated voice. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Business men!" she exclaimed. "You hear about the decisions they have made. My dear, a girl in this town has more heavy decisions to make in a day than any railroad president has in a year."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse," said the girl succinctly.

"I'm rather new to it," Martha offered.

"You don't get any place."

"Where do you want to get?"

Again the blue eyes regarded her. "That's the trouble," she said. "I don't know."

"We seem," Martha said, "to be in the same boat."

"One damn studio after another; one damn cocktail party after another." The damn came from her lips gently and not at all shockingly. It was rather ladylike.

"You know the studios?"

"Rather."

"My name," said Martha suddenly, "is Bundy."

"Mine's Jerry Breen. . . . I've no appointments this morning. Have you?"

"No."

"Let's go up to my room, then. It's one of those days when I want someone around."

"Thank you," said Martha.

It was a careless room they entered. An evening gown lay limp upon the floor; one golden shoe occupied a chair; dainty articles of underwear and stockings lay about untidily. Jerry tossed the shoe on the floor to join the gown.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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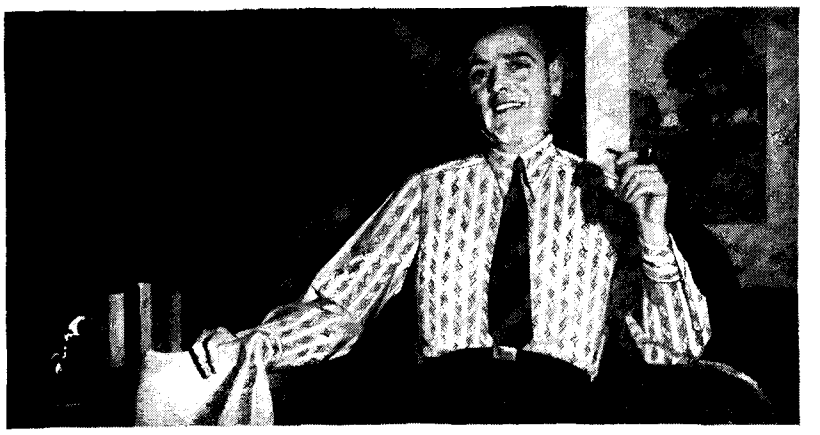

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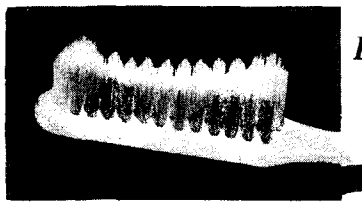

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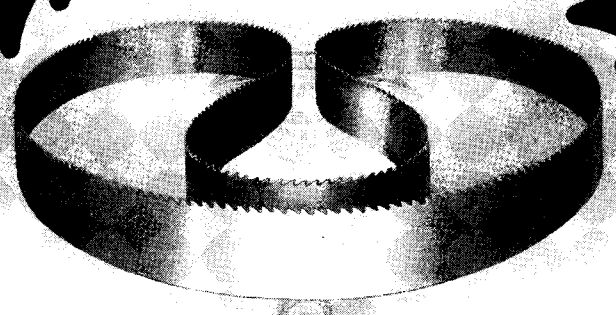

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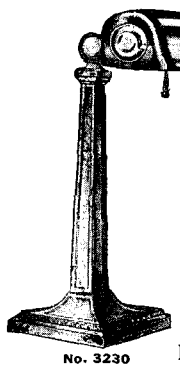

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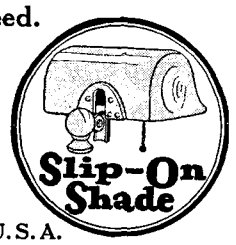

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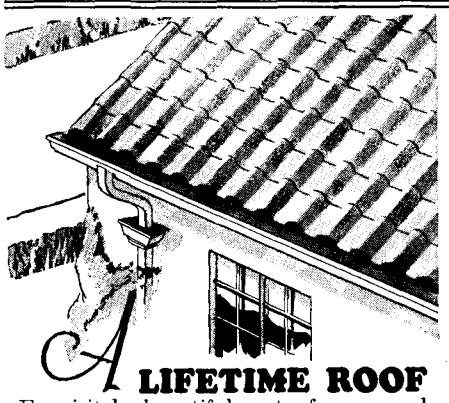

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 51

"Sit down," she said. "This room's a mess. Glad I've nothing to do today. Three jobs yesterday, though."

"Jobs?"

"Modeling," said Jerry.

So this was an artists' model! Martha restrained the impulse to blink. Jerry's voice went on:

"Went to John La Gatta at 9:30. Bathing suit thing. Arthur William Brown at half past one—flapper for an illustration. Dean Cornwell at 3:30. Mr. Brown ought to pay double; you have to walk up half a dozen flights."

These names fell casually from her tongue, names surrounded by glamour to Martha. Evidently they were all in the day's work to Jerry.

"I'm frightfully ignorant," Martha said. "How does one get to be a model?"

JERRY appraised her with those big blue eyes. "You'd get past," she said. "They like types—you're a type. Smart. Good-looking legs . . . Oh, you get a list of artists and call. They put your name down in a book with your telephone number, and then forget all about you. Then there's a book. You get listed in it, and put in your picture if you can afford it."

"Is—can one make a living at it?"

"I did $65 last week. But I'm rather in demand. A girl who wants to work ought to make fifty or sixty a week. But you have to be dependable . . . you get $5."

The telephone rang, and Jerry arose lazily to answer. Her voice was cool and impersonal, almost offish.

"Yes, this is Miss Breen. . . . Who? . . . Oh. . . . What time? . . . After half past three. . . . Wait a minute while I think. Yes, I can make it. . . . What's that? . . . No, I haven't any beautiful friend." She put her hand suddenly over the transmitter and turned to Martha. "It's Banks Prouty. Throwing a tea this afternoon and wants me to bring another girl. Want to go?"

"Banks Prouty, the artist?"

"Yes."

"If you'd like to have me," said Martha.

Jerry removed her muggling hand. "Yes; I'll bring someone. Yes, 3:30."

As Jerry replaced the receiver elation and excitement engulfed Martha—and a trace of apprehension. Thus, suddenly and unexpectedly, she stood upon the threshold of the world she desired to enter—but what had that world concealed for her in its secret coffers of the future? She shrugged her shoulders. Only the future itself could answer that question.

"Prouty's good," said Jerry with the detached air of a critic, "but somehow he doesn't catch on."

Martha wanted to ask what it would be like; wanted somehow to forearm herself, but vanity inhibited her from asking questions which would reveal the depths of her inexperience. Jerry lighted a cigarette and threw her graceful legs over the arm of a chair.

"I was going down to see Shubert this afternoon," she said.

"Have you," asked Martha, "ever been on the stage?"

"I was in Kid Boots for six months. It doesn't get you anywhere. Nothing gets you anywhere."

"You're feeling low this morning," Martha said smilingly.

"I'm always low, I guess." She frowned. "What's the use? What's the use of anything? What's it all about, anyway? . . . I'd like to be happy," she said with a sudden darkening of her lovely eyes, "but I guess I never shall be."

"I don't think I've ever been really unhappy," Martha said. "Still I haven't had a chance. I just finished school in June."

"What school?"

Martha told her and Jerry stared at her an instant as if to penetrate to the truth of the matter. Evidently she decided Martha was stating the thing as it was.

"You never can tell," she said. "Every model you meet and every chorus girl you see is a graduate of Miss Spence's or Bryn Mawr. I suppose there are more F.F.V.'s. in the Follies and the Vanities than ever came out of the state of Virginia. I don't know what it gets us, but we do put on dog about family."

"Then," said Martha, "I'll be silent as the tomb about mine."

"If they don't know what school they went to, they just start every other sentence with, 'When I was in boarding school.'"

"Personally," Martha said, "I'm fed up on family. I ache with it so you can't touch me. I'm off the whole sacred institution. Let's forget there is any such thing."

"You can't," said Jerry. "Some sappy person is always wanting to marry you."

"You don't have to," said Martha shortly.

"You have to do something," Jerry said despondently. "Well, if you want to model, this afternoon will give you a start."

"I don't think I want to be a model," said Martha, "and I shan't unless I have to." She decided to be a bit more revealing. "I've always wanted to know that sort of people," she said. "Men who do things, you know. It always seems to me that artists and writers live the finest sort of life. There must be a place for me somewhere around the edge."

"You have to pay room rent," said Jerry succinctly.

"And eat," said Martha.

"Oh, the eating takes care of itself," Jerry said negligently. "I don't figure meals as a part of my expense—outside of breakfast. I haven't paid for a half dozen lunches or dinners in a year. We couldn't manage if we had to—and buy clothes."

"I don't follow you."

"A girl has to see to it there's some man around every day to buy her lunch and dinner." Jerry laughed a little. "It's a part of the technique . . . why do men always want to buy food for girls? But they do. I guess nature arranged it that way, and much obliged. A girl who knows her way around *hasn't any expenses except for her room* and clothes . . . and if you're a gold digger you can get them. Personally I'm not mercenary. It's my line."

"Isn't it rather—dangerous?"

Jerry opened her eyes. "You've been reading a book," she said severely. "Men aren't so bad. Pretty decent, mostly. You generally get the sort of deal you give. And they're easy to handle. Sort of vain too. Like to be seen about with a pretty girl. If they get a kick out of my presence, let them pay for it. With food and flowers. I like flowers."

SO THE morning passed, valuable educationally to Martha. For luncheon they walked down the avenue, Jerry carefully avoiding the comparative seclusion of the park and seeking, as if by instinct, the more crowded streets. She walked with firm, nervous little steps—energetic, highly strung little person to whom swift movement, excitement, ever-changing crowded scenes were as necessary as the air she breathed. She was never in repose; gave one always the sensation that she was reaching out eagerly for some new experience. It was almost as if she were haunted by something from which she sought escape, hagridden by some aching desire or fear; unbelievably restless. And yet, somehow lovable. Martha liked her from the first; perceived in her something wholesome and basically sound in spite of the unwholesomeness of her life of kaleidoscopic activity. As they walked and talked Martha became convinced that under her companion's mask of hard sophistication was concealed a little girl who was very lonely, very frightened of the future, very unhappy.

They lunched on a soda and a piece

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of cake and then window-shopped for an hour. It was three o'clock.

"Time to be dropping in on Banks Prouty," said Jerry. "Let's take a taxi."

"Why not the L?" asked Martha, who never had ridden on an elevated train and rather coveted the experience.

Jerry's fine nostrils distended, and she drew her shoulders together. "No. . . . No. . . . I can't stand that sort of thing. Crowded in with that sort of people."

"You're an aristocrat," laughed Martha.

"I would rather," said Jerry, "go without a meal and ride in a taxi than eat and take the L."

It was, Martha thought, almost an exposition of the girl's philosophy. But that was only a first impression. She was to learn that in this girl were more profound depths than that, and more perilous shoals . . . no, decidedly Jerry Breen was not an individual one could solve at first glance. Nor at second nor third. She was a very marvel of complexities and contradictions.

They rode up to Sixty-seventh Street, stopping before the Hotel des Artists —that huge, dingy building of studios, that warren of artists and near-artists —a solidified Bohemia which was no Bohemia at all, but a factory building which allowed itself now and then to break out into a slight rash of eccentricity.

Martha entered with bated breath. No multi-headed dog guarded this entrance to another world, if, indeed, it were another world. An ancient, staid and crabbed elevator conductor opened the door for them at an upper floor, and they emerged into a corridor which was neither debonair nor promising of the sort of life she craved. It was a drab sort of corridor with drab doors giving off it—doors with blank, expressionless faces. Jerry rang the bell beside one of these, and Martha bit her lip. After all, this was an event, a great event. Until now, she told herself, she had not lived, had merely *been*. It was a momentous instant, impending, pregnant. When she stepped through the door now opening before her, she told herself, she would really set her foot on the beginning of the road—the road which led she knew not where.

(*To be continued next week*)

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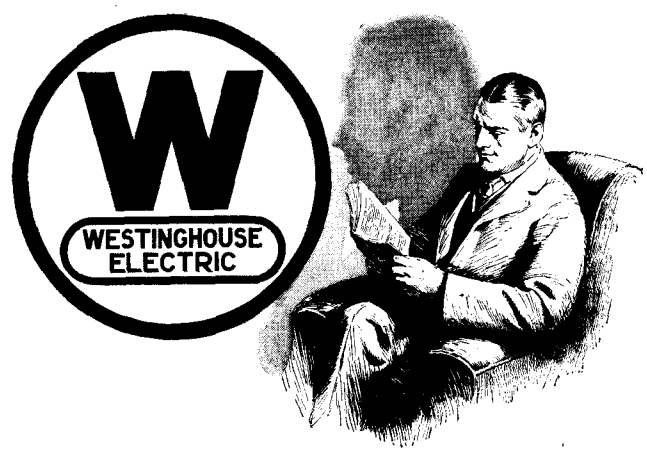

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Prohibition and the Presidency

PROHIBITION is the most exciting domestic question before the country. More than any other openly discussed issue it will influence the selection of the President this year.

Calvin Coolidge is counted a "dry." Herbert Hoover is "dry" rather than "wet." Alfred E. Smith is "wet."

What difference will the election of a "wet" or of a "dry" candidate make in the actual enforcement of prohibition?

If Mr. Coolidge were reëlected despite his preference not to run, it is safe to say no startling change would be visible. Mr. Hoover as the heir of the Coolidge Administration would naturally feel impelled to continue the same policies. What could or would Governor Smith do differently?

What first is the present condition?

The most conspicuous fact is that prohibition has not stopped drinking but has merely changed the nature of the liquor traffic. The saloon has been abolished. Recognized breweries and distilleries are closed. Both the manufacture and the distribution of liquors of all sorts are now clandestine and criminal. The bootlegger has succeeded the saloonkeeper and the wine merchant.

The volume of liquor consumed may possibly have been reduced. The quality has certainly been impaired. The character of the men engaged in the business is obviously worse. Before prohibition the liquor trade carried a social stigma: now it is a mark of the criminal.

Prohibition has merely changed the nature of the liquor traffic

In contrast with this drinking has lost its stigma. Before the war to be drunken was a disgrace. Now too often it is a matter of jest. The new equality of women brought with it a new appetite for hard liquor. Under prohibition women and young people drink more, or at least more flagrantly than when alcohol was a legally sanctioned beverage.

Such in a few words is the situation with which any President, "wet" or "dry," must deal. What therefore would an avowed "wet" such as Alfred E. Smith be likely to do about it?

Real light can be had from Governor Smith's message to the New York legislature last month. There Governor Smith summed up his attitude. Here is his position:

1. Prohibition is a fruit of post-war hysteria. The legislature should have allowed the people to express their will at the polls but did not.

2. Those opposed to prohibition have the unassailable right to petition a change in the Volstead Act or in the Constitution.

3. But the authority to change the enforcement of the law now belongs to Congress and to Congress any petitions must be sent.

4. Finally, in Governor Smith's own words:

"In the meanwhile, there devolves upon the state the sacred duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. They are as much a part of the laws of this state as our own laws and our own Constitution.

"As far as I am concerned, in obedience to my oath to sustain the Constitution of the United States, I have repeatedly promised the people that, so far as it lies in my power in the constitutional or statute law, I will remove from office, upon proper proof being presented, any public official charged with laxity in enforcement of the laws."

This is a concrete and tangible program. First, there would be a serious and honest effort to enforce the existing laws. Second, the voters would be encouraged to express their views through the means of referenda.

Under such an administration we should possibly be drier than we have ever been. Obviously the law could not be changed quickly even if the voters of three fourths of the states ultimately decided that the Eighteenth Amendment should be altered or repealed.

Regardless of who is nominated and elected, there will therefore be little change in prohibition during the next Presidential term.

An honorable "wet" would probably feel a greater need to enforce the Volstead Act strictly than would a "dry" official who would be safe from the criticism of the prohibition advocates.

Those who favor the nomination of Governor Smith on the theory that his election would presage more and better liquor are chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. The election of a "wet" might, however, be the occasion of vote taking which would clearly record the will of the peoples of the various states. On the other hand, an intelligent "dry" might also call for such popular expressions of sentiment. However instigated, they would be of enormous value in providing an unequivocal answer, at least for a term of years, to the argument that the electorate has not had an opportunity to speak its mind on this corroding issue.

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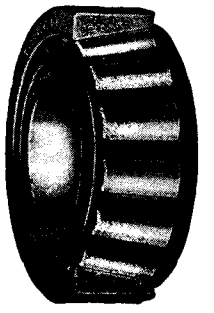

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